

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:
A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXV. — JUNE, 1895. — No. CCCCLII.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

XIV.

It is not so hard to endure suffering as to resist ease. The passion for martyrdom sweeps everything before it, as long as it is challenged by no stronger force. Emanuel Bayard had lived for a year upon the elixir of a spiritual exaltation such as has carried men to a glowing death or through a tortured life without a throb of weakness. He had yet to adjust his nature to the antidote of common human comfort.

Like most of the subtler experiences of life, this came so naturally that, at first, he scarcely knew it by sight or name.

It was not a noteworthy matter to show the courtesies of civilized life to the family of his old Professor. Bayard reminded himself of this as he walked down the Point.

It was quite a week before he found leisure to attend to this simple social obligation. His duties in Angel Alley had been many and laborious; it did not occur to him to shorten a service or an entertainment, to omit a visit to the wharves when the crew came in, or to put by the emergency of a drunkard's wife to a more convenient season, because he had in view that which had grown so rare to the young man now, the experience of a personal luxury. Like a much older and more ascetic man than he was, he counted the beads on his rosary of labors conscientiously through. Then he hurried to her.

Now, to women of leisure nothing is so incomprehensible as the preoccupation

of a seriously busy man. Bayard had not counted upon this feminine fact: indeed, he lived in a world where feminine whim was an element as much outside his calculation as the spring fashions of the planet Uranus. He was quite at a loss when Miss Carruth received him distantly.

The Flying Jib was, as to its exterior, an ugly little cottage run out on the neck of the jutting reef that formed the chief attraction of the Mainsail Hotel. The interior of the Flying Jib varied from a dreary lodge to a summer home, according to the nature of the occupants. It seemed to Bayard, that season, absurdly charming. He had lived so long out of his natural world that the photographs and rugs, the draperies, the flowers, the embroidery, the work-baskets, the bric-à-brac, the mere presence of taste and of ladies, appeared to him at first essential luxury. He looked about him with a sigh of delight, while Mrs. Carruth went to call her daughter, who had gone over to the fish-house study with the Professor, and who could be seen idling along home over the meadow, a stately figure in a pale yellow summer dress, with a shade hat, and pansies on it.

As we say, that young lady at first received Bayard coolly. She sauntered into the little parlor with her hands full of sweet-brier, nodded to him politely, and excused herself at once to arrange her flowers. This took her some time. Mrs. Carruth entertained him placidly. Helen's eyes saw, but did not seem to see,

the slightest motion of his nervous hand, each tone of expression that ran over his sensitive face. He had looked so eager and happy when she came; almost boyishly thirsting for that little pleasure! She had that terrible inability to understand the facts of his life or feeling which is responsible for most of the friction between two half-attracted or half-separating human beings. But when she saw the light die from his eyes, when she saw that hurt look, which she knew quite well, settle about the lower part of his face, Helen was ashamed of herself. Mrs. Carruth was mildly introducing the subject of mosquito bars: theirs, she said, were all on the second story; the supply did not go round, and the Professor objected to them; so the hornets —

"Mother," said Helen, "I wonder if Mr. Bayard would not like to have us show him the clam study?"

"Your father said he should be at work on the State of the Unforgiven after Death," replied Mrs. Carruth. "I don't know that we ought to disturb him; do you think we ought, Helen?"

"He was whittling a piece of mahogany for the head of a cane, when I left him," said Helen irreverently; "he stole it out of the cabin of that old wreck in the inner harbor. Do you think a Professor of Theology could be forgiven after death for sneak-thieving, Mr. Bayard?"

She abandoned the idea of visiting the clam study, however, and seated herself with frank graciousness by their visitor. Mrs. Carruth having strolled away presently to keep some elderly tryst among the piazza ladies of the hotel, the young people were left alone.

They sat for a moment in sudden, rather awkward silence. Helen looked like a tall June lily, in her summer gown. She had taken her hat off; her hair was a little tumbled and curly; the wind blew in strong from the sea, tossing the lace curtains of the Flying Jib like sails on a toy boat. The scent of the sweet-brier was delicately defined in the room. Bay-

ard looked at her without any attempt to speak. She answered his silent question by saying abruptly, —

"You know you'll *have* to forgive me, whether you want to or not."

"Forgive you?"

"Why, for being vexed. I *was* a little, at first. But I need not have been such a schoolgirl as to show it."

"If you would be so kind as to tell me what I can possibly have done to — deserve your displeasure" — began Bayard helplessly.

"If a man does not understand without being told, I've noticed he *can't* understand when he is told. . . . Why did not you wait till next fall before you came to see us, Mr. Bayard?"

"Oh!" said Bayard. The happy look came back to his tired face, as if a magic-lantern had shifted a beautiful slide. "Is *that* it?" He laughed delightedly. "Why, I suppose I must have seemed rude — neglectful, at any rate. But I've noticed that if a woman does not understand without being told, she makes up for it by her readiness of comprehension when she is told."

"What a nice red coal!" smiled Helen. "The top of my head feels quite warm. Dear me! is not there a spot burned bald?" She felt anxiously of her pretty hair.

"Come over and see my work," he said, "and you'll never ask me again why I did not do anything I — would so much rather do."

"I never asked you before!" flashed Helen.

"You did me an honor that I shall remember," said Bayard gravely.

"Oh, please don't! Pray forget it as soon as you can!" cried Helen, with red cheeks.

"You can't know, you see you *can't* know, how a man situated as I am prizes the signs of the simplest human friendship that is sincere and womanly."

So said Bayard quietly. Helen drew a little quick breath. She seemed re-

conciled now, to herself and to him. They began to talk at once, quite fast and freely. Afterwards he tried to remember what it had all been about, but he found it not easy. The evening passed on wings; he felt the atmosphere of this little pleasure with a delight impossible to be understood by a man who had not known and graced society, and left it. Now and then he spoke of his work, but Helen did not exhibit a marked interest in the subject.

Bayard drew the modest inference that he had obtruded his own affairs with the obtuseness common to missionaries and other zealots; he roused himself to disused conversation, and to the forgotten topics of the world. It did not occur to him that this was precisely what she intended. The young lady drew him out, and drew him on. They chatted about Cesarea and Beacon Street, about art, clubs, magazine literature, and the Symphony Concerts, like ordinary social human beings.

"You see I have been out of it so long!" pleaded Bayard.

"Not yet a year," corrected Helen.

"It seems to me twenty," he mused.

"You don't go to see your uncle yet?"

"I met him once or twice down town. I have not been home yet. But that would make no difference. I have no leisure for — all these little things."

He said the words with such an utter absence of affectation that it was impossible either to smile or to take offense at them. Helen regarded him gravely.

"There were two or three superb concerts this winter. I thought of you. I wished you had come in" —

"Did you take that trouble?" he asked eagerly.

"I don't think I ever heard Schubert played better in my life," she went on, without noticing the interruption. "Schoeffelowski does do *The Serenade* divinely."

"I used to care for that more than for

any other music in the world, I think," he answered slowly.

"I play poorly," said Helen, "and I sing worse, and the piano is rented of a Windover schoolgirl. But I have got some of his renderings by heart — if you would care for it."

"It is plain," replied Bayard, flushing, "that I no longer move in good society. It did not even occur to me to ask you. I should enjoy it; it would rest me more than anything I can think of. Not that that matters, of course — but I should be more grateful than it is possible for you to understand."

Helen went to the piano without ado, and began to sing the great serenade. She played with feeling, and had a sweet, not a strong voice; it had the usual amateur culture, no more, but it had a quality not so usual. She sang with a certain sumptuous delicacy (if the words may be conjoined) by which Bayard found himself unexpectedly moved. He sat with his hand over his eyes, and she sang the familiar classic quite through.

"Komm beglücke mich?"

Komm beglücke mich!"

Her voice sank, and ceased. What tenderness! What strength! What vigor and hope and joy, and — forbid the thought! — what power of loving the woman had!

"Some lucky fellow will know, some day," thought the devotee. Aloud, he said nothing at all.

Helen's hands lay on the keys; she, too, sat silent. It was beginning to grow dark in the cottage parlor. The long, lace curtain blew straight in and towards her: as it dropped, it fell about her head and shoulders, and caught there; it hung like a veil; in the dim light it looked like —

She started to her feet and tossed it away.

"Oh!" he breathed, "why not let it stay? Just for a minute! It did nobody any harm."

"I am not so sure of that," thought

Helen. But what she said was, "I will light the candles."

He sprang to help her; the sleeve of her muslin dress fell away from her arm as she lifted the little flicker of the match to the tall brass candlestick on the mantel. He took the match from her, and touched the candle. In the dusk they looked at each other with a kind of fear. Bayard was very pale. Helen had her rich, warm look. She appeared taller than usual, and seemed to stand more steadily on her feet than other women.

"Do you want me to thank you?" asked Bayard in a low voice.

"No," said Helen.

"I must go," he said abruptly.

"Mother will be back," observed Helen, not at her ease. "And Father will be getting on with the Unforgiven, and come home any minute."

"Very well," replied Bayard, seating himself.

"Not that I would keep you!" suggested Helen suddenly.

He smiled a little sadly, and this time unexpectedly rose again.

"I don't ask you to understand, of course. But I really ought to go. And I am going."

"Very well," said Helen stiffly, in her turn.

"I have a — something to write, you see," explained Bayard.

"You don't call it a sermon any more, do you? Heresy writes a 'something.' How delicious! Do go and write it, by all means. I hope the Unforgiven will appreciate it."

"You are not a dull woman," observed Bayard uncomfortably. "You don't for an instant suppose I *want* to go?"

Helen raised her thick white eyelids slowly; a narrow, guarded light shone underneath them. She only answered that she supposed nothing about it.

"If I stay," murmured Bayard, with a wavering look, "will you sing *The Serenade* to me — all over again?"

"Not one bar of it!" replied Helen promptly.

"You are the wiser of us two," said Bayard, after a pause.

The tide was coming in, and gained upon the reef just outside the cottage windows, with a soft, inexorable sound.

"I am not a free man," he added.

"Return to your chains and your cell," suggested Helen. "It is — as you say — the better way."

"I said nothing of the kind! Pardon me."

"Did n't you? It does not signify. It does n't often signify what people *say* — do you think?"

"Are you coming to see my people — the work? You said you would, you know. Shall I call and take you, some day?"

"Do you think it matters — to the drunkards?"

"Oh well," said Bayard, looking disappointed, "never mind."

"But I do mind," returned Helen in her full, boylike voice. "I want to come. And I'm coming. I had rather come, though, than be taken. I'll turn up some day in the anxious-seat, when you don't expect me. I'll wear a veil, and an old poke bonnet — yes, and a blanket shawl — and confess. I defy you to find me out!"

"Miss Carruth," said the young preacher with imperiousness, "my work is not a parlor charade."

Helen looked at him. Defiance and deference battled in her brown eyes; for that instant, possibly, she could have hated or loved him with equal ease; she felt his spiritual superiority to herself as something between an antagonism and an attraction, but exasperating whichever way she looked at it. She struggled with herself, but made no reply.

"If I am honored with your presence," continued Bayard, still with some decision of manner, "I shall count upon your sympathy. . . . God knows I need it!" he added in a different tone.

"And you shall have it," said Helen softly.

It was too dark to see the melting of her face; but he knew it was there. They stood on the piazza of the cottage, in the strong, salt wind. Her muslin dress blew back. The dim light of the candle within scarcely defined her figure. They seemed to stand like creatures of the dusk, uncertain of each other or of themselves. He held out his hand; she placed her own within it cordially. How warm and womanly, how strong and fine a touch she had! He bade her good-night, and hurried away.

That "something" which is to supersede the sermon was not written that night. Bayard found himself unable to work. He sat doggedly at his desk for an hour; then gave it up, put out his light, and seized his hat. He went down to the beach, and skirted the shore, taking the spray in his face. His brain was on fire; not with intellectual labor. His heart throbbed; not with anxiety for the fishing population. He reached a reef whence he could see the Mainsail Hotel, and there sat down to collect himself. The cottage was lighted now; the parlor windows glimmered softly; the long, lace curtains were blowing in and out. Shadows of figures passed and repassed. The Professor had settled the state of the Unforgiven, and had come back from the clam study; he paced to and fro across the parlor of the Flying Jib; a graceful figure clung to his theologic arm, and kept step with him as he strode.

Presently she came to the low window, and pushed back the lace curtain, which had blown in, half across the little parlor. She lifted her arms, and shut the window.

The waves beat the foot of the cliff monotonously, like the bars of a rude, large music which no man had been able to read. Bayard listened to them, with his head thrown back on the hard rock, and his hat over his eyes. Even the

gaze of the stars seemed intrusive, curious, one might say impertinent, to him. He desired the shell of the mollusk that burrowed in the cleft of the cliff.

The tide was rising steadily. The harbor wore its full look; it seemed about to overflow, like a surcharged heart. The waves rose on; they took definite rhythm. All the oldest, sweetest meanings of music, the maddest and the tenderest cries of human longing, were in the strain:—

"Komm beglücke mich?
— Beglücke mich!"

Those mighty lovers, the sea and the shore, urged and answered, resisted and yielded, protested and pleaded, retreated and met, loved and clasped, and slept. When the tide came to the full, the wind went down.

XV.

DEAR MR. BAYARD, — I have been thinking since I saw you. I have health, and a summer. What can I do to help your work? I have n't a particle of experience, and not much enthusiasm. But I am ready to try, if you are willing to try me. I don't think I'm adapted to drunkards. I don't know which of us would be more scared. He would probably run for the nearest grogshop to get rid of me. Are n't there some old ladies who bother you to death, whom you could turn over to me?

Yours sincerely,

HELEN CARRUTH.

This characteristic note, the first that he had ever received from her, reached Bayard by mail, a few days after his call at the cottage of the Flying Jib.

He sat down and wrote at once:—

MY DEAR MISS CARRUTH, — There is an old lady. She does n't bother me at all, but I am at my wits' end with her. She runs away from the institution where she belongs, and there's no

other place for her. At present she is inflicting herself on Mrs. Job Slip, No. 143 Thoroughfare Street, opposite the head of Angel Alley. Her mind is thought to be slightly disordered by the loss of her son, drowned last winter in the wreck of the Clara Em. Mrs. Slip will explain the circumstances to you more fully. Inquire for Johnny's mother. If the old woman ever had any other name, people have forgotten it now. I write in great haste and stress of care. It will not be necessary to traverse Angel Alley to reach this address, which is quite in the heart of the town, and perfectly safe and suitable for you. I thank you very much.

Yours sincerely,

EMANUEL BAYARD.

Helen frowned a little when she read this. No bishop of a diocese, dictating the career of a deaconess, no village rector, guiding some anxious and aimless visiting young lady through the mild dissipations of parish benevolence, could have returned a more businesslike, calm, even curt reply.

The position of a man who may not love a woman and must not invite her to marry him — or, to put it a little differently, who must not love and cannot marry — is one which it seems to be asking too much of women to understand. At all events, they seldom or never do. The withdrawals, the feints, the veils and chills and silences, by which a woman in a similar position protects herself may be as transparent as golden mist to him whom she evades; but the sturdy retreat of a masculine conscience from a too tender or too tempting situation is as opaque as a gravestone to the feminine perception.

Accustomed to be eagerly wooed, Helen did not know what to make of this devotee who did not urge himself even upon her friendship. She had never given any man that treasure before. Like all high-minded women who have

not spent themselves in experiments of the sensibilities, Helen regarded her own friendship as valuable. She would have preferred him to show, at least, that he appreciated his privilege. She would have liked him to make friendship as devotedly as those other men had made love to her.

His reserve, his distance, his apparent moodiness, and undoubted ability to live without seeing her except when he got ready to do so, gave her a perplexed trouble more important than pique.

Without ado or delay, she took the next electric car for Mrs. Slip's.

Bayard received that afternoon, by the familiar hand of Joey Slip, this brief rejoinder: —

DEAR MR. BAYARD, — This experienced boy seems to be on intimate terms with you, and offers to take my report, which stands thus: Johnny's mother is in the Widows' Home. Shall I write you details?

Truly yours, H. C.

"Run on down to the Mainsail Hotel, Joey," remarked the minister, writing rapidly. "Find the lady — there will be a good many ladies — and hand her this."

"Pooh!" retorted this nautical child, with a superior air. "Vat ain't nuffin'! She's good-lookin' 'nuff to find off Zheorges' in a fog-bank."

Thus ran the note: —

DEAR MISS CARRUTH, — I will call for the report to-morrow. Thank you.

Yours, E. B.

When Bayard reached her mother's piazza the next evening, Helen was in the middle of the harbor.

"My daughter is considered a good oarswoman, I believe," said the Professor, with a troubled look. "I know nothing about these matters myself. I confess I wish I did. I have not felt

easy about her ; she has propelled the craft so far into the stream. I am delighted to see you, Mr. Bayard ! I will put another boat at your service — that is — I suppose you understand the use of oars ? ”

“ Better than I do Verbal Inspiration, Professor ! ” replied Bayard, laughing. “ She is rather far out, and the tide has turned. ”

He ran down the pier, and leaped into the first boat that he could secure. It happened to be a dory.

“ Can you overtake her ? ” asked her father.

“ I can try, ” replied the young man, smiling.

The Professor heaved a sigh, whether of relief or of anxiety it would not be easy to say, and stood upon the pier watching Bayard’s fine stroke. Mrs. Caruth came down, clucking anxiously, and put her hand upon her husband’s arm. Bayard looked at the two elderly people with a strange affectionateness which he did not analyze ; feeling, but not acknowledging, a sudden heartache for ties which he had never known.

The sun was sinking, and the harbor was a sea of fire. A sea of glass it was not, for there was some wind and more tide. Really, she should not have ventured out so far. He looked over his shoulder as he gained upon her. She had not seen him, and was drifting out. Her oars lay crossed upon her lap. Her eyes were on the sky, which flung out gold and violet, crimson and pale green flame, in bars like the colors of a mighty banner. The harbor took the magnificence, and lifted it upon the hands of the short, uneasy waves.

The two little boats, the pursuing and the pursued, floated in one of those rare and unreal splendors which make this world, for the moment, seem a glorious, painless star, and the chance to live in it an ecstasy.

By the island, half a mile back, perhaps, Jane Granite, in a dory rowed by

the younger Trawl, silently watched the minister moving with strong strokes across the blazing harbor. Drifting out, with beautiful pose and crossed hands, was the absorbed, unconscious woman whom his racing oars chased down.

Between the glory of the water and the glory of the sky, he gained upon her, overtook her, headed her off, and brought up with a spurt beside her. The minister laid his hand imperiously upon the gunwale of the lady’s boat ; and, it seemed, without waiting for her consent, or even lingering to ask for it, he leaped into the cockle-shell and fastened the painter of his dory to the stern. Now, between the color of the sky and the color of the sea, the two were seen to float for a melting moment

“ Where Alph, the sacred river, ran. ”

“ Ben, ” said Jane, “ let us put about, will you ? I’m a little chilly. ”

“ Ben, ” said Jane again, as they rowed under the dark shadow of the island, — “ Ben, ” with a little loyal effort to make conversation such as lovers know, “ did you ever read a poem called Kubla Khan ? ”

“ I hain’t had time to read sence I left the grammar school, ” said Ben.

“ What’s up with you, anyhow ? ” he added, after a moment’s sullen reflection.

He looked darkly over Jane’s head towards the harbor’s mouth. At that moment Bayard was tying the painter of the dory to the stern of the shell. Jane did not look back. A slight grayness settled about her mouth ; she had the protruding mouth and evident cheekbones of the consumptive woman of the coast.

“ D—— him ! ” said Ben Trawl.

Bayard had indeed leaped into Helen’s boat without so much as saying, By your leave. Her eyes had a dangerous expression, to which he paid no sort of attention.

"Did n't you know better than to take this shell—so far—with the tide setting out?" he demanded. "Give me those oars!"

"I understand how to manage a boat," replied the young lady coldly. She did not move.

"Give me those oars!" thundered Bayard.

She looked at him, and gave them.

"Don't try to move," he said in a softer voice. "It's the easiest thing in the world to upset these toys. If you had taken a respectable ocean dory—I can't see why they don't provide them at the floats," he complained, with the nervousness of an uneasy man. "I can manage perfectly where I am. Sit still, Miss Carruth!"

She did not look at him this time, but she sat still. He put about, and rowed steadily. For a few moments they did not exchange a word. Helen had an offended expression. She trailed her hand in the water with something like petulance. Bayard did not watch her.

Captain Hap crossed their course, rowing home in an old green dory full of small bait,—pollock and tinkers. He eyed Bayard's Harvard stroke with surprised admiration. He had seldom seen a person row like that. But he was too old a sailor to say so. As the minister swerved dexterously to starboard to free the painter of his tender from collision with the fisherman, Captain Hap gave utterance to but two words. These were, "Short chops!"

"Quite a sea, yes!" called Bayard cheerily.

Captain Hap scanned the keel boat, the passenger, and the dory in tow, with discrimination.

"Lady shipwrecked?" he yelled, after some reflection.

"No, sir," answered Helen, smiling in spite of herself; "captured by pirates."

"Teach ye better!" howled Captain Hap. "Had n't oughter set out in short cho-ops! Had n't oughter set out in a

craft like that nohow! They palm off them eggshells on boarders for bo-o-oats!"

Helen laughed outright; her eyes met Bayard's merrily, and, if he had dared to think so, rather humbly.

"I was very angry with you," she said.

"I can't help that," replied Bayard.

"Your father and mother were very anxious about you."

"Really?"

"Naturally. I was a chartered pirate, at any rate."

"But I was in no sort of danger, you know. You've made a great fuss over nothing."

"Take these oars," observed Bayard.

"Just let me see you row back to the float."

Helen took the oars, and pulled a few strokes strongly enough. The veins stood out on her soft forehead, and her breath came hard.

"I had no idea the tide was so strong to-night. The wind seems to be the wrong way, too," she panted.

"It was blowing you straight out to sea," remarked Bayard quietly. "Shall I take the oars?"

She pulled on doggedly for a few moments. Suddenly she flung them down.

"Why, we are not making any headway at all! We are twisting about, and—going out again."

"Certainly."

"It is that heavy dory! You can't expect me to row two boats at once."

"The dory does make some difference, but very little. See, she does n't draw a teaspoonful of water. Shall I take the oars?"

"If you please," said Helen meekly.

She gave them up without looking at him, and she was a trifle pale from her exertion. Her hat was off, and the wind made rich havoc of her bright hair. She was splashed with spray, and her boating-dress was quite wet. Bayard watched her. The sun dropped, and the color on the harbor began to fade.

"I suppose you came for the report?"

she asked abruptly. "I stayed in all the afternoon. I could n't be expected to wait indefinitely, you know!"

"I could not possibly set the hour. I am much overworked. I should beg your pardon," said Bayard in his gentlest way.

"You *are* overworked," answered Helen in her candid voice. "And I am an idle, useless woman. It would n't have hurt me a bit to wait your leisure. But I'm not — you see . . . I'm not used to it."

"I must remind you again that I no longer move in good society," said Bayard, looking straight at her. "You must extend to me as much tolerance as you do to other workingmen."

"Yes," returned Helen; "we always wait a week for a carpenter, and ten days for the plumbers. Anyhow, Johnny's mother is in the Widows' Home. She's as snug as a clam in a shell. She says she won't run away again till I've been to see her."

"How in the world did you manage?" asked Bayard admiringly.

"Oh, I don't just know," replied Helen, clasping her hands behind her head. "I made myself lovely — that's all."

"That might be enough, I should fancy," ventured the young man under his breath.

"I took her shopping," said Helen.

"Took her *shopping*!"

"Why, yes. She wanted to buy some mourning. She said Johnny's father had been dead so long, her black was all worn out. She wanted fresh crape. So I took her round the stores and got her some."

"Bought her crape?"

"Yes. I got her a crape veil — oh, and a bonnet. She's the happiest mourner you ever saw. She went back to the Widows' Home like a spring lamb. She wore a chocolate calico dress with red spots on it, and this crape veil. You can't think how she looked! But

she's perfectly contented. She'll stay awhile now. She says they would n't give her any mourning at the Home. She said that was all she had 'ag'in' 'em.'"

"Oh, these widows!" groaned Bayard. "We got two starving women in there by the hardest work, last spring, and one left in a week. She said it was too lonesome; she wanted to live with folks. The other one said it 'depressed' her. A Windover widow is a problem in sociology."

"Johnny's mother is the other kind of woman; I can see that," replied Helen. "She sits by herself, and puts her face in her hands. She does n't even cry. But she takes it out in crape. You can't think how happy she is in that veil."

"Your political economy is horrible," laughed Bayard, "but your heart is as warm as" —

"I saw Mari and Joey," interrupted Helen, "and Job Slip. I stayed two hours. Job was as sober as you are. They invited me to dinner. I suppose they were thankful to be rid of that poor old lady."

"Did you stay?"

"Of course I did. We had pork gravy, and potatoes — oh, and fried cunners. I sat beside Joey. I believe that child is as old as She. He's a reincarnation of some drowned ancestor who went fishing ages ago, and never came back. Did you ever notice his resemblance to a mackerel?"

"I had n't thought of it in that light. I see now what it was. It takes you to discover it!"

"Johnny's mother looks like a cod, poor thing!" continued Helen. "I don't wonder. I should think she would. I'm sure I should, in her place."

"You are incorrigible!" said Bayard, laughing in spite of himself. "And yet — you've done a better morning's work than anybody in Windover has done here for a month!"

"I'm going to take tea with Johnny's

mother next week," observed Helen — "at the Widows' Home, you know. But I've promised to take Joey to the circus first."

"You are perfectly refreshing!" sighed Bayard delightedly.

"Mr. Bayard," said Helen, with a change of manner as marked yet as subtle as the motion of the wave that fell, to make way for the next, against the bobbing bows of the empty dory, "I had a long talk with Job Slip."

"You say you found him sober?"

"As sober as a Cesarea trustee. But the way that man feels to you is something you have n't an idea of. I thought of that verse, you know, about love 'passing the love of women.' It is infatuation. It is worship. It is enough to choke you. Why, I cried when I heard him talk! And I don't cry, you know, very often. And I'm not ashamed to own it, either. It made me feel ashamed to be alive — in such a world — why, Mr. Bayard!" — Helen unclasped her hands from the back of her head, and thrust them out towards him, as if they were an argument — "why, I thought this earth was a pleasant place! I thought life was a delightful thing! . . . If the rest of it is like this town — Windover is a world of woe, and you are one of the sons of God to these unhappy people!"

She said this solemnly, more solemnly than he had ever heard her say anything before. He laid down his oars, and took off his hat. He could not answer, and he did not try.

She saw how much moved he was, and she made a little gesture, as if she tossed away something that weighed heavily.

"You see," she interposed, "I've never done this kind of thing. I'm not a good Professor's daughter. I did n't like it. I went through an attack of the missionary spirit when I was fifteen, and had a Sunday-school class — ten big boys: all red, and eight of them

freckled. We were naming classes one Sunday, and my boys whistled Yankee Doodle when the superintendent prayed, and then asked if they might be called the lilies of the valley. I told them they were n't fit to be called red sorrel. So after that I gave them up. I've never tried it since. I'm of no more use in the world — in this *awful* world — than the artificial pansies on my hat."

Helen picked up her straw hat from the bottom of the boat, and tied it on her head, with a little sound that was neither a laugh nor a sigh.

It was growing dark fast. They were nearly at the float now. Bayard laid down his oars. The head-lights were leaping out all over the harbor. The wind had gone down with the sun. Boats crept in like tired people, through the sudden calm, to anchor for the night. The evening steamer came in from the city, and the long waves of her wake rolled up on the beach and tossed the little boats. The sea drew a few long, deep breaths.

"The trouble with me, you see," said Helen, "is just what I told you. I am not spiritual."

"You are something better — you are altogether womanly!" said the young preacher quickly.

He seized his oars, and rowed in, as if they were shipwrecked. The old clam-digger was hauling his lobster-pots straight across their course. As Bayard veered to avoid him, the man could be heard singing: —

"The woman's ashore,
The child's at the door,
The man's at the wheel.

"Storm on the track,
Fog at the back,
Death at the keel.

"You, mate, or me,
Which shall it be?"

He stopped when he saw the lady in the boat. It was now quite dark. Bayard and Helen were the last people to

land at the float. He gave her his hand in silence. She stood by, while he helped the keeper of the float up with the two boats. He coughed a little as he did so, and she said, rather sharply, "Tim! you should keep two men here, to do that work."

Tim apologized, grumbling, and the two walked on up the pier together, still alone. At the door of the cottage, she asked him, somewhat timidly, if he would come in. But he excused himself, and hurried away.

When he found himself far from the hotel, and well on the way to his lodgings, Bayard drew the long breath of a man who is escaping danger. He experienced a kind of ecstatic terror. He thought of her—he thought of her till he could think no more, but fell into an ocean of feeling, tossing and deep. It seemed to have no soundings. He drowned himself in it with a perilous delight.

What would a lonely fate be, if a woman capable of understanding the highest and serving it, capacious for tenderness and yielding it, a woman warm, human, sweet, and as true as one's belief in her, should pour the precious current of her love into a long life's work? Why, a man would be a god! He would climb the inaccessible. He would achieve the undreamed and the unknown. He would not know where consecration ended, and where heaven began.

"He would be a freer man than I am," thought Bayard, as he passed, between the larkspurs and the feverfew, up Mrs. Granite's garden.

Mrs. Granite met him at the door: she held a kerosene lamp high in one hand; with the other she handed him a soiled and crumpled bit of paper.

"A boy left it here, sir, not ten minutes ago, and he said you was to read it as soon as you came home. I don't know the boy. I never saw him before, but it seemed to be something quite partikkelar."

Bayard held the message to the lamp, and read:—

A pore man in distres would take it kindly of the minester to mete him as sune as possibel to-nite to Ragged Rock. i am a miserbul Drunkhard and i want to Knock Off. i heer when folks talk with you they stop Drinkin. i wish youde talk to me so I would stop

Yours JACK HADDOCK.

XVI.

Bayard re-read this message thoughtfully. He could hardly have told why it perplexed him. Up and down the shores and streets of Windover no cry of misery or of guilt had ever yet lifted itself to him in vain. Such appeals were common enough. Often it would happen that a stranger would stop him in the street, and use much the same naïve language: "I hear when you talk to folks they stop drinking. I wish you'd talk to me." Contrary to his custom in such matters, he showed this slip of paper to Mrs. Granite.

"Mr. Bayard, sir," she said, with that prompt feminine fear which sometimes takes the place of reliable good sense, "don't you go a step!"

Bayard did not reply. He turned away musing, and paced up and down between the garden flowers. True, the place was lonely, and the hour late. But the vagaries of disgraced men are many, and nothing was more possible than that some fisherman, not wholly sober and not half drunk, should take it into his befuddled brain that an interview with the minister, located at a safe distance from nagging wife, crying child, or jeering messmate, or, let us say, far removed from the jaws of Trawl's door, could work the magic or the miracle for which the morally defective are always waiting.

"I see no reason why I should not

comply with this request," he said decidedly.

"Mr. Bayard, sir," urged Mrs. Granite, "it's a thing I don't like to be her who tells you, but it's time somebody did. There's them in this town would n't stop at nothing, they have that feeling to you."

"To *me*?" cried Bayard, opening his hazel eyes as wide as a child's.

"Rum done it," stammered Mrs. Granite, instinctively using the three familiar words which most concisely covered the ground. "It's your temperance principles. They ain't pop'lar. They affect your standing in this community."

This was the accepted phrase in Wind-over for all such cases made and provided. It was understood to contain the acme of personal peril or disgrace. To talk to a man about "your standing in this community" was equivalent to an insult or a scandal. Poor Mrs. Granite, an affectionate and helpless parrot, reëchoed this terrible language, and trembled. She felt as if she had said to the minister, Your social ruin is complete for all time, throughout the civilized world.

"Not that it makes any difference to *us*," sobbed Mrs. Granite; "we set just as much by you. But your standing is affected in this community. There's them that hates you, sir, more shame to 'em, more'n the Old Boy himself. Mr. Bayard, Mr. Bayard, don't you go to Ragged Rock alone, sir, this time o' night, to meet no tom-fool of a drunkard anxious about his soul. He don't own such a thing to his name! All he's got is a rum-soaked sponge he's mopped up whiskey with all his born days!"

"Your drinks, if not your metaphors, are getting a little mixed, dear Mrs. Granite," laughed Bayard.

"*Sir*?" said Mrs. Granite.

"But still, I must say, there is some sense in your view of the case — Ah, here's Jane, and Ben with her. We'll put the case to — No. I have it. Mrs.

Granite, to please you, I will take Ben Trawl along with me. Will that set you at rest? — Here, Trawl. Just read this message, will you? Something about it looks a little queer, and Mrs. Granite is so kind as to worry about me. What do you make of it?"

"Oh, you've got home so soon, have you?" said Trawl rather sullenly.

In the evening his eyebrows met more heavily than ever across his forehead; they looked as if they had been corked for some ugly masquerade. He glanced from under them, coldly, at the minister, read the note, and was about to tear it into strips.

"I'll take it, thank you," interposed Bayard quietly, holding out his hand.

"Mr. Bayard," said Jane, who had not spoken before, "I hope you will pay no attention to this message."

She spoke in a voice so low as to be almost inarticulate.

"Oh, I'll go with him, if he's afraid," said Trawl, with that accent which falls just so far short of a sneer that a man may not decently notice it.

"I incline to think it is wise to take a witness to this adventure," replied Bayard serenely. "But I need not trouble you, Mr. Trawl. Pray don't exert yourself to oblige me."

"It's no exertion," said Ben, with a change of tone. "Come along!"

He strode out into the street, and Bayard, after a moment's hesitation, did the same, shutting the garden gate behind him. Jane Granite opened it, and followed them for a little way: she seemed perplexed and distressed; she did not speak, but trotted silently, like a dog, in the dark.

"Go back!" said Trawl, stopping short.

The girl slunk against a fence, and stopped.

"Go back, I say!" cried Trawl.

"It is natural that she should want to come. She feels anxious about you," observed Bayard kindly.

"Go back to your mother, and stay there!" commanded Trawl, stamping his foot.

Jane turned and obeyed, and vanished.

The two men walked on in silence. They came quickly through the village and down the Point, turning thence to cross the downs that raised their round shoulders. an irregular gray outline against the sky. Bayard glanced back. It looked black and desolate enough ahead of him. Below and behind him the life of the summer-seekers stirred softly, like the figures in a gay game or an old-fashioned walking-dance. The hotels blazed cheerfully; the piazzas were full and merry; in the parlors people were playing and singing. He could not see the lights of the Flying Jib from where he stood; this disappointed him, and he walked on. The music from the Main-sail piano followed him. There was a parlor concert — a woman's voice — a soprano solo — ah! the great serenade!

"Komm, beglücke mich!"

The strain seemed to chase him, like a cry, like an entreaty, almost like a sob. Bayard's heart leaped, as if soft arms had been thrown around him. He stopped and listened, till the song had ceased.

"That is good music," he said aloud, not knowing what he said, but oppressed by the dogged silence which his escort maintained.

"Good enough," replied Ben roughly.

The two walked on, and neither said anything more. It was now quite dark and still around them. The rough, broken surface of the rocky downs made traveling difficult; but both men were familiar with the way, and lost no time upon it. The sky was cloudy, and the sea was dark. The ebbing tide met the deserted beach with a sigh. The head-lights in the harbor looked far off, and of the town not a glimmer could be seen. Ben strode on in sullen silence. Bayard watched him with some discomfort, but nothing

like a sensation of fear had yet reached his nerves.

"This fellow chose a lonely place for a pastoral visit," he observed at last, as they approached the little beach made memorable by the wreck of the Clara Em.

"Wanted to stump you," said Ben, with an unpleasant laugh. "Wanted to dare you, you know — to see if you'd show game. It's a way they have, these toughs who meddle with parsons. They like to make out a big story, and tell it round the saloons. Probably the whole thing's a put-up job."

"That is more than possible, of course. But I'd rather investigate three put-up jobs than neglect one real need of one miserable man. That is my business, you see, Ben. Yours is to ruin people. Mine is to save them. We each attend to our own affairs — that's all."

"D—— you!" cried Ben, suddenly facing about. "That's just it! You don't attend to your own affairs! You meddle with mine, and that's what's the matter! I'll teach you to mind your own business!"

Before Bayard could cry out or move, he felt the other's hands at his throat.

XVII.

Bayard stood so still — with the composure of a man not without athletic training, determined to waste no strength in useless struggle — that Trawl instinctively loosened his clutch. Was the minister strangling? This was not Ben's immediate purpose. His fingers relaxed.

"Ah," said Bayard quietly, "so you are Jack Haddock."

"I wrote that note. You might have known it if you had n't been a —— fool."

"I might have known it — yes; I see. But I took you for a decent fellow. I could n't be expected to suspect you were — what you are. Well, Mr. Trawl, perhaps you will explain your

business with me in some less uncomfortable manner."

He shook Ben off with a strong thrust, and folded his arms.

"Come," he said. "Out with it!"

"My game's up," replied Ben between his teeth. "I can't do what I set out to, now. There's too many witnesses in the case."

"You meant to push me off Ragged Rock, perhaps?" asked Bayard quietly. "I had n't thought of that. But I see — it would not have been difficult. A man can be taken unawares in the dark, and, as you say, there would have been no witnesses."

"You come home too soon," growled Ben. "I counted on getting away and bein' here to welcome you, and nobody the wiser; d—— them two women! I supposed you'd stay awhile with your girl. A man would, in our kind of folks. Lord! you don't seem to belong to *any* kind of folks that I can see. I don't know what to make of you. — you! — you! — you! I'd like to see you go yellin' and bubble-in' down to your drownin'! I'm heavier'n you be, come to the tug. I could do it now, inside of ten minutes."

"And hang for it in ten months," observed Bayard, smiling.

"I could get a dozen men to swear to an alibi!" cried Trawl. "You ain't so popular in this town as to make that a hard job. You've got the whole liquor interest ag'in' you. Lord! the churches would back 'em, too — that's the joke of it!" He laughed savagely.

Bayard made no reply. He had winced in the dark at the words. They were worse than the grip at his throat.

"When you get ready, Ben, suppose you explain what you have against me?" he suggested, after an uncomfortable pause.

"You've took my girl!" roared Ben.

"Your girl? *Your* girl?"

Bayard gasped, from the sheer intellectual shock of the idea.

"You've made love to her, behind my back! You've turned her head! She ain't no eyes left in her for anybody but you, — you! And I've be'n keepin' company with her for four years. You've got my girl away from me, and you'd oughter drown for it. Drownin' 's too good for you!"

"Look here, Ben, are you drunk?"

"We don't drink — me nor my father. And you know it. We ain't such — fools!"

"It is a waste of the English language to add," remarked the preacher, with an accession of his natural dignity, which was not without its effect upon Ben Trawl, "that I have never regarded Miss Granite — for a moment — in the extraordinary light which you suggest. It seems to me unnecessary to point out to you the unnaturalness — I may be frank, and say the impossibility — of such a supposition."

"— you!" raved Ben, "ain't she good enough for you, then?"

"Ben Trawl," said the minister imperiously, "this nonsense has gone far enough. If you have nothing more reasonable to say to me, we may as well stop talking, for I'm going home. If you have, I'll stay and hear it out."

Bayard calmly seated himself upon the base of Ragged Rock, and took off his hat.

"What a warm, pleasant night it is!" he said, in a tone so changed that Ben Trawl stared.

"Plucky, anyhow," thought Ben; but he said, "I ain't got half through yet. I've got another score ag'in' you. You've took the girl, and now you're takin' the business."

"Ah," returned the preacher, "that's another matter."

"You own up to it, do you? — you!"

"Assuredly," answered Bayard. "I am doing my best to ruin your business. It is a pleasure to hear you admit it. It has gone further than I supposed."

"It *has* gone further 'n you suppose," echoed Ben malignantly, "and it *will* go further 'n you suppose! Me and Father have stood it long enough. There's them that backs us that you never give one of your —— holy thoughts to. I give you warning on the spot, Mr. Bayard. You stop just where you be. Meddle with our business one inch further, and you'll hear from the whole liquor interest of Windover. We'll blow you into eternity if you don't let us alone."

"I should count that," replied Bayard gently, "the greatest honor of my life."

"Anyhow," said Ben in a calmer tone, "if you don't let our business be, we'll ruin youn."

"That is quite possible; but it won't be without a big tussle."

"You don't believe me," sneered Ben; "you think we ain't up to it."

"Do you suppose, Ben," asked the preacher quietly, "that an educated man would deliberately choose the course that I have chosen to pursue in this town without informing himself on all branches of the subject that he is handling? Do you suppose I don't know what the liquor interest is capable of when attacked by Christian temperance? There has n't been an outrage, a persecution, a crime — no, not a murder committed in the name of rum and the devil against the cause of decency and sobriety in this country for years, that I have n't traced its history out and kept the record of it. Come up to my study and see the correspondence and clippings I have collected on this matter. There are two shelves full, Ben."

"Lord!" said Ben. His jaw dropped a little. He felt the inferiority of the ignorant man before education, the weakness of moral debility before moral vigor. He turned and took a few steps towards the town. The minister followed him amiably, and the two strode on in silence.

"He don't scare worth a cent," thought Ben. Aloud he said, "So you're goin' to fight us, be you?"

"Till I die," answered Bayard solemnly; "and if I die!"

"You won't take no warnin', then?" asked Ben, with a puzzled air.

"Neither from you, Ben, nor from any other man."

"The worse for you, then!" returned Ben in an ugly tone.

"I'll risk it," replied Bayard serenely.

"There's them that says you're goin' to fight it out at the polls," said Ben, more sullenly now than savagely. "Folks says you're goin' to get away Father's license."

"I had n't thought of it till this minute. But it would be a good idea."

Ben made an inarticulate noise in his throat. Bayard instinctively thrust out his elbow; he thought for the moment that Ben would spring upon him out of sheer rage. They were out on the open downs now; but still only the witness of the sky and sea and rocks remained to help him.

"Look here," said Ben, suddenly stopping. "Are you going to tell of me?"

"That you were so uncivil as to put your hands on my throat, Ben? I have n't decided."

"Not that I care a ——!" muttered Ben. "But Jane" —

"I shall never mention any circumstance of this — rather unpleasant evening — which would bring Miss Granite's name into publicity," answered Bayard quickly. "She is a good, modest girl. She should be sheltered and cared for. You might better toss a woman off Ragged Rock — as you intended to do by me — than to turn the gossip of Windover loose upon her."

"It is a hell of a town, if you come to that," said Ben, with calm conviction.

"She is much too good for you, Ben Trawl," remarked Bayard quite politely, as if he were offering the other a glass of lemonade.

"Lord!" groaned Ben, writhing under the minister's manner. "Don't you suppose that's the worst on 't?"

"I think I'll cut across here towards the hotel," observed Bayard pleasantly. "We seem to have talked out, for this time. Good-night, Ben."

"Say," said Ben, "why don't you spout temperance to me? Why ain't you talked religion? Why ain't you set out to convert me? I give you chance enough!"

"You are an intelligent man," replied the preacher; "you know what you are about. I don't waste sacred powder on useless shot."

"Queer Dick, you," mused Ben. "It's just as I said: you don't belong to *any* kind of folks I ever see before. I can't make you out."

"Next time you want to murder me, Ben," called the minister cheerily, "don't try anonymous traps! Show up like a man, and have it out in the open air!"

He walked on towards the beach. Ben watched him for a perplexed and sullen moment, then took his course thoughtfully in the direction of the town.

When the two men had disappeared from the dark map of the downs, a woman's figure swiftly and quietly crossed it. Jane Granite had followed the minister like the spaniel that she was, and, hidden in the shadows of Ragged Rock, thinking to save him, God knew how, from Heaven knew what fate, had overheard the interview from beginning to end.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ONE of the saintliest of women, as well as one of our finest poets, passed into that rest for which she craved so long while, when Christina Rossetti died. Her life was a song of praise. This song had two strains. Both were ever present, but the austerer was the dominant and the more prolonged. For the last twenty years her muse has been cloistral; but at all times the pain of the world lay against her heart. When she was a girl, and when she was a woman old in suffering, in experience, and relatively old in years, she wrote in the same strain. A child-woman at sixteen, she already felt, with something of pain and much of bitterness, the poignancy of that old world-cry, "Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity!" An extraordinary lyric utterance from one so young, and, in externals, so happily circumstanced, is this sonnet, written before the author was seventeen:—

"Ah, woe is me for pleasure that is vain,

Ah, woe is me for glory that is past;

Pleasure that bringeth sorrow at the last,

Glory that at the last bringeth no gain!

So saith the sinking heart; and so again

It shall say till the mighty angel-blast

Is blown, making the sun and moon aghast,
And showering down the stars like sudden rain.

And evermore men shall go fearfully,

Bending beneath their weight of heaviness;

And ancient men shall lie down wearily,

And strong men shall rise up in weariness;

Yea, even the young shall answer sighingly,

Saying one to another: How vain it is!"

I have no record of the exact date when I met Miss Rossetti for the first time; but as it was not more than a few months after I had come to know Frederick Shields, the artist with whom, Rossetti was wont to declare, lay the hopes of Religious Art in England, it must have been in the autumn of 1880.¹ Though my memory for dates is bad,

¹ Though a painter and decorative artist of remarkable individuality and distinction in the *genre* of Religious Art, Mr. Shields's name is still relatively unfamiliar in England. His

earliest adequate recognition, beyond that of Rossetti and the limited Rossettian circle, was in a paper published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1882, entitled *An English Interpreter*.

I recall easily the other particulars of this first meeting.

I had called upon some friends in Bloomsbury, and found there members of the family, with two guests, all seated before a recently replenished and for the moment flameless fire. Neither gas nor lamp illumined the room, and, having just come from the strong light of the hall and stairway, I could scarce distinguish my hostess. I was not surprised at the gloom, for this "shadow-time," as it was called in that house, was a luxury habitual there. The appearance of a caller who was not a stranger caused only a momentary interruption in what had been an animated conversation; and almost immediately the lady whose voice was audible as I entered resumed the rapid course of an extraordinarily fluent diction. It is not necessary to mention her name, though it would be one familiar to many readers of this article. She was giving a vivid account of her experiences with slum children in the country, and had apparently been endeavoring to refute certain objections or arguments as to the best way to fulfill the aims of the Holiday Charity, and indeed as to the soundness of the views from which these aims arose. Some one had argued that a brief "snatch of the country" merely unsettled the children, and made things worse for them at home, and for their parents. "Moreover," she interpolated, in the course of her argument, "I am convinced that it is not possible for any one to live a happy life unless he or she has at least a brief sojourn in the country every year."

At this point a singularly clear, rippling laugh interrupted the speaker. I recollect that I noticed at once its quality, as well as its spontaneity and winsomeness. This was followed by a few words, and pleased as I was by the laugh, I was more pleased by the words; that is, by the tone in which they were spoken. The voice had a bell-like sound, like that of resonant crystal. The pronunciation

was unusually distinct, and the words came away from the mouth and lips as cleanly as a trill from a bird. Though so exquisitely distinct, the voice was not in the least mannered or affected; and except for a peculiar lift in the intonation, more suggestive of Edinburgh than of London, there was no reason to suppose it was not that of an Englishwoman.

"Ah," she said, "there comes in the delightful enthusiast. But, Mrs. —, I assure you that your good heart is mistaken. There are hundreds and thousands of us who, for one reason or another, never escape from London. I may speak for myself, alas, who am not only as confirmed a Londoner as was Charles Lamb, but really doubt if it would be good for me, now, to sojourn long or often in the country; and you must remember that there are more Lambs than Wordsworths among us town folk, and that as we are bred so we live."

"But," broke in the lady to whom she was speaking, "you yourself must admit that you would be far happier in the peace and beauty of the country, which is so infinitely more poetic, in every way so much more beautiful, than the town!"

How cool and quiet the bell-like voice sounded, after the impetuous utterance which had interrupted it! "I am of those who think with Bacon that the Souls of the living are the Beauty of the World."

"That is a beautiful saying; but now let me ask, do not you yourself find your best inspiration in the country?"

"I?" with a sweet, low, deprecating laugh. "Oh dear, no! I know it *ought* to be so. But I don't derive my inspiration, as you call it, — though, if you will allow me to say so, I think the word quite inapposite, and to be used of very few, and then only in a most literal and sacred sense, — I don't derive anything from the country at first hand! Why, my knowledge of what is called nature

is that of the town sparrow, or, at most, that of the pigeon which makes an excursion occasionally from its home in Regent's Park or Kensington Gardens. And, what is more, I am fairly sure that I am in the place that best suits me. After all, we may enjoy the magic and mystery of ocean without ever adventuring upon it; and I, and thousands of other Londoners, from the penniless to those who are as relatively poor as I am, are in the position of those who love the sea, and understand too, in a way, its beauty and wonder, even though we reside in Whitechapel or Bloomsbury."

I forget what followed, but a minute or two later the door opened, and another visitor was announced. The servant returned immediately with a lamp. As she did so, I caught a glimpse of my sweet-voiced neighbor, — a short, plain woman, apparently advanced in middle age, with, as the most striking feature at a first glance, long, heavy eyelids over strangely protrusive eyes. I noticed that she veiled herself abruptly, as she rose and said good-by. As she moved away, it was with what I can describe only as an awkward grace.

One thing after another interfered with the question that was on my lips, and the outcome was that I left without knowing who the lady was whose words and voice had impressed me so much. Two things remained with me beyond that day: not, strangely enough, primarily, the memory of the delicate precision and natural rhythm of her speech or the peculiar quality of her voice, but the rapid, almost furtive way in which she had drawn her veil over her too conspicuous eyes, as soon as the room was lighted, and her concurrent haste to be gone, — this, and the quotation from Bacon, "The Souls of the living are the Beauty of the World." It is a noble saying, and its significance would then have been enhanced for me if I had known that I heard it for the first time from the lips of Christina Rossetti.

Ultimately I came to know her through Dante Gabriel Rossetti. But before this event I had been misled as to her attributes and idiosyncrasies. My informant would have it that Miss Rossetti was a gloomy and even bigoted religionist; that, recluse as she was socially, she was correspondingly morose in herself; and that she was morbidly sensitive to her appearance, having at one time been comely, and even, in her youth, beautiful; in a word, that she was now unable to reconcile herself to her altered looks, a change due to an illness which had affected the eyeballs.

One night, when Rossetti was narrating some anecdotes of the Germ days, he began to speak of his sister Christina. Noting my interest, he added further particulars not only concerning "the genius of the family," as he called her, but also about his other sister, Maria Francesca, his brother, and his parents, — details then unknown to me, though in the main now so familiar to all lovers of the poetry of Gabriel and Christina Rossetti.

He had a great admiration for his elder sister. "*She* was the Dante in our family," he said incidentally. "Christina," he added, "is the daughter of what was noblest in our father and beautiful in our mother. But no one was ever afraid of Christina. Maria was a born leader; Christina, a born apostle. In my boyhood I loved Maria more than any one in the world. I don't think she ever came into her proper inheritance. She might have topped us all, though of course she had n't Christina's genius. She used to be pitiful of her younger sister, who was delicate and rather demure; and Christina simply worshiped her. I remember how shocked they were when, both having expressed their envy of their martyred sisters of olden days, I said they were both far nicer and sweeter as they were, and that they had more than their share of martyrdom in having such a vagabond brother to look after."

When she was still a child (not more

than twelve, if Rossetti was right), Christina became poignantly melancholy whenever alone. About this time she had a great wish to write the most beautiful hymn of modern days. Her earnest efforts, however, were absolutely commonplace, till one memorable Sunday afternoon when she composed some lines which were good enough to make Maria prophesy that the young writer would be "the poet of the family." A native shyness was enhanced by the habitual self-disparagement with which she treated herself, in contrast with her sister. Her intellectual development, however, was rapid. How, indeed, could it have been other than precocious? The Rossetti household was, probably, the most remarkable in London. Gabriele Rossetti, patriot exile, poet, philosopher, mystic, student, artist, and a most genial and winsome man of strong character, was "a father in a million," as his elder son loved to speak of him. Mrs. Frances Mary Lavinia Rossetti, though English by birth and maternal parentage, was daughter of an Italian gentleman well known in his day, Gaetano Polidori, the translator of the poetry of Milton into sympathetic if not majestic or masterly Italian. Many distinguished people came to the Rossetti household, and divers eddies of the new thought of the age circulated through that little society. Then, were there ever four such children in one family as Maria, Gabriel, William, and Christina? Two were endowed with high as well as rare and distinctive genius, and all four moved in an atmosphere pregnant with stirring ideals, deep emotions of strong minds, and vivid aspirations.

Christina's childhood was spent almost wholly in London. Her first real excitement, she declared once, her first real excitement away from home-life and the familiar aspects of the streets of western London, was afforded by a visit she paid with Gabriel to the Zoological Gardens. The two amused themselves, after their first vivid interest, by imagining

the thoughts of the caged animals. Christina thought that the birds should be honored by plaintive verses, but Gabriel narrated such whimsical biographies of the birds and beasts that poetry gave way to fun. Distinct as the impression was, it was not so durably vivid as that of the walk of the two children, hand in hand, across the solitudes of Regent's Park, "with a magnificent sunset which, Gabriel declared, he could see setting fire to the distant trees and roof-ridges." Despite his interest in animals, an interest which became a freakish fad with him in later life, Rossetti never really observed lovingly and closely, except from the artist's point of view. He would notice the effect of light on the leaves, or the white gleam on windy grass; but he could never tell whether the leaves were those of the oak or the elm, the beech or the chestnut. If he cared for birds and bird-music, it was without heed of distinctions, and with no knowledge of the individuality of lilt in the song of thrush or blackbird, robin or linnet. But sometimes, his sister told me, he would come home with a spray of blossom ("it was always 'blossom' merely, not pear or apple or cherry blossom"), and once or twice with a bird or small animal in a little wicker cage, and would be as earnest and closely observant of all details as any naturalist would be.

It was about this time Christina Rossetti had a dream, which Gabriel promised to depict, and "send to the Academy." (This was before the Germ days.) She dreamed that she was walking in Regent's Park at dawn, and that, just as the sun rose, she saw what looked like a wave of yellow light sweep from the trees. This "wave" was a multitude of canaries. Thousands of them rose, circled in a gleaming mass, and then dispersed in every direction. In her dream it was borne in upon her that all the canaries in London had met, and were now returning to their cages! Rossetti was delighted with the idea. He projected some

pictorial touches, notably that the visionary was to be clad in yellow, and that the ground underfoot was to be covered with primroses. But either the impulse waned, or he did not feel able to do justice to the subject just then, and so postponed it, or, most likely, other matters of moment dissipated the intention.

When she told me this episode, Miss Rossetti added that Gabriel had the idea of writing a poem on the motive; so had she, but she did not write, as she was always waiting for the promised poem from him. "He declared the 'motive' was symbolical, and had some strange personal significance; but he never explained the one or the other, and I don't believe there was anything but whim behind his words. He was always like that, as far back as I can remember, though less whimsical and more moody as a youth than as boy or man. In this respect he was very different from William, who was invariably simple, direct, and as quietly cordial as he is now. In fact, *I* was the ill-tempered one of the family; and my dear sister used to say that *she* had the good sense, William the good nature, Gabriel the good heart, and I the bad temper of our much-loved father and mother."

It is quite true that Christina Rossetti had to cope with an irritable temper, due to physical ailment. For myself, I never saw a trace of it, but no doubt this tendency had been subdued long before I knew her. An old friend of hers informs me that she changed completely in this respect after the death of her sister, in 1876, to whom she was passionately attached, and for whose strong and saintly character she had an admiration that was almost extreme. Christina was wont to declare that if Maria had been the younger instead of the elder sister, she would have become famous, but that her home duties and yearly intensifying religious scruples and exercises prevented her. Certainly, the elder Miss Rossetti shared in that precocity which dis-

tinguished the whole family. Christina began to compose at the age of eleven; Gabriel was in his teens when he wrote a poem which has become a classic, and stands as one of the most remarkable lyric achievements in English literature; and William wrote verse of a high quality before he was twenty. It was in her fourteenth year — "when Gabriel was either an idle and dreamy or else a feverishly active and eager boy, 'a born rascalion,' as our father sometimes called him" — that Miss Maria Rossetti translated into blank verse the greater part of an ode by the Cavaliere Campana on the Death of Lady Gwendalina Talbot, Princess Borghese. In her early womanhood she began the work by which she is known to the public, though *A Shadow of Dante* was not published till her forty-fourth year; that is, about five years before her death. Referring to this, Christina exclaimed once, "I wish I too could have done something for Dante in England! Maria wrote her fine and helpful book, William's translation of the *Divina Commedia* is the best we have, and Gabriel's *Dante and his Circle* is a monument of loving labor that will outlast either. But I, alas, have neither the requisite knowledge nor the ability."

The elder Miss Rossetti had also something of her elder brother's artistic faculty. Two or three of the designs in *A Shadow of Dante* were her own work. In addition to this book, there is one imaginative essay in fiction by her which is practically unknown. It is very scarce indeed; possibly not half a dozen copies are extant. I have seen one copy only, that which was lent me by Miss Christina Rossetti. It was printed privately in 1846, when the authoress was in her nineteenth year. The title is *The Rivulets: A Dream not all a Dream*, and the matter is an allegory of life and religion, where the personalities are introduced as *Liebe* (Love), *Selbsucht* (Selfishness), *Eigendünkel* (Presumption), and *Faule* (Indolence). The "rivulets" represent

the natural heart of man ; the serpents, whose breaths are forever fouling the waters, the devil ; the fruits and flowers overhanging the banks, and poisonous when they fall into the streams, "the grosser and less palpably sinful allurements of the world ;" the crystal mirror which the guardian of each rivulet has in keeping represents the Scriptures ; the vase of perfumes, prayer ; and the healing water, baptism. The booklet is animated by the same extreme religious sentiment of renunciation that so many years later prompted the authoress to enter the All Saints' sisterhood.

It is, of course, generally known that the exiled Gabriele Rossetti was a poet, though it is not commonly understood how great was his reputation. Christina Rossetti was wont to speak with gratified pleasure of the wish of the citizens of Vasto (in the Abruzzi) to see a suitable memorial, in their chief piazza, of the poet patriot and fellow-citizen, "who was hatched in little Vasto, but whose flight extended throughout all Italy," as his Italian biographer says. It is not commonly known that the poetic strain in the family was also shared by others of the same generation. In 1763, Nicola Rossetti, a student, and a man of standing in Vasto d'Ammonè, married a girl of the same town, Maria Francesca Pietrocòla. Of their several children, four achieved distinction. Andrea, born in 1765, became known as a canonical orator and poet ; five years later was born Antonio, a poet also ; next, in 1772, came Domenico, who, as poet, journalist, and medical writer, filled well his comparatively short lease of life ; and then, youngest of the family (1783) and most famous, Gabriele.

One day I heard some one speak of this to Christina Rossetti. She replied that, far from stimulating her, the knowledge was of the nature of a wet blanket. "I feel that we — I, at least — ought to be far worthier after so much pioneering on the part of our relatives. I am afraid

they would look upon us as mere appendices to the Rossetti Chapter !"

It was not long after my first (though ignorant) meeting with Miss Rossetti that her brother Gabriel spoke to me, in casual conversation one night, about *The Germ*, and in particular about Christina's early poetry. He told me of the little book of hers, privately printed by her grandfather, Mr. Polidori (not, as often stated, Byron's Polidori, who was Mrs. Gabriele Rossetti's brother, but Gaetano Polidori, who had been secretary to Alfieri) in 1847. The poetry comprised in this slim booklet, now worth literally more than its weight in gold, was composed between the young poet's twelfth and seventeenth years. Rossetti enlarged upon the significance of this collection. He recited the poem called *The Dead City*, and indicated the premonitions afforded there of Miss Rossetti's best known long poem, — actual premonitions of now familiar passages, though the formative motive of *The Dead City* is quite distinct from that of *Goblin Market*. It was he who pointed out that Blake might have written the four verses called *Mother and Child*. The powerful and remarkable sonnet quoted on the first page of this article appeared in the little book before it saw the light (this was Rossetti's phrase, and he added, "or rather, the twilight") in *The Germ*.

Much impressed by *The Dead City*, I asked Rossetti to lend me his copy of the booklet in question. He had, however, no copy. It was then that he suggested I should request the loan of Christina's, and added, on my reply that I did not know her, "Well, you certainly ought to know her. She is the finest woman-poet since Mrs. Browning, by a long way ; and in artless art, if not in intellectual impulse, is greatly Mrs. Browning's superior. She could n't write, or have written, the Sonnets from the Portuguese, but neither could Mrs. Browning have composed some of the flawless lyrics

which Christina has written. I tell you what, you go and call on her. I 'll write to her about you. And be sure you ask to see my mother."

Of course I went. When, early one afternoon, I reached the dull, quiet house in "Torrington Oblong," as Rossetti humorously called Torrington Square, on account of its shape, — one of the many drowsy, faded, ebb-tide squares of central London, — I was shown into a room on the ground floor. There I saw an elderly lady, with a large green shade over her eyes, who, I hoped with all my heart, was not the poet. I spoke. The old lady bowed. I spoke again, but received no answer. The awkward silence was interrupted by the opening of the door, and, simultaneously, by a clear, bell-like intonation strangely familiar to me. I turned, and in Miss Christina Rossetti recognized not only the lady I had met at my friend's in Bloomsbury, but the Christina Rossetti of Gabriel's portrait-ure. Sufficient likeness lingered in the placid, rather stout face before me to prove that Rossetti's crayon drawing must have been, as I had always understood, excellent in outward similitude as well as in expressional veracity.¹

"I am very pleased to see you, and have been expecting you, for I heard from my brother Gabriel of your promised visit. Ah," she added, with a quick little gesture, an uplift of the right hand, in the manner of a musician recalling some fugitive strain, "but I have seen you before, surely?"

Before I could answer she turned, and indicated her seated companion, who looked up, and bowed again as formally as before.

"This is my aunt, Miss Polidori. She is rather deaf to-day, so you need not trouble to speak to her."

Meanwhile I was unconsciously noting the speaker's appearance. In some ways she reminded me of Mrs. Craik, the au-

thor of John Halifax, Gentleman; that is, in the Quaker-like simplicity of her dress, and the extreme and almost demure plainness of the material, with, in her mien, something of that serene passivity which has always a charm of its own. She was so pale as to suggest anæmia, though there was a bright and alert look in her large and expressive azure-gray eyes, a color which often deepened to a dark, shadowy, velvety gray; and though many lines were imprinted on her features, the contours were smooth and young. Her hair, once a rich brown, now looked dark, and was thickly threaded with solitary white hairs rather than sheaves of gray. She was about the medium height of women, though at the time I thought her considerably shorter. With all her quietude of manner and self-possession there was a certain perturbation from this meeting with a stranger, though one so young and unknown. I noted the quick, alighting glance, its swift withdrawal; also the restless, intermittent fingering of the long, thin, double watch-guard of linked gold which hung from below the one piece of color she wore, a quaint, old-fashioned bow of mauve or pale purple ribbon, fastening a white frill at the neck.

"Now where *have* I seen you?" she resumed, with pretended provoked perplexity.

"Though I did not know who you were, Miss Rossetti," I replied, "the occasion was made memorable to me by something you said, — 'The Souls of the living are the Beauty of the World.'"

"Ah, now I remember! Of course! But oh, it was not *I* who said that, you know. I merely repeated it. Strangely enough, I cannot remember where in Bacon it occurs. Do you know? No? Then you must help me to find out. Do you know Richard Garnett, — Dr. Garnett of the British Museum? He knows everything, I am told, — fortunate man!

to the collected edition of her poems issued by Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

¹ This is the portrait familiar to American readers of Christina Rossetti as the frontispiece

—and he will help us out of our dilemma.”

Thus chatting, she preceded me upstairs to the small drawing-room. I recollect noticing the delicate courtesy of the “us,” and also my surprise at the blithe cheerfulness of mien and manner, so utterly unlike the description given me by one who professed to know her, but whose knowledge must have been at sight only, — perhaps from a glimpse, possibly an obtruded interview, during one of the poet’s almost daily pilgrimages to Christ Church, close by.

She was laughing at Gabriel’s name for Torrington Square, a nickname which appeared to be new to her, when she opened the door of the sitting-room where she had been reading to Mrs. Rossetti.

The dear old lady — one of the most winsome and delightful women of advanced age I have ever met, I *can* say, and who ever lived, I *would* say — won my allegiance at once. She insisted on rising, held my hand in hers, looked benignly, but keenly, into my eyes, and said, “So you are a young friend of Gabriel’s? That alone makes you welcome. How is he? When did you see him last? So late as last week? And he is well? I am glad. Ah, Christina,” she added, looking at her daughter, as she reseated herself, “I am afraid our young friend is repeating one of Gabriel’s kindly fibs, when he says that Gabriel is sleeping well and is in much better health.”

Suddenly she took my hand again, and asked me to sit near her, as she was rather deaf, or at least was so at first with strangers. She asked what we were laughing at as we came in, and when the little joke was repeated she smiled pleasantly, adding, “Christina, when next we write to Gabriel, we must head the letter ‘Torrington Oblong.’” I noticed that she constantly appealed or referred to her daughter, whose anxious service of her mother was equally noticeable.

After tea Mrs. Rossetti asked me if I had ever read Southwell’s poetry; and

on my reply that I had not, she added, “My dear Christina was reading a wonderful little poem of his just as your visit was announced. I am sure you would like to hear it. My dear, do read it again.” It was thus I came to know that wonderful Elizabethan precursor of the Songs of Innocence, The Burning Babe. The poem is in itself strangely moving; how much more impressive, then, when recited by one of the chief Victorian poets in her own home, and during the auditor’s first visit!

I can still see that small and rather gloomy room, with Mrs. Rossetti sitting back, with a woolen Shetland shawl across her shoulders, and the lamplight falling on her white hair and clear-cut, ivory-hued features, as she waited with closed eyes, the better to listen; at the table, Miss Rossetti, leaning her head on her right hand, with her right elbow on the table, and with her left hand turning over the leaves of the book, — if I remember rightly, a new edition of F. T. Palgrave’s Children’s Treasury of Lyrical Poetry.

With an exquisitely clear and vibrant voice, though with a singular rise and fall, correspondent to Gabriel Rossetti’s moving and sonorous organ music, Miss Rossetti read, with infinite feeling, the lines beginning, “As I in hoary winter’s night stood shivering in the snow.” Occasionally she prolonged the music of a line into a slow rhythm, with a strange suspiration that, I imagine, was characteristic, particularly when she was strongly moved. It was in this way that — late in 1885 or early in 1886 — I heard her read the lyric beginning, —

“Heaven’s chimes are slow, but sure to strike
at last;

Earth’s sands are slow, but surely dropping
through:

And much we have to suffer, much to do,
Before the time be past.” —

with, I recollect, an unexpected and haunting iteration of the line, —

“Chimes that keep time are neither slow nor fast:”
each word as complete and separate in

enunciation as notes of music slowly struck on the piano.

There was one line of Southwell's in particular which she read with communicative emotion, — an emotion felt by Mrs. Rossetti, who opened her eyes, glanced at her daughter, and, with murmuring lips, reclosed her eyes. It was the line, —

*"Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes
shame and scorns."*

During that first visit, again, I had cause to note how scrupulous, if at the same time reticent, Christina Rossetti was in any matter where conscience impelled her to a protest, though always one gentle, or at least courteous. Nor did the rigor of her views involve her in any narrowness of judgment, much less in bigotry. I may quote aptly here one or two letters from among those she wrote to me on several occasions. At the beginning of May, 1884, I called to see Miss Rossetti, and to leave with her a copy of a just published — and, I am now far from sorry to say, justly forgotten — volume of verse, but failed to find her at home. The poem I cared most for was the epilogue, *Madre Natura*, but instinct told me Miss Rossetti would neither like nor approve so pagan an utterance, and the surmise was correct.

30 TORRINGTON SQUARE,
May 3, 1884.

... I might say, "Why do you call just when we are out?" only that you might retort, "Why are you out just when I call?"

Thank you very much for your new volume, and yet more for the kindness which enriches the gift. You know how my mother and I hold you in friendly remembrance.

[Then follow some kindly words of discrimination and praise; and, finally, this: —]

Shall I or shall I not say anything about *Madre Natura*? I dare say, without my taking the liberty of expressing

myself, you can (if you think it worth while) put my regret into words. . . .

Though I cannot recall what I wrote, write I did, evidently; and obviously, also, with eagerness to prove that, while I accepted her gentle reproof in the spirit she advanced it, I held the point of view immaterial; and no doubt a very crude epistle it was, in both thought and diction.

May 5, 1884.

... Your friendliness and courtesy invite mine. Pray believe in mine whatever I say, as I believe in yours in spite of what you say.

Will you not, on consideration, agree with me that it is out of the question for a Christian really to believe what every Christian professes to believe, and yet to congratulate a friend on believing something contrary? On your having passed from a cruder form of negation I do heartily congratulate you. And now . . . nothing but good will and the desire to do right move my pen. . . .

I quote these extracts from personal letters only because of their inherent interest, as illustrative of a distinctive trait in the character of Christina Rossetti. Most of her letters to me are too personal for publicity; but here, from one written in 1886, is a point of interest concerning Christina Rossetti the poet: "I heartily agree in setting the essence of poetry above the form." This point she extended on a later occasion, when she said that the whole question of the relative value of the poetic spirit of a poem and the form of that poem lay in this: that the spirit could exist without the form, whereas the form was an impossibility without the spirit, of which it was the lovely body.

One further letter only I may quote, that written after the death of Mrs. Rossetti, — a loss which Christina Rossetti felt, and said she felt, as the last snap but one of a chain that had long been snapping.

30 TORRINGTON SQUARE.

. . . I feel the kind sympathy of your letter so much that you must let me answer it out of my deep mourning. And I am glad it is I who am grieving, and not my dearest mother enduring this grief of separation. Thank you for bearing her in affectionate remembrance. She regarded you with true good will.

I hope that you are gaining ground daily, and that soon your illness will be a thing of the past. And I am sure that at a moment so solemn and moving to me you will suffer me to express the wish I cannot but entertain for you and yours, just because I entertain it for myself and mine, — that you too may never experience from any you love more than a temporary separation. . . .

More than ever after the death of Mrs. Rossetti, with broken health and a deep-seated ill beginning to wear her away, Christina Rossetti turned her face to that world of the soul, which indeed had always been to her a near and living reality. The rumor of other waters was ever in her ears. The breath of another air was upon her brow.

The circumstance that a clergyman came regularly to talk and pray with her — to be, in fact, her confessor — is no doubt responsible for the assertion sometimes made that, in later life, she was a Roman Catholic. This was not so. From her girlhood to her death she was strictly a member of the Anglican Church. Naturally, she had much sympathy with the Church of Rome, and had a great admiration for its ordered majesty of organization; but, strangely enough, the rock which she took to be a beacon of wreck was Mariolatry. This, at all times, seemed to her the most cardinal error in Roman Catholicism. It is interesting to note that Gabriel Rossetti was more attracted by the spiritual and human significance of the worship of Mary than by any other dogma of Rome. He told me once that the world would come to

see that the lasting grit in the Romish faith — “a ‘grit’ which would probably make it survive all other Christian sects” — was based upon this idealization of humanity, through the mother-idea, in the person of Mary; and that, whatever potent development the Protestant sects might have, “they would always, lacking exalted recognition of Mary, be like church services without music wherein all can join.” On the other hand, it must be admitted that Christina’s belief was a profoundly felt and lifelong conviction, while that of Gabriel was, if not intermittent or accidental, more an expression of the opining temperament than of the convinced intellect.

In one place explicitly, as in a hundred places indirectly, Miss Rossetti has affirmed her faith. In one of the little known prose books she wrote in later life (which, as she said once, smiling rather sadly the while, the literary world that praised her so much studiously ignored) there is this significant passage: “To myself it is in the beloved Anglican Church of my Baptism that these things are testified, a living Branch of that One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church which is authoritatively commended and endeared to me by the Word of God. Christ, Whose mystical Body she is, is her Head, and the Holy Ghost, Whose Temple she is, is her overruling Will and Power!”¹

I think it was in January of 1886 that, for the last time, I heard Miss Rossetti read anything of her own. It was not long — some months, perhaps — since she had published one of the least known of her books, though one most characteristic and strangely fascinating, for all its Daily Companion appearance and, in a sense, style. I am inclined to believe that *Time Flies* gave her more pleasure in the contemplation than was afforded by any other book of hers. It is, of course,

¹ *Vide* her Commentary on the Sixteenth Verse of the Twenty-Second Chapter of Revelation.

a religious "daily companion," and is occupied largely with strictly Scriptural comments; but it has many delightful (and, to those who knew Miss Rossetti, most characteristic) passages and anecdotes. Above all, however, it is notable for its lovely lyrics, interspersed throughout the volume like white and purple lilac-bushes in a lawned and graveled convent garden. Sometimes there are lines of extraordinary poignancy and beauty, straight from the lyric emotion wrought of the ecstasy in heart and brain; as, for example, these lines, so appealing as well as so idiosyncratic:—

"Turn, transfigured Pain,
Sweetheart, turn again,
For fair art thou as moonrise after rain."

But indeed the whole poem should be quoted:—

"Joy is but sorrow,
While we know
It ends to-morrow:—
Even so!
Joy with lifted veil
Shows a face as pale
As the fair changing moon so fair and frail.

"Pain is but pleasure,
If we know
It heaps up treasure:—
Even so!
Turn, transfigured Pain,
Sweetheart, turn again,
For fair art thou as moonrise after rain."

In some of these lyrics there is a strange note of impassioned mysticism, as in the short rondeau for January 16, exemplified in these three lines:—

"Love weighs the event, the long prehistory,
Measures the depth beneath, the height above,
The mystery with the ante-mystery."

In the lyric for March 7 there is a music like that of Gabriel Rossetti's *Sea-Limits*, a haunting ululation such as that of Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*:—

"Earth has clear call of daily bells,
A rapture where the anthems are,
A chancel vault of gloom and star,
A thunder when the organ swells:
Alas, man's daily life—what else?—
Is out of tune with daily bell."

"While Paradise accords the chimes
Of Earth and Heaven: its patient pause
Is rest fulfilling music's laws.
Saints sit and gaze, where oftentimes
Precursive flush of morning climbs
And air vibrates with coming chimes."

Of those she read to me, I am haunted most, because of the exquisite cadence of her intonation, by the memory of one (that for March 5) beginning,—

"Where shall I find a white rose blowing?
Out in the garden where all sweets be.
But out in my garden the snow was snowing,
And never a white rose opened for me.
Nought but snow and wind were blowing
And snowing."

How well, too, I remember that for February 11, *No More*; that for April 5, already quoted, beginning, "Heaven's chimes are slow, but sure to strike at last;" that for February 19; and this for March 3, a dialogue of *Life and Death*, with the *Soul* as the protagonist,—an actual protagonist, though here rather a ball between two players, dumb and passive in all its blind bafflings to and fro:—

"Laughing Life cries at the feast,—
Craving Death cries at the door,—
'Fish, or fowl, or fatted beast?'
'Come with me, thy feast is o'er.'
'Wreath the violets.' 'Watch them fade.'
'I am sunlight.' 'I am shade:
I am the sun-burying west.'
'I am pleasure.' 'I am rest:
Come with me, for I am best.'"

Since then how often have I recalled that marvelous yet so simple and obvious line, as Shakespearean as Gabriel Rossetti's "The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill, Like any hill flower"—

"the sun-burying west!"

There were other fragmentary lines or couplets which impressed themselves keenly on the memory; for example,—

"All through this race of life which shelves
Downward to death;"

and

"Lo, the Hope we buried with sighs
Alive in Death's eyes!"

Time Flies is dedicated "To my Be-

loved Example, Friend, Mother." Two earlier dedications to Mrs. Rossetti ran, "My Mother, to whom I inscribe my Book in all Reverence and Love," and "My Dear and Honoured Example;" while the last of her books once more bears the mother's name, "To her Beloved, Revered, and Cherished Memory."

After the death of Mrs. Rossetti her daughter devoted herself to almost hourly ministrations to her two old aunts. Miss Charlotte Lydia Polidori died in 1890, at the age of eighty-seven; Miss Eliza Harriett Polidori, in 1893, at the age of eighty-four. There is now in Christ Church, Woburn Square, the pendant, with star and crescent in diamonds, which his Imperial Majesty the Sultan presented to Miss Harriett Polidori, in recognition of her distinguished services as a nurse in the Crimean campaign.

In these sad and lonely last years — which would have been so far lonelier but for the frequent visitation of her much-loved brother William — Christina Rossetti published two books: a volume of *Collected Devotional Poems* (1893), and one of prose, consisting of keen and vivid commentaries on the Revelation of St. John, yet, as her friend and clergyman, the Rev. J. J. Glendinning Nash, indicates, with characteristic humility entitled *The Face of the Deep*; for these, she thought, were but an individual ripple on the surface of revealed truth.

One of my most cherished memories is of a night at Birchington, on the Kentish coast, in March of 1882. It had been a lovely day. Rossetti asked me to come out with him for a stroll on the cliff; and though he leaned heavily, and dragged his limbs wearily and as if in pain, he grew more cheerful as the sunlight warmed him. The sky was a cloudless blue, and the singing of at least a score of larks was something wonderful to listen to. Everywhere spring odors prevailed, with an added pungency from the sea-wrack below. Beyond, the sea reached to far horizons of purple-shaded azure. At first

I thought Rossetti was indifferent: the larks made merely a confused noise; the sun-glare spoilt the pleasure of the eyes; the sea-breath carried with it a damp chill. But this mood gave way. He let go my arm, and stood staring seaward silently; then, still in a low and tired voice, but with a new tone in it, he murmured, "It is beautiful, — the world, and life itself. I am glad I have lived." Insensibly thereafter the dejection lifted from off his spirit, and for the rest of that day and evening he was noticeably less despondent.

The previous evening, Christina Rossetti, — then at Birchington on a nursing visit, — Rossetti, and myself were seated in semi-twilight in the long, low-roofed sitting-room of the Bungalow. She had been reading to him, but he had grown weary and somewhat fretful. Not wishing to disturb him, Miss Rossetti made a sign to me to come over to the window, and there drew my attention to a quiet-hued but very beautiful sunset. While we were gazing at it, Rossetti, having overheard an exclamation of almost rapturous delight from Christina, rose from his great armchair before the fire and walked feebly to the window. Thence he stared blankly upon the dove-tones and pale amethysts of the sky. I saw him glance curiously at his sister, and then again look long and earnestly. But at last, with a voice full of chagrin, he turned away pettishly, with the remark that he could not see what it was we admired so much. "It is all gray and gloom," he added; nor would he hear a word to the contrary, so ignorant was he of the havoc wrought upon his optic nerve by the chloral poison which did so much to shorten his life.

After he had gone to bed, Miss Rossetti spoke sadly of this dulling of his sensitiveness, and feared that it was indeed the beginning of the end. "Poor Gabriel," she added, "I wish he could have at least one hopeful hour again." It was with pleasure, therefore, that, next

day, she heard what he had said upon the cliff, and how he had brightened.

The evening that followed was a happy one, for, as already mentioned, Rossetti grew so cheerful, relatively, that it seemed as though the shadow of death had lifted. What makes the episode so doubly memorable to me is that, as I opened the door for Miss Rossetti when she bade me good-night, she turned, took my hand again, and said in a whisper, "I am so glad about Gabriel, and grateful."

After the death of Miss Harriett Polidori, Christina Rossetti was an almost absolute recluse. A cancerous evil developed, and added to the burden of life, — a burden of which she had long been weary, and for surcease from which she longed without ceasing. Her death, at the festival of the Epiphany, a season which she herself has chronicled in lovely verse, must have come to her as the flood-tide of a long-delayed happiness.

The weight of the pain of the world, of the sorrow of life, had long made hard the blithe cheerfulness which she wore so passing well, though it was no garment chosen for its own comeliness, but because of its refreshment for others. An ordered grace was hers in all things, and in this matter of cheerfulness she created what she did not inherit; rather, she gained, by prayer and renunciation and long control, a sunlit serenity which made her mind, for others, a delectable Eden, and her soul a paradise of fragrance and song. Cheerfulness became a need of spiritual growth, as well as a thing seemly and delightful in itself. She had ever, in truth, at least in later life (and my acquaintance with her extended through a period of over twelve years), a gracious sweetness that was all her own. An exquisite taciturnity alternated with a not less exquisite courtesy of self-abandonment.

¹ This article was written before I saw Mr. Swinburne's noble memorial lines (which, with a most moving and winsome paper on Christina Rossetti by Mr. Theodore Watts, appear in the

She was too humble to speak much opinionatively, unless directly challenged or skillfully allured; while it seemed natural in her to consider that the centre of interest was in her companion of the moment, and not in herself. Habitually she preferred the gold-glooms of silence, but would, at the word of appeal, or even at that shyer lure which can express itself only through the eyes, come into the more garish light, or, as it might be, the dusk of another's sorrow, or the starry cold of another's grief. It was impossible to have with her even the least degree of intimacy, and not experience this quietude of charm, — a quality that made her so remote of approach, but so near when reached. How often, thinking of her, I have considered those lines of Herbert's! —

"Welcome, deare feast of Lent: who loves not thee,

He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,

A face not fearing light."

This "cleanness of sweet abstinence" was characteristic of the poetic inheritor of Herbert and Crashaw, whom most she resembles in the quality of her genius, though she had more of fire and heat than the one, and less of sensuous exuberance than the other.

This is not the occasion for any critical analysis of her beautiful poetry. Its delicate music, its exquisite charm, are its proper ambassadors. Of her marvelous spontaneous art scarce anything better could be said by the most authoritative and discriminating critic than is expressed in these lines of Shakespeare (*The Winter's Tale*): —

"This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature."¹

February number of *The Nineteenth Century*), or I should fittingly have ended with a quotation from this tribute of the greatest of Miss Rossetti's surviving contemporaries.

It is but the other day she was given that rest for which she craved. If knowledge was hers, it must have pleased her that two of her poems (*The Porter Watches at the Gate*, and *Lord, grant us Grace to Mount*) were sung at the quiet but deeply impressive funeral service at Christ Church. Yet a more fitting elegy would have been that poem from *Time Flies*, that homing-song which I meant to quote here, but now must be content to indicate only by its opening words, "Home by different ways."

As I came away from the funeral service, with her old friends, Mr. Frederick Shields and Mr. John Clayton, — listening to the one speak of her flamelike ardor of Christian faith, and to the other's

narration of her brooding melancholy and of her anticipations of early death, about the time that Gabriel Rossetti painted her as Mary in *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin* (1848), and in *Ecce Ancilla Domini* (1849), — a stanza in one of her latest lyrics made a music in my mind: —

"Life that was born to die
Sets heart on high,
And counts and mounts
Steep stages of the sky.
Two things, Lord, I desire
And I require:
Love's name, and flame
To wrap my soul in fire."

Wrapt in fire, indeed, was that pure and perfect spirit, that disembodied soul of song.

William Sharp.

MARS.

II. THE WATER PROBLEM.

AFTER air, water. If Mars be capable of supporting life, there must be water upon his surface; for to all forms of life water is as vital a matter as air. To all organisms water is absolutely essential. On the question of habitability, therefore, it becomes all-important to know whether there be water on Mars.

Any one looking through a telescope at the planet, early last summer, would at once have been struck by the fact that its surface was diversified by markings in three colors, — white, blue-green, and reddish-ochre; the white lying in a great oval at the top of the disc. The white oval was the south polar ice-cap. In this polar cap our water problem takes its rise.

On the 31st of May, 1894, the south polar cap stretched, practically one unbroken waste of ice, over about fifty degrees of latitude; that is, it covered nearly the whole frigid zone. Although due,

in all probability, to successive depositions of frost rather than snow, the result, both in appearance and in behavior, makes striking counterpart to the antarctic ice-sheet of our own earth. Its visible contour was almost perfectly elliptical, showing it to be, in truth, nearly circular. That it was already in active process of melting was evident from its slowly lessening size. It was the most interesting feature on the disc, being peculiarly well placed for observation, owing to the tilt of the polar axis; for the Martian south pole was at the time bowed toward the earth at an angle of 24° , a southern inclination which has not been equaled since 1877. The dip of the pole displayed the snow-cap to great advantage, and enabled the metamorphosis it underwent to be specially well seen.

Through June and July the snows were melting very fast, at the rate of

hundreds of square miles a day. Such waning of them under the summer sun has been regularly observed to take place for the past two hundred years. At every Martian summer they shrink away to next to nothing, as systematically as the Martian summer comes on, — an action on their part highly indicative of their character. But another bit of behavior in their immediate surroundings is yet more significant, and in the case of the southern hemisphere has never, apparently, been noticed before.

Practically at the first observation made at Flagstaff in June, there showed, bordering the edge of the snow, a narrow, dark blue band or ribbon of color encircling the cap. The band varied in width at different places, being widest where the blue-green areas to the north of it were widest, and narrowest where they were narrowest. Its greatest breadth was about two hundred and twenty miles, its least about one hundred. In two places it expanded into great bays, the more prominent of them being just above the largest blue-green area on the disc. That the width of this antarctic girdle was proportionate to the width of the blue-green areas below it is a highly suggestive fact. Both bays were blue, the larger and more striking one especially so, appearing in good seeing of a beautiful cobalt blue, like some Martian grotto of Capri.

Both the band and its bays were contrasted with the blue-green areas contiguous to them, somewhat in tint, but yet more in tone. They were bluer, and distinctly darker. This hinted at a difference of constitution, which hint was emphasized by the action of the band; for as the snow shrank back toward the pole the blue belt followed it, keeping pace with its retreat. Instead of remaining in the place where it had first appeared, as it must have done had it been a permanent marking upon the surface of the planet, it withdrew steadily southward, so as always to border the melting snow.

At about the same time a rift made its appearance in the midst of the ice-cap. On June 9, when on the meridian early in the morning it looked like a huge cart-track coming down toward one through the snow. It proved to be three hundred and fifty miles wide, and debouched into the dark encircling band. A second narrower rift ran into it near the centre of the cap.

On the same morning, about half past five o'clock, starlike points suddenly shone out upon the snow, between the great bay and the first rift. After shining there for a few minutes they as suddenly vanished. It is evident what these were, — not fabled flash-lights of the Martians, but the glint of snow-slopes tilted at just the angle to reflect the sun toward the earth. On subsequent mornings others appeared, not so brilliant, the position of the planet with regard to the earth having slightly shifted in the mean time. There is something romantic in the thought of these far-off glistens from other-world antarctic snows, and in the sight there is corroboration of the snow's character.

As the Martian spring progressed, the rifts spread, until at last they cut the ice-cap in two. The smaller portion then proceeded to disappear, while the larger shrank correspondingly in size. The relative times of disappearance of different parts of the cap give us some information about the relative elevations and depressions of the south circumpolar regions. In consequence, I have been able to construct a contour map of these polar portions of the planet. There are advantages in thus conducting polar expeditions astronomically. One not only lives like a civilized being through it all, but he brings back something of the knowledge he went out to acquire.

There has even been vouchsafed the realization of that dream of explorers, an open polar sea; for as the first rift widened, Professor W. H. Pickering marked a large lake develop in the midst

of it, in position almost over the pole. It seems cynical of fate thus to permit a Martian open polar sea to be seen before granting our earthly explorers a similar sight.

As the snows dwindled in size, the blue band about them shrank to correspond. By August it was a barely discernible thread drawn round the tiny white patch which was all that remained of the enormous snow-fields of some months before. Finally, on October 13, the snow entirely disappeared, and the spot where it and its girdle, long since grown too small for detection, had been became one yellow stretch.

That the blue was water at the edge of the melting snow seems unquestionable. That it was of the color of water, that it so persistently bordered the melting snow, and that it subsequently vanished are three facts mutually confirmatory of this deduction. Professor W. H. Pickering made the polariscope tell the same tale; for, on scrutinizing the great bay through it, he found the light coming from the bay to be polarized. Now, to polarize the light it reflects is a property, as we know, of a water surface.

From all this we may conclude that we have here a polar sea, a real body of water. There is, therefore, water on the surface of Mars. We also mark that this body of water is ephemeral. It exists while the snow-cap is melting, and then it somehow vanishes. What becomes of it, and whether there be other bodies of water on the planet, either permanent or temporary, we shall now go on to inquire.

While it existed in any size, the polar sea was bordered on the north, all the way round and during all the time it was visible, by blue-green areas. These blue-green areas were strewn with several more or less bright regions, while below them came the great reddish-ochre stretches of the disc. Now, the blue-green areas have generally been considered to be seas, just as the reddish-ochre

regions have been held to be land. That the latter are land there is very little doubt; not only land, but nothing but land, — land very pure and simple; that is, deserts. For they behave just as deserts should behave, chiefly by not behaving at all; remaining, except for certain phenomena to be specified later, unchangeable.

With the so-called seas, however, the case is different. Several important facts conspire to throw grave doubt, and worse, upon their aquatic character. To begin with, they are of every grade of tint, — a very curious feature for seas to exhibit, unless they were everywhere but a few feet deep; which again is a most singular characteristic for seas that cover hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent, — seas, that is, as big as the Bay of Bengal. The Martian surface would have to be amazingly flat for this to be possible. We know it to be relatively flat, but to be as flat as all this would seem to pass the bounds of credible simplicity. Here also Professor W. H. Pickering's polariscope investigations come in with effect, for he found the light from the supposed seas to show no trace of polarization. Hence these were probably not water.

In parenthesis we may here take notice of the absence of a certain phenomenon whose presence, apparently, should follow upon water surfaces such as the so-called seas would offer us. Although its absence is not perhaps definitive as to their marine character, it is certainly curious, and worth noting. If a planet were covered by a sheet of water, that water surface would, mirror-like, reflect the sun in one more or less definite spot. Looked at from a distance, this spot would, were it bright enough, be seen as a high light on the dark background of the ocean about it. It would seem to be a fixed star at a certain point on the disc, the surface features rotating under it. The necessary position is easily calculated, and this shows that parts of the so-

called seas, especially at oppositions like the last one, pass under the point. There remains merely the question of sufficient brilliancy in the spot for visibility; but as in the case of Mars its brilliancy should be equal to that of a star of the third magnitude, it would seem brilliant enough to be seen. No such starlike effect in such position has ever been noticed coming from the blue-green regions. From this bit of negative evidence, to be taken for what it is worth, we return again to what there is of a positive sort.

Not only do different parts of the so-called seas contrast in tint with one another, but the same part of the same sea varies in tint at different times. Schiaparelli noticed that, at successive oppositions, the same sea showed different degrees of darkness, and he suggested that the change in tone was dependent in some way upon the Martian seasons.

Observations at Flagstaff have demonstrated this to be the case, for it has been possible to see the tints occur consecutively. In consequence, we know not only that changes take place on the surface of Mars other than in the polar cap, and very conspicuous ones too, but that these are due to the changing seasons of the planet's year. We will now see what they look like.

To the transubstantiation of changes of the sort it is a prime essential that the drawings from whose comparison the contrast appears should all have been made by the same person, at the same telescope, under as nearly as possible the same atmospheric conditions, since otherwise the personal equation of the observer, the impersonal inequalities of instruments, and the special atmosphere of the station play so large a part in the result as to mask that other factor in the case, any change in the planet itself. How easily this masking is accomplished appears from drawings made by different observers of the same Martian features at substantially the same moment. Several interesting specimens of such

personal peculiarities may be seen by the curious in Flammarion's admirable thesaurus, *La Planète Mars*. In some of these likenesses of the planet it is pretty certain that Mars would never recognize himself.

To have drawings simply swear at one another across a page is, in the interests of deduction, objectionable. For their testimony to be worth having they must agree to differ. If, therefore, Mars is to be many, his draughtsman must be one. So much, at least, is fulfilled by the drawings in which the changes now to be described are recorded; for they were all made by me, at the same instrument, under the same general atmospheric conditions. As the same personality enters all of them, it stands, as between them, eliminated from all, to increased certainty of deduction. Since, furthermore, the drawings were all made in the months preceding and following one opposition, change due to secular variation is reduced to a minimum. As a matter of fact, the changes are such as to betray their own seasonal character. They constitute a kinematical as opposed to a statical study of the planet's surface.

The changes are much more evident than might be supposed. Indeed, they are quite unmistakable. As for their importance, it need only be said that that deduction from them furnishes, in the first place, strong inference that Mars is a living world, subject to an annual cycle of surface growth, activity, and decay; and shows, in the second place, that this Martian yearly round of life must differ in certain interesting particulars from that which forms our terrestrial experience. The phenomena evidently make part of a definite chain of changes of annual development. So consecutive, and, in their broad characteristics, apparently so regular are these changes that I have been able to find corroboration of what appears to be their general scheme in drawings made at previous oppositions. In consequence, I

believe it will be possible in future to foretell, with something approaching the certainty of our esteemed weather bureau's prognostications, not indeed what the weather will be on Mars, — for, as we have seen, it is more than doubtful whether Mars has what we call weather to prognosticate, — but the aspect of any part of the planet at any given time.

The changes in appearance now to be chronicled refer, not to the melting of the polar snows, except as such melting forms the necessary preliminary to what follows, but to the subsequent changes in look of the surface itself. To their exposition, however, the polar phenomena become inseparable adjuncts, since they are inevitable ancillaries to the result.

With the familiar melting of the snow-cap begins the yearly round of the planet's life. With the melting of our own arctic or antarctic cap might similarly be said to begin the earth's annual activity. But here at the very outset there appears to be one important difference between the two planets. On the earth the relation of the melting of the polar snows to the awakening of surface activity is a case of *post hoc* simply; on Mars it seems to be a case of *propter hoc* as well. For, unlike the earth, which has water to spare, and to which, therefore, the unlocking of its polar snows is a matter of no direct economic value, Mars is apparently in straits for the article, and has to draw on its polar reservoir for its annual supply. Upon the melting of its polar cap, and the transference of the water thus annually set free to go its rounds, seem to depend all the seasonal phenomena on the surface of the planet.

The observations upon which this deduction is based extend over a period of nearly six months, from the last day of May to the 22d of November. They cover the regions from the south pole to about latitude forty north. That changes analogous to those recorded, differing,

however, in details, occur six Martian months later in the planet's northern hemisphere is proved by what Schiaparelli has seen; for though the general system is, curiously, one for the whole planet, the particular character of different parts of the surface alters the action there to some extent.

For an appreciation of the meaning of the changes, it is to be borne in mind throughout that the vernal equinox of Mars' southern hemisphere occurred on April 17, 1894; the summer solstice of the same hemisphere on August 31; and its autumnal equinox on February 7, 1895.

On the 31st of May, therefore, it was toward the end of April on Mars. The south polar cap was, as we have seen, very large, and the polar sea in proportion. That the polar sea was the darkest and the bluest marking on the disc implies that it was, at all events, the deepest body of water on the planet, whether the other so-called seas were seas or not. This polar sea plays *deus ex machina* to all that follows.

So soon as the melting of the snow was well under way, long straits, of deeper tint than their surroundings, made their appearance in the midst of the dark areas. I did not see them come, but as I afterward saw them go, it is evident that they must have come. They were already there on the last day of May. The most conspicuous of them lay between Noachis and Hellas, in the Mare Australe. It began in the great polar bay, and thence traversed the Mare Erythræum to the Hour-Glass Sea (Syrtis Major). The next most conspicuous one started in the other bay, and came down between Hellas and Ansonia. Although these straits were distinguishably darker than the seas through which they passed, the seas themselves were then at their darkest. The fact that these straits traversed the seas suffices to raise a second doubt as to the genuineness of seas; the first suspicion as to their true character

coming from their being a little off color, — not so blue, that is, as what we practically know to be water, the polar sea, although even that must be anything but deep. It will appear later that in all probability the straits too are impostors, and that what we see is in neither case water.

The appearance of things at this initial stage of the Martian Nile-like inundation last June was most destructive to modern maps of Mars, for all the markings between the south polar cap and the continental coast-line seemed with one consent to have as nearly as might be obliterated themselves.

It was impossible to fix any definite boundaries to the south temperate chain of islands, so indistinguishably did the light areas and the dark ones merge into each other. What was still more striking, the curious peninsulas which connect the continent with the chain of islands to the south of it, and form so singular a feature of the planet's geography, were invisible. One continuous belt of blue-green stretched from the Syrtis Major to the Columns of Hercules.

For some time the dark areas continued largely unchanged in appearance; during, that is, the earlier and most extensive melting of the snow-cap. After this their history became one long chronicle of fading out. Their lighter parts grew lighter, and their darker ones less dark. For, to start with, they were made up of many tints; various shades of blue-green interspersed with hints of orange-yellow. The gulfs and bays bordering the continental coast were the darkest of these markings; the long straits between the polar sea and the Syrtis Major were the next deepest in tone.

The first marked sign of change was the reappearance of Hesperia. Whereas in June it had been practically nonexistent, by August it had become perfectly visible and in the place where it is usually depicted. In connection with

its reappearance two points are to be noted: first, the amount of the change, for Hesperia is a stretch of land over two hundred miles broad by six hundred miles long; and, secondly, the fact that its previous invisibility was not due to any sort of obscuration. The persistent clear-cut character of the neighboring coast-line during the whole transformation showed that nothing in the way of mist or cloud had at any time hidden the peninsula from view. A something was actually there in August which had not been there in June.

As yet nothing could be seen of Atlantis. It was not until the 30th of October that I caught sight of it. About the same time, the straits between the islands, Xanthus, Scamander, Ascanius, and Simois, came out saliently dark, a darkness due to contrast. The line of south temperate islands and their separate identity were then for the first time apparent.

Meanwhile, the history of Hesperia continued to be instructive. From having been absent in June and conspicuous in August, it returned in October to a mid-position of visibility. Vacillating as these fluctuations in appearance may seem at first sight, they were really quite consistent; for they were due to one progressive change in the same direction, a change that was manifested first in Hesperia itself, and then in the regions round about it. From June to August, Hesperia changed from a previous blue-green, indistinguishable from its surroundings, to yellow, the parts adjacent remaining much as before. As a consequence, the peninsula stood out in marked contrast to the still deep blue-green regions by its side. Later, the surroundings themselves faded, and their change had the effect of once more partially obliterating Hesperia.

While Hesperia was thus causing itself to be noticed, the rest of the south temperate zone, as we may call it for identification's sake, was unobtrusively

pursuing the same course. Whereas in June all that part of the disc comprising the two Thyle, Argyre II., and like latitudes was chiefly blue-green, by October it had become chiefly yellow. Still further south, what had been first snow, and then water, turned to ochre land.

Certain smaller details of the change that came over the face of the dark regions at the time were as curious as they were marked. For example, the Fastigium Aryn, the tip of the triangular cape which, by jutting out from the continent, forms the forked bay called the Sabæus Sinus, and which, because of its easy identification, has been selected for the zero meridian of Martian longitudes, began in October to undergo strange metamorphosis. On October 15 it shot out a sort of tail southward. On the 16th this tail could be followed all the way to Deucalionis Regio, to which it made a bridge across from the continent, thus cutting the Sabæus Sinus completely in two.

Another curious causeway of the same sort made its appearance in November, connecting the promontory known as Hammonis Cornu with Hellas. Both of these necks of orange-ochre were of more or less uniform breadth throughout.

The long, dark streaks that in June had joined the Syrtis Major to the polar sea had nearly disappeared by October; in their southern parts they had vanished completely, and they had very much faded in their northern ones. The same process of fading uncovered certain curious rhomboidal bright areas in the midst of the Syrtis Major.

It will be seen that the extent of these changes was enormous. Their size, indeed, was only second in importance to their character; for it will also have been noticed that the changes were all in one direction. A wholesale transformation of the blue-green regions into orange-ochre ones was in progress upon that other world.

What can explain so general and so

consecutive a change in hue? Water suggests itself; for a vast transference of water from the pole to the equator might account for it. But there are facts connected with the change which seem irreconcilable with the idea of water. In the first place, Professor W. H. Pickering found that the light from the great blue-green areas showed no trace of polarization. This tended to strengthen a theory put forth by him some years ago, that the greater part of the blue-green areas are not water, but something which at such a distance would also look blue-green, namely, vegetation. Observations at Flagstaff not only confirm this, but limit the water areas still further; in fact, practically do away with them entirely. Not only do the above polariscopic tests tend to this conclusion, but so does the following observation of mine in October.

Toward the end of October, a strange, and, for observational purposes, a distressing phenomenon took place. What remained of the more southern dark regions showed a desire to vanish, so completely did those regions proceed to fade in tint throughout. This was first noticeable in the Cimmerian Sea, then in the Sea of the Sirens, and in November in the Mare Erythræum about the Lake of the Sun. The fading steadily progressed until it had advanced so far that in poor seeing the markings were almost imperceptible, and the planet presented a nearly uniform ochre disc.

This was not a case of obscuration; for in the first place it was general, and in the second place the coast-lines were not obliterated. The change, therefore, was not due to clouds or mist.

What was suggestive about the occurrence was that it was unaccompanied by a corresponding increase of blue-green elsewhere. It was not simply that portions of the planet's surface changed tint, but that, taking the disc in its entirety, the whole amount of the blue-green upon it had diminished, and that

of the orange-yellow had proportionally increased. Mars looked more Martian than he had in June. The canals, indeed, began at the same time to darken; but, highly important as this was for other reasons, the whole area of their fine lines and associated patches did not begin to make up for what the dark regions lost.

If the blue-green color was due to water, where had all the water gone? Nowhere on the visible parts of the planet; that is certain. Nor could it very well have gone to those north circumpolar regions hid from view by the tilt of the disc; for there was no sign of a growing north polar cap, and, furthermore, Schiaparelli's observations upon that cap show that there should not have been. As we saw in the last paper, he found that it developed late, apparently one month or so after the vernal equinox of its hemisphere, whereas at the time the above change occurred it was not long after that hemisphere's winter solstice.

But if, instead of being due to water, the blue-green tint had been due to leaves and grasses, just such a fading out as was observed should have taken place as autumn came on, and that without proportionate increase of green elsewhere; for the great continental areas, being desert, are incapable of supporting vegetation, and therefore of turning green.

There is thus reason to believe that the blue-green regions of Mars are not water, but, generally at least, areas of vegetation; from which it follows that Mars is very badly off for water, and that the planet is dependent on the melting of its polar snows for practically its whole supply.

Such scarcity of water on Mars is just what theory would lead us to expect. Mars is a smaller planet than the earth, and therefore is relatively more advanced in his evolutionary career. He is older in age, if not in years; for whether his birth as a separate world

antedated ours or not, his smaller size, by causing him to cool more quickly, would necessarily age him faster. But as a planet grows old, its oceans, in all probability, dry up, the water retreating through cracks and caverns into its interior. Water thus disappears from its surface, to say nothing of what is being continually imprisoned by chemical combination. Signs of having thus parted with its oceans we see in the case of the moon, whose so-called seas were probably seas in their day, but have now become old sea-bottoms. On Mars the same process is going on, but would seem not yet to have progressed so far, the seas there being midway in their career from real seas to arid depressed deserts; no longer water surfaces, they are still the lowest portions of the planet, and therefore stand to receive what scant water may yet travel over the surface. They thus become fertilized, while higher regions escape the freshet, and remain permanently barren. That they were once seas we have something more than general inference to warrant us in believing.

There is a certain peculiarity about the surface markings of Mars, which is pretty sure to strike any thoughtful observer who examines the planet with a two or a three inch object-glass, — their singular sameness night after night. With quite disheartening regularity, each evening presents him with the same appearance he noted the evening before, — a dark band obliquely belting the disc, strangely keeping its place in spite of the nightly progression of the meridians ten degrees to the east, in consequence of our faster rotation gaining on the slower rotation of Mars. By attention, he will notice, however, that the belt creeps slowly upwards towards the pole in all other respects. Then suddenly some night he finds that it has slipped bodily down, to begin again its Sisyphus-like, inconclusive spiral climb.

Often as this rhomb-line must have been noticed, no explanation of it has

ever, to my knowledge, been given. Yet so singular an arrangement points to something other than chance. Suspicion of its non-fortuitous character is strengthened when it is scanned through a bigger glass. Increase of aperture discloses details that help explain its significance. With sufficient telescopic power, the continuity of the dark belt is seen to be broken by a series of parallel peninsulas or semi-peninsulas that jut out from the lower edge of the belt, all running with one accord in a southeasterly direction, and dividing the belt into a similar series of parallel dark areas. Such oblong areas are the *Mare Tyrrhenum*, the *Mare Cimmerium*, the *Mare Sirenum*, and those unnamed straits that stretch southeasterly from the *Auroræ Sinus*, the *Margaritifera Sinus*, and the *Sabæus Sinus*. The islands and peninsulas trending in the same direction are *Ausonia*, *Hesperia*, *Cimmeria*, *Atlantis*, *Pyrrhæ Regio*, *Deucalionis Regio*, and the two causeways from the *Fastigium Aryn* and *Hammonis Cornu*. It will further be noticed that these areas lie more nearly north and south as they lie nearer the pole, and curve in general to the west as they approach the equator.

With this fact noted, let us return to the water formed by the melting of the ice-cap, at the time it is produced around the south pole. We may be sure it would not stay there long. No sooner liberated from its winter fetters than it would begin, under the pull of gravity, to run toward the equator. The reason why it would flow away from the pole is that it would find itself in unstable equilibrium where it was. Successive depositions of frost would have piled up a mound of ice which, so long as it remained solid, cohesion would keep in that unnatural position, but the moment it changed to a liquid this would flow out on all sides, seeking its level. Once started, its own withdrawal would cause the centre of gravity to shift away from the pole, and this would pull the parti-

cles of the water yet more toward the equator. Each particle would start due north; but its course would not continue in that direction, for at each mile it traveled it would find itself in a lower latitude, where, owing to the rotation of the planet, the surface would be whirling faster toward the east, inasmuch as a point on the equator has to get over much more space in twenty-four hours than one nearer the pole. In short, supposing there was no friction, the surface would be constantly slipping away from under the particle toward the east. As a result, the northerly motion of the particle would be continually changing with regard to the surface into a more and more westerly one. If the surface were not frictionless, friction would somewhat reduce the westerly component, but could never wholly destroy it without stopping the particle.

We see, therefore, that any body, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, must, in traveling away from the pole of a sphere or spheroid, necessarily deviate to the west as it goes on, if the spheroid itself revolve, as Mars does, in the opposite direction.

This inevitable trend induced in anything flowing from the pole to the equator is precisely the one that we notice stereotyped so conspicuously in the Martian south temperate markings. Here, then, we have at once a suspiciously suggestive hint that they once held water, and that that water flowed.

Corroborating this deduction is the fact that the northern sides of all the dark areas are very perceptibly darker than the southern ones; for the northern side is the one which a descending current would plough out, since it is the northern coasts that would be constantly opposing the current's northerly inertia. Consequently, although at present the descending stream be quite inadequate to such task, it still finds its way, from preference, to these lowest levels, and makes them greener than the rest.

Though seas no longer, we perceive, then, that there is some reason to believe the so-called seas of Mars to have been seas in their day, and to be at the moment midway in evolution from the seas of the earth to the seas of the moon.

Now, if a planet were at any stage of its career able to support life, it is probable that a diminishing water supply would be the beginning of the end of that life, for the air would outlast the available water. Those of its inhabitants who had succeeded in surviving would find themselves at last face to face with the relentlessness of fate, — a scarcity of water constantly growing greater, till at last they would all die of thirst, either directly or indirectly; for either they themselves would not have water enough to drink, or the plants or animals which constituted their diet would perish for lack of it, — an alternative of small choice to them, unless they were conventionally particular as to their mode of death. Before this lamentable conclusion was reached, however, there would come a time in the course of the planet's history when water was not yet wanting, but simply scarce and requiring to be husbanded; when, for the inhabitants, the one supreme problem of existence would be the water

problem, — how to get water enough to sustain life, and how best to utilize every drop of water they could get.

Mars is, apparently, in this distressing plight at the present moment, the signs being that its water supply is now exceedingly low. If, therefore, the planet possess inhabitants, there is but one course open to them in order to support life. Irrigation, and upon as vast a scale as possible, must be the all-engrossing Martian pursuit. So much is directly deducible from what we have learned recently about the physical condition of the planet, quite apart from any question as to possible inhabitants. What the physical phenomena assert is this: if there be inhabitants, then irrigation must be the chief material concern of their lives.

At this point in our inquiry, when direct deduction from the general physical phenomena observable on the planet's surface shows that were there inhabitants there a system of irrigation would be an all-essential of their existence, the telescope presents us with perhaps the most startling discovery of modern times, — the so-called canals of Mars. These strange phenomena, together with the inferences to be drawn from them, will form the subject of the next paper.

Percival Lowell.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE GREAT BUDDHIST SANCTUARY OF NORTH CHINA.

"WHEN, in the time of Ming-ti of the Han, Ma-teng came from the Western regions (to China), he discerned by means of his supernatural sight that 'the Pure cold mountain' was an abode of Wen-shu, and that there was a relic tower there erected by King Ashoka. So he besought the Emperor to have a temple built there, and it was called The Great faith Vulture's peak temple;

for the hill on which it stood resembled the Vulture's peak of India, and the words 'Great faith' made it known to all ages that the Emperor was the first in all the land to show his faith in the Buddha."

So I read one day, while living in Peking, in a cumbersome Chinese volume giving the history of that greatest of Buddhist sanctuaries of north China,

commonly known as the Wu-t'ai shan,¹ and I made up my mind to spend my holiday that year in making a visit to this famous shrine.

To the foreign resident of Peking, shut up month after month and year after year within the filthy, malodorous, and uninteresting limits of the city walls, a change of scene becomes a positive craving, be it for ever so short a time. To get it, he will not only brave, but actually enjoy all the discomforts incidental to travel in China; and when he has discovered some goal to reach, some object to pursue, beyond escaping the stenches of Peking, his pleasure is complete, his enthusiasm boundless.

So, at least. I reflected, as, one morning in September, 1887, I left our legation for a trip through southern Mongolia and to the Wu-t'ai, my legs folded under me, my head bent on my breast, that I might fit in the low and narrow limits of my mule litter, that "most irritating of all conveyances," as Alexandre Dumas so aptly called it.

The road we took led us northward in the direction of Kalgan, first to Nan-k'ou, and through the great wall where it crosses a pass rising nineteen hundred feet above sea level. This point is known to foreigners who visit the environs of Peking as the Nan-k'ou pass, though its real name is the Chü-yung defile. The Chinese class it among the eight marvels of the Peking country; the Lu-kou bridge over the Hun ho, which I was to cross on my way back to Peking, being another.

Here at Nan-k'ou the great wall is seen at its best, as it runs along rocky ridges and frowns down upon one from toppling heights, and, strange as it may seem for anything in China, is in fairly good repair. Foreigners should be forbidden by the Chinese government to visit the great wall elsewhere than at Nan-k'ou and its vicinity, for then they

could go home and write in all sincerity about this "eighth wonder of the world, which for over two thousand years has been the bulwark of China," etc. But alas for all earthly greatness! The great wall of China is not everywhere a great wall; in places it is a very little wall, and it is, I think, highly improbable that at any period of its existence it has been in good repair from its eastern to its western extremity.

The Chinese distinguish two great walls: the outer, or Frontier wall, which, commencing at Shan-hai kuan, passes through Kalgan, and ends at Chia-yü kuan, north of the Koko-nor, and the inner, or "Myriad li wall," also called the "Long wall," which, beginning north-east of Nan-k'ou, runs south, and constitutes the frontier between the provinces of Chih-li and Shan-hsi; this branches off in its northern section, and, crossing Shan-hsi, meets the Frontier wall near the Yellow River. These walls were not made at one time, but during succeeding dynasties, as one or another portion of the border seemed to require this defense. Some parts have been repaired now and then down to recent times; others have been utterly neglected and have long since crumbled away, in some places leaving no trace of their existence. Parts of these walls were built of brick and stone, or of stone alone, and others, again, of mud.

Besides the great wall, there is still to be seen all over the borderland of China a complicated network of beacon towers, used in olden times to transmit signals to the capital. The greater number have now fallen in ruins, but one of their peculiar features is still visible: their summits could be reached only by means of rope ladders let down the outside. These towers, it seems, Abbé Larrieu, in his pamphlet *The Great Wall of China*, has confounded with those that form part of the wall itself. Seeing no connecting wall between them, he rashly concluded that the great wall did not exist, and never had existed. In real-

¹ Or Great Wu-t'ai (Ta Wu-t'ai), in opposition to the Little (Hoiao) Wu-t'ai, situated near Peking.

ity, these beacon towers, which extend for hundreds of miles on either side of the wall, have absolutely nothing to do with it.

The road north of the Nan-k'ou pass leads over a broad, undulating plain, closed in by rugged and bare mountains, along the base of which may be seen a thick deposit of loess; and towns and villages, amidst groves of willows and fields of millet and sorghum, dot the wide valley. Every few miles one passes a walled city. The length and height of these fortifications and the great number of them in China have ever struck me with wonder. All the provincial, prefectural, departmental, and district towns of the eighteen provinces (they number nearly nineteen hundred) are inclosed with walls, the shortest of which cannot be less than one mile, while many are at least eight miles long, and their height averages fifteen feet. The length of the great wall itself and the work its construction entailed sink into insignificance when compared with the total length of these city walls, especially, when we consider that not less than half of the great wall is of dirt, while all city walls have, at one time or other, been faced inside and out with kiln-burnt bricks.

On the third day after leaving Peking we passed around the base of the Cock's crow Mountain (Ch'i-ming shan), by the side of the muddy Hun ho. This mountain, one of the most striking ones seen on the way to Kalgan, has on its summit a Buddhist temple, whose bright red walls and the evergreens always to be found around such places lend life and color to the bare, brown landscape. Buddhists throughout the world have selected with consummate skill the most picturesque sites for the erection of their temples, and have spared no pains to preserve all the natural beauties of each spot on which they have built. Moun-

tain tops, from Adam's peak in Ceylon to Wu-t'ai shan and O-mi shan in China, have been regarded, since the early days of Buddhism, as the most desirable situations for the erection of temples. To the æsthetic tendency of Buddhists we owe nearly all the really pretty bits of scenery to be found in this part of China; for, away from the temples, every hill I have seen is as bare as our Western wilds.

Leaving the Cock's crow Mountain behind, we followed the course of the Hun ho River for some miles, — at first over a sandy plain, and then by a road cut in the porphyry rock, high above the seething yellow waters of the river. After crossing a pass at about twenty-one hundred feet of altitude, from which we saw the great wall running along the crest of the hills far off on the east, we came to Hsüan-hua Fu, a large prefectural city about twenty miles from Kalgan, which we reached the following day.

Kalgan¹ divides with Kuei-hua Ch'eng the privilege of being the most important frontier mart of north China; it is the centre of a large Mongolian trade, and a forwarding point for the greater part of the Russian overland trade with China. It is situated on the foothills of the Mongolian steppe, and the great wall passes behind the town, which stretches out in long, irregular lines around the mouth of the pass leading to Mongolia. Its population is estimated at one hundred thousand, twenty thousand of whom are Mohammedans. The latter and the Shan-hsi merchants have nearly monopolized the most valuable trade of this part of China. At Kalgan the Mohammedans have a fine mosque and theological school; the former somewhat resembles similar buildings seen in other Mohammedan countries, but its interior decoration is strictly Chinese.

Several families of American mission-

just behind the town. See Du Halde, *Description de l'Empire de la Chine*, iv. 96, 337.

¹ Père Gerbillon, who visited Kalgan in 1688 and in 1696, calls it Hia-pou, reserving the name Tchhang-kia-keou for the gate in the great wall

aries reside in the suburbs of Kalgan, in pretty houses built in foreign style, which fully justifies the remark once made to me by a Chinese peasant. "The most curious thing about foreigners," he said, "is that there are no poor people among them." This mission has been in existence for the last eighteen years, and has now a few hundred converts, more or less attached to it. It was originally the intention of the mission to devote itself to the conversion of those devoutest of all Buddhists, the Mongols, but it did not take long to demonstrate that this was an impossible task, quite as difficult as the Christianization of Mohammedans has proved to be in other parts of the world.

The road from Kalgan to Mongolia leads up a broad, stony valley, with an occasional small patch of cultivated soil on the otherwise bare hillsides. By a very gradual ascent one reaches a height of forty-two hundred feet; then comes a sharp scramble of half an hour over rocks, and one arrives at Han nor (forty-nine hundred feet), on the edge of the Mongolian plateau. From here we looked back over a vast wilderness of mountain tops stretching to the horizon. The view, though extensive, was far from beautiful: the yellow loess imparted a uniform hue to mountain and valley, and to the waters of the streams flowing through them; not a tree was to be seen, and, it being autumn, the very crops in the fields conspired with the natural scenery to complete a general yellowness of tone.

The country north of Han nor, as far as Shih-pa-erh t'ai, where we turned to the west, is a rolling plateau, covered with short, coarse grass, and greatly resembles our Western plains. Now and then we passed a Mongol tent, with small herds of cattle, horses, or camels grazing near by, or perhaps a Chinese farmhouse, surrounded with fields of oats or potatoes. In fact, all the southern portion of Mongolia through which we passed is undergoing a rapid evolution from the

pastoral to the agricultural state. The Chinese from Shan-hsi are steadily driving the nomadic Mongols farther and farther north, the few who remain behind being obliged to give up to a great extent their national customs. Nearly everywhere we found the Chinese adobe hut side by side with the felt tent of the Mongol, which before many years will be a thing of the past in this part of Mongolia. And all this change has taken place in the last ten years. Baron von Richthofen, who traveled over this road fifteen or twenty years ago, did not see a single Chinese house between Shih-pa-erh t'ai and Hsi-ying-tzū, sixty miles farther west, but we came across such houses every mile or so.

Although the general aspect of the Mongol steppe reminded me of our Western prairies, its flora presented none of the variety I had seen in our country. I was especially struck by finding edelweiss in great quantities at what appeared to me a low altitude for this flower, about forty-seven hundred feet above sea level. Later on, at Wu-t'ai shan, I found this plant at and above seven thousand feet, the altitude above which oats cease to be cultivated.

Leaving Shih-pa-erh t'ai, we turned in a southwesterly direction towards Ta-t'ung Fu, in Shan-hsi, taking in on our way several of the stations of the Belgian Catholic mission, the most important of which was at Hsi-ying-tzū. Mongolia has another feature in common with our Western prairies, — it is easier to lose one's way than to keep on the road. The first day out from Shih-pa-erh t'ai, though we managed to keep in the right direction, we wandered about so that we did not reach the stage we had expected to. This of itself would have been but a very slight mishap, had not my *compagnon de voyage* been a devoted admirer of the great German traveler, Baron von Richthofen. The ponderous volume of the baron's work, in which he describes the section of country through

which we were traveling, was ever in my learned friend's hands; so on this most ill-fated day, when we had to pass the night at a different place from that where Richthofen had stopped, his sorrow and vexation were extreme, and even his dinner and grog lost their savor, and he went sulkily to bed.

The next day we reached Hsi-ying-tzū, recognizable from afar by its pretty church, which seemed of cathedral-like dimensions amidst the miserable little hovels which surrounded it. We were most kindly received and entertained by the fathers of the mission, and it was our good fortune to meet Monseigneur Bex, the bishop of the diocese, who had come here for a few days to inspect the building of the church. This mission has been in existence for about half a century, at first in charge of the Lazarists, and for the last seventeen years of the Belgian mission. Abbé Huc, it will be remembered, started from a station near here, Hei-shui, on his memorable voyage to Tibet. There are now about three thousand Christians in the diocese, organized in village communities, under the direction of headmen receiving their appointments from the bishop. Litigations are almost invariably settled without recourse to the native authorities, the fathers and the bishops being practically the temporal as well as the spiritual rulers of their flocks. The Christians contribute two per cent of their crops for the support of the Church, and this, together with the heavy taxes due the government, absorbs about ten or twelve per cent of their receipts, notwithstanding which they enjoy — thanks to the protection that the priests can grant them from the exactions of native officials which weigh so severely on all Chinese — a comparatively high degree of material welfare. Although neophytes are not numerous, the Christian population is being continually added

to by the female children taken into the foundling hospitals attached to every mission station. Infanticide and the desertion or sale of female infants prevail all over China,¹ and, notwithstanding the large numbers of these poor little creatures saved by the missionaries of all denominations, many are drowned or otherwise got rid of on their birth, in the country as well as in the city.

A few years ago, during the terrible famine which carried off so many victims in this part of China, a native Catholic priest one day bought three cartloads of little girls, which he saw on the road near Hsi-ying-tzū, for about a dollar and a half. Boys, when sold, are somewhat dearer. A lama, friend of mine, who was at Wu-t'ai shan during this same famine, told me that many lamas then bought seven or eight year old boys, to make novices of, for about twenty cents a head. The foundlings in the Catholic mission stations are brought up like common Chinese children, — only those who show any remarkable aptitude being taught anything beyond their prayers and sewing, — and when about sixteen they are married off, or else become sisters of charity. The heathens are quite willing to marry these girls and embrace Christianity themselves, in view of the material benefits which are derivable from connection with Christians. To illustrate the perfect control under which the Christians are held by their "spiritual fathers," it will suffice to mention that the former bishop of this diocese forbade the practice of compressing female infants' feet, and, in spite of the social ostracism which this non-observance of a most cherished custom must forever bring upon them, every one obeyed. The authority which the carrying out of such a measure implied may be conceived when it is known that K'ang-hsi, the most powerful Emperor of this dynasty,

¹ See an interesting paper in vol. xx. of the *Journal of the China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, pp. 26-50, on *The Prevalence*

of Infanticide in China. Also Père Amiot's paper in *Mém. concernant les Chinois*, vi. 320-331.

was obliged to repeal a decree he had issued forbidding binding women's feet, after trying for four years to have it enforced.

Facing Hsi-ying-tzū on the south stands the Ta-ch'ing Mountain, in which I took special interest, as Richthofen says that stone implements have been found in great numbers at its base. Every one, from the bishop down to the "oldest inhabitant," declared that he had never heard of such things, and thought Richthofen must have been misled.

The next morning our road led us past Yu-shu wa, where stands a lone tree, an elm, which Abbé Hue speaks of somewhere in his charming book of travels as "the only tree in Mongolia." Not far from here, behind the Ta-ch'ing Mountain, is the village where Samtanshiemba, the Mongol who accompanied Hue to Lh'asa, was living. I was told by the fathers that he was hale and hearty, and had just got back from accompanying the Russian traveler Potanin to the Koko-nor.

After passing Erh-shih-san hou, another station of the Belgian mission, where we were most kindly received by Father Rubbens, we crossed several ranges of low hills, the highest 5650 feet, after which we rapidly descended to the plain of Ta-t'ung Fu. When about twenty miles from that city we crossed the Frontier wall, which here traverses the valley: a wall of loess mud, originally about eighteen feet high, though along the greater part of its length only two or three feet of it are now standing. The gate through which we passed consisted of two upright posts with a board nailed horizontally across the top; a sign stuck up before the little mud guard-house announced to all comers that this was a gate of the great wall and a customs barrier! The wall showed no traces of brickwork, but on the detached towers about two hundred yards in front of it, and the object of which I could not satisfactorily make out, some remnants of brickwork were still visible.

This wall was probably built in the sixth century A. D., and throughout Shan-hsi and west of that province it does not differ in structure or state of preservation from the part here crossed. Hue, Prjevalsky, and, more recently, Young-husband, all speak of it as a low mud wall which one can jump across, and many of the gates they saw were exactly like the one I passed through.

Ta-t'ung Fu, like most other Chinese cities I have seen in this part of the empire, is dirty, dilapidated, and uninteresting; the shops are small, the people jolly, inquisitive, and apparently lazy. The only pretty thing I saw within the city was a *feng shui* wall, about fifty feet long, in front of a temple; it was covered with glazed tiles, on which were nine four-clawed dragons, yellow and reddish-brown, in high relief, the background of a splendid turquoise-blue color. The following day I saw a similar wall, though shorter, on the road to the beautiful cave temples at Yung-k'an.

While I was at Hsi-ying-tzū, the fathers told me of the curious rock temples at a village near Ta-t'ung Fu, and so I stopped over a day to be able to visit this place, of which I had seen nothing in any book of travel.

Yung-k'an is a small village about twelve miles northwest of Ta-t'ung Fu, on the road to Kuei-hua Ch'eng, in a rather narrow valley through which flows a good-sized stream, the Yang ho. Here the waters of the river have cut through a bed of sandstone, in places at least eighty or a hundred feet thick, and in this a number of cave temples have been dug, and enormous statues of the Buddha and saints sculptured within them out of the living rock. These excavations extend over perhaps three hundred yards, but all the buildings—there were probably four originally—erected against the caves, and forming the fronts of the temples, have fallen down, except the one called the "Old Temple of the Stone Buddha" (Shih Fo ku ssū).

This temple consists of a wooden façade, in the ordinary style of Chinese temples, and four stories high; the roofs over each story are covered with turquoise-blue tiles. Light is admitted from the front of the building, and also by a large hole cut in the cave through the superincumbent rock above the central image. The body of the temple is cut in the rock, and comprises two separate chapels, nearly circular in shape and about thirty feet in diameter. That on the east side contains gilt statues of the three Buddhas, the central one a seated image of the Buddha Gautama, over fifty feet high.¹ The priest who showed me about said it was fifty-two feet five inches, Chinese measure, or sixty-one feet and a half. The images on either side are thirty odd feet high. The ceiling and walls are everywhere sculptured, representing in rather high relief seated Buddhas and saints, each about a foot high, with encircling designs of trees, animals, etc.; the whole work, which is of a very good order of sculpture, is painted in rather gaudy colors. The other chapel is of a similar description; it is dedicated to Kuan-yin, the goddess of mercy, whose image, also gilt, is about thirty feet high. In caves to the right and left of this temple may be seen other images of gods, all smaller, however, than those above described, and not showing such finished workmanship as is displayed in the Old Temple of the Stone Buddha. These latter caves are now used by the villagers to store their crops in.

I was told by the priest who tends the temple that it was built in the fifth century A. D., and though I could find no inscriptions dating back earlier than the Shun-chih reign, in the first half of the seventeenth century, my informant may have been quite right. In fact, as proving

the likelihood of his story, I may remark that in the Wei-shu, or History of the Wei Dynasty, I have found a passage which may refer to the Yung-k'an temples. In it I read that in 461 A. D. the Emperor Wen-Ch'eng-ti called the Buddhist T'an-yüeh to his court, and after a while made him his spiritual preceptor. "At T'an-yüeh's suggestion the Emperor had five caves cut in the rock of a mountain in Wu-chou, to the west of his capital, and in each of them had images of the Buddha sculptured, the largest seventy feet in height, the others sixty feet; they were executed and painted in a most exquisite way, and were the most beautiful ever made."

At the present day there is, so far as I know, no locality or district near Ta-t'ung called Wu-chou, but there is a mountain near Yung-k'an known as the Wu-chou shan, and this justifies me, to some extent, in thinking that the place referred to in the Wei-shu is probably the spot I visited. The northern Wei Emperors are credited with having caused to be excavated other wonderful caverns, the purpose of which, however, is not known to me. Thus, in a passage of the history of the Wei dynasty, we read that, in 500 A. D., "the Emperor gave orders to Tach'ang Ch'in-ch'ing to make two stone caves in the Yi-chüeh shan, south of Lo [Lo-nan], similar to the one existing in the Ling-yen ssü at Tai-ching [the then capital Tai-chou]."

On the way back to Ta-t'ung I passed a little roadside shrine covered with votive tablets, but I could not learn to what god it was dedicated. On the veranda was a huge iron halberd, about seven feet high, and weighing perhaps three hundred pounds, which seemed to be the chief object of veneration. No one was near to tell me the history of this formidable weapon, but it is probable that

¹ Père Gerbillon, coming from Mongolia in the suite of the Emperor K'ang-hsi, saw these temples in 1696. The Emperor himself measured with one of the father's half-circles the

biggest image, and found it to be fifty-seven Chinese feet high, or sixty-one feet nine inches of our measure. Du Halde, Description, iv. 352.

if there had been any one to question, I should have been told that it had come there of itself, — that “it knew how to fly,” a common explanation offered by Chinese.

I may mention here a curious survival of tree worship which I noticed in Chih-li and Shan-hsi. Nearly every day we passed villages in each of which stood a gnarled and twisted tree — generally a willow — covered with votive tablets and bits of rag on which were written such phrases as, “By the graciousness of the spirit,” “I have sought and I have found,” all hung up by persons who, troubled with some complaint, had prayed to the spirit of the tree, burnt incense before it, and found relief from their sufferings.

For three days after leaving T'a-t'ung Fu we traveled southward over a broad plain, the soil in many places so saturated with potash that cultivation was impossible.¹ The poverty-stricken peasants extract the alkali from the earth wherever there is a little water with which to enable them to do so, and send it to Peking or sell it to the Mongols, who use it in making their tea.

On the evening of the third day we again came across the great wall, — the inner wall this time, — where it passes Kuang-wu k'ou at the foot of the pass leading to Tai-chou. It is visible for perhaps half a mile on either side of the valley, the brick facing and granite angles still intact, but farther away all trace of it disappears. A peculiarity of the defenses at this place, and one which I have not seen elsewhere, is the truncated-cone shape of the detached towers in front of the wall; all those I have seen elsewhere were pyramidal.

From the pass (fifty-two hundred feet) leading down to Tai-chou we had our first glimpse of the Wu-t'ai shan, the northern peak seemingly well covered with

snow, which, we were told, remains on the north side all the year. We made this part of our journey in company with a squad of soldiers and two criminals who were being taken to the provincial capital for decapitation. These two gentlemen did not appear to be in the least flurried by their rapidly approaching end, and jogged along as merrily as their conductors. Each had round his throat and one ankle heavy iron rings connected by a big iron chain. This chain they could remove and carry as best suited them, putting it in place again when they came to a village. As they did not have on red jackets, the usual garb of convicted criminals in this country, I did not recognize them at once as belonging to that class, and seeing one enter the temple on top of the pass to *kotow* before the image, I took him for a pilgrim, and asked him where he was going, when, to my amazement, he answered, “To T'ai-yüan Fu, to be executed,” and went quietly on with his devotions.

The lower portion of the valley leading to Tai-chou is filled with a thick deposit of loess, and the roads are sunk so deep in it that one might as well travel in a railroad cut, so far as scenery is concerned; but whenever we got a glimpse of the surrounding valley, we saw the rich foliage of trees, the glimmer of the waters of the Hu-to ho as it flowed behind the town, and the imposing mass of the Wu-t'ai in the distant background.

The valley of Tai-chou struck me as particularly fertile; oats, millet, potatoes, and tobacco being the principal crops. Buckwheat, sweet potatoes, cabbages, hemp, and a kind of indigo plant were growing along the road, and we found the poppy cultivated all the way up to the flank of the Wu-t'ai, at an altitude of fifty-nine hundred feet. The tops of the houses in many of the villages were of the ground in great abundance.” Du Halde, *Description*, iv. 357.

¹ Père Gerbillon, who was at Ta-t'ung in 1697, says that a great deal of soap was made there “with a kind of nitre which comes out

so covered with red peppers drying in the sun that I seemed once more in Korea, where peppers hide every roof in autumn.

At Tai-chou I tried to buy some curios, and a few plates, bowls, and bits of embroidery were brought me; but they were of no value. The dealers who owned them said that everything of any worth went to Peking, that curio dealers from the capital constantly came here and scoured the whole of north China, and that Peking was the only place where good curios could be bought.

Our route led us, after leaving Tai-chou, up the course of the Hu-to River for about eight miles to Ngo-k'ou, where we turned up a narrow, rugged cañon down which flowed a clear, rapid brook, the Ngo-chui: every mile or so along the way was a hamlet surrounded by little patches of culture.

After following the course of the Ngo-chui for a day and a half, we ascended a pass (7650 feet), and the valley of Wu-t'ai lay at our feet. On this pass stands a pretty little temple called the Lion's Den, where there is a handsome pagoda, about seventy feet high, and covered with green-glazed tiles about a foot square; in the centre of each is a yellow figure of the Buddha in relief. According to the Description of the Wu-t'ai shan, this temple was built in the twenty-sixth year of Shen-tsung of the Ming (1598 A. D.), to contain a set of canonical works presented by the Emperor.

We could see from here the five peaks of Wu-t'ai, the highest of which is believed to be the northern one; and though the view we commanded was extensive and interesting from its associations, the usual nudity of all mountain scenery in these parts destroyed its beauty. Wu-t'ai shan, or "The Five terraced mountain," owes its name to the five highest peaks in the vicinity having, or being supposed to have, level summits (*t'ai*). It is one of the most famous and oldest places of Buddhist — or, more properly,

lamaist — pilgrimage in China. Setting aside the tradition which attributes to the Indian monarch Ashoka, who lived in the third century B. C., the building here of a pagoda containing relics of the Buddha, and other ancient legends, there is no doubt that as early as the fifth century A. D. Wu-t'ai was a very celebrated spot, and that the Hsien-t'ung ssū, which is still its principal temple, was built by a sovereign of the latter Wei dynasty between 471 and 500 A. D.

Ever since that period the Emperors of each succeeding dynasty have vied with one another in conferring privileges and gifts on Wu-t'ai, erecting new temples, and restoring and embellishing those already existing. It is stated in the Description of the Wu-t'ai, referred to previously, that in the Sui dynasty, during the reign of Kai-huang (581-601 A. D.), temples were built on the summit of each of the five peaks. At present nothing but ruins of them exists.

This place is visited every year by thousands of Mongols, Tibetans, and Chinese. I met, during the three days I stopped there, lamas from Urga, near the Russian frontier; from Amdo, near the Koko-nor; and from the Amur, — all come alike to worship Jambal (the Indian Manjushri, the Chinese Wen-shu P'u-sa), who lives in the Land of Bliss, where every good Buddhist longs to go, and who gives special heed to those who call on him from Wu-t'ai shan.

The chief temples of the Wu-t'ai are situated in the northern part of the valley, where the roads coming from the north, east, west, and central peaks converge. They are clustered on a foothill of the central peak, called the Vulture's peak (Ling-chiu feng); at its base flows a brook, known as the West branch, which rushes down from the north peak. The hill is entirely covered with buildings; the lower portion, which has been artificially leveled, is occupied by an "imperial traveling bungalow." Since the imperial visit of 1786, none of the Emperors

have been here, and the buildings, as also the broad stone walk with marble balustrades leading up to them, have been neglected, and are now partially in ruins.

Behind the palace, and a little higher up the hill, is the Temple of the pagoda (Ta-yuan ssü), with its great white-washed dagoba, said to have been built by Ashoka and to contain relics of the Buddha, and which is the most striking building on the hill. It is built of brick, and terminates in a gold spire, or *tee*; the height of the whole structure is at least seventy-five feet. In one of the buildings of this temple is a huge prayer-wheel, which can be put in motion by means of a capstan in the basement. It contains a full set of the Tibetan sacred books, one hundred and eight volumes, and if set in motion from left to right procures to the movers some of the merit they would acquire if they read all the volumes this revolving bookcase contains. Still further up the hill one comes to the Temple of universal effulgence, said to be the oldest one in the place, in which I saw many wonderful bronzes, — huge *cloisonné* incense-burners, pagodas, and, chief of all, a bronze chapel, about fifteen feet square and perhaps thirty high, the whole exterior surface of which was beautifully chased, and had once been gilded. These bronzes date from the latter part of the sixteenth century, and are imperial gifts.

But the principal place of worship is on the summit of the hill, and is known by the name of the Peak of the God. It was built in the latter part of the fifth century of our era. It alone of all the temples is roofed with tiles of the imperial yellow color. A broad flight of marble steps, one hundred and thirty in number, leads to the temple door; on every step were locks of human hair, offered to the god in the hope that the giver might be reborn in the paradise over which he rules. The buildings, though of a strictly Chinese style of architecture, are arranged in the interior like Tibetan tem-

ples. The chapel of the god, on the north side of the rectangle in which the temple stands, is literally filled with images of every god, saint, and genius in the lamaist pantheon, wrought of every possible substance, from gold and silver to dough and clay. The chief images, which are three in number, occupy the centre of the building, and are, I believe, of bronze, heavily gilded and about five feet high; on every limb, on the lap, and around the neck of the image of Wenshu, which is the central one, hang silk scarfs offered by the faithful. In glass cases, and carefully sealed, are numerous small images or objects of special value, among others discs of barley-flour dough left from the meal of some holy lama, on which are stamped images of gods. A long but narrow altar extends in front of the more important images, and on it are innumerable little egg-cup-shaped lamps fed with butter, dishes of fruit and of candies, and a row of bowls of pure water, all offerings to the gods. The walls are lined with shelves, on which are splendid illuminated manuscript copies of the sacred works, in Tibetan and Mongol, wrapped in yellow satin, besides many utensils of gold, silver, and bronze used in church ceremonies.

Other temples, too numerous to mention (the people of the place say there are, or were, three hundred and sixty in the valley), stretch out around this central shrine, and the vacant spots between them are taken up by shops where are sold all those things pilgrims delight in the world over, — beads, books, amulets, and images; also little wooden bowls and plates of poplar wood, for which the place is famous, and which are carried hence all over Mongolia and Tibet.

On the second day of my stay at Wut'ai I ascended the Pei t'ai, or north terrace, the summit of which was reached after a rather steep climb of three hours; but, as bad luck would have it, a snow-storm overtook us, and we could not enjoy the view, which is said to be very fine,

reaching even to the sea on the east, and to the Gobi on the north. We found the height by boiling-point thermometer to be 10,013 feet, while two aneroids read at the same time, after all correction had been made, gave 10,050 feet.

I had hoped to find here some manuscripts in Indian characters, for I had read in the history of the Wu-t'ai shan that, "in the reign of Yung-lo of the Ming, the Emperor sent an official called Hou hsien and a lama whose title was that of Ta-chih Fa-wang to the Western regions to look for Buddhist sacred works. They procured a copy of the Indian (*Fan*) books on palm leaves, and brought it back to the Emperor, who had the Fan-ching ch'ang, or Depot of Indian classics, engrave the text on copper plates, and sent the first copy printed to the P'u-sa ting at Wu-t'ai." However, I could hear of no book in Indian script, nor did I see any inscription in Indian characters of any great antiquity. As my stay was much shorter than I could have wished, some future pilgrim may be more fortunate than I, and may unearth in one of the many temples of this famous place some paleographic treasures.

The number of lamas at Wu-t'ai is said to be about five thousand. They are under the temporal control of a Dzasak lama, who lives in the P'u-sa ting, and, like all of their cloth in China, are not subject to the secular arm.

The road back to Peking led down the valley of the Wu-t'ai and over the Ch'ang-ch'eng ling, or "Great wall pass" (4925 feet), which marks the boundary between the provinces of Shan-hsi and Chih-li, and also the end of the holy Wu-t'ai district. On the pass we came once more to the great wall, which I was surprised to find of stone, with brick-work only where it had been repaired. It extended but a little way on either side of the pass, and near the gate was about eighteen feet high and ten feet across the top, which was stone-paved. At the eastern base of the hill we came

to the Lung-chüan kuan, or "Dragon-spring barrier," where we stopped for the night.

Three days and a half after leaving Wu-t'ai we reached Pao-ting Fu, the capital of the metropolitan province, after traveling through a well-cultivated but unattractive country. Pao-ting is a bustling, ugly place, with narrow, dirty streets, and stands in the midst of the fertile but horribly monotonous and flat plain of eastern Chih-li.

The journey from Pao-ting to Peking took us three days and a half. When about eight miles from the capital, we again crossed the Hun ho, which we had left before reaching Kalgan, by the famous Lu-kou ch'iao, the bridge which Marco Polo says "is so fine that it has very few equals." It is built of sandstone, and has a balustrade of stone slabs with low pillars supporting them every few feet, and on top of each pillar is a sculptured lion. The bridge is about seven hundred feet long, and three carts can cross it abreast. The Chinese say that no one has ever been able to count the sculptured lions on the parapets of the bridge, so of course I had to try if I could. I counted one hundred and forty-two on the tops of the pillars on one side; but there were many other diminutive ones on the backs, between the legs, and under the feet of the larger, and the Chinese appear to be safe in their belief, so far as the common traveler is concerned.

From the Hun ho a broad causeway, paved with flagstones, leads to Peking, but, like all highroads in China, it is left in such bad repair that travelers give it a wide berth. Away to our right we saw the walls of the great hunting-park, and before us, half lost in the haze which at this season hangs like a pall over the Peking plain, shone the blue and yellow tiled roofs of the Temple of Heaven and the palaces in the great city, and higher even than these rose the towers surmounting the city gates. The traffic along the highway grew denser as we neared the

capital, and we now had to pick our way slowly through long lines of coal-laden camels, creaking wheelbarrows hidden under huge loads of crockery or vegetables, and half-naked coolies bending under their heavy burdens, or beside beg-

gars groveling in the dust. Finally we were swept with the human stream under the city gate, and once more we were in the midst of Peking, its vile smells, its teeming streets, its noisy people, and its shabby greatness.

William Woodville Rockhill.

ROSITA.

THERE are secrets which are never told, mysteries which are never revealed, and questions which are never answered, even nowadays when the press and the police so vigorously supplement the public and private interest in everybody's affairs. It is another evidence of the superior force of the natural human instincts to the mechanism of civilization that in country villages or isolated garrisons, unpermeated by press or police, such phenomena are most rare. Yet even there they exist.

Fort Lawrence is a three-company post, possessing no neighbor, except a few scattered ranches, within a radius of several hundred miles. Thus thrown upon their own resources for amusement, the garrison's knowledge of one another's business is exhaustive, and events in these dull, peaceful days are picked as bare of detail as any bone acquired by some long-hungry dog. Yet at Lawrence occurred the following events, the inner relation of whose outward facts has never been fully understood.

A couple of years ago, Lawrence had been occupied for many months by three companies from the —th Cavalry, though the chances of army promotion had recently brought it a commanding officer from another regiment. Major Pryor, a middle-aged man, who sheltered shyness behind a rampart of sternness, became immediately unpopular by tightening the reins of government, which his predecessor had held somewhat slackly.

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But the garrison and its feminine belongings were inclined to forgive him when they perceived that he had fallen seriously in love with Rosita. Now, nobody had ever considered Rosita seriously before; not even her father, old Lawless the post-trader, in regard to whom the suspicion that he was a rascal had been condoned by the certainty that he was the jolliest of companions.

Old Lawless maintained complete silence as to his past, and as Rosita's mother formed part of that doubtful darkness when he and his child and his stock in trade installed themselves at Lawrence, he had never been heard to refer to her. That she had belonged to some mixed breed, part Spanish, part Indian, was, however, written on each feature of her daughter's body and mind, — if Rosita could be said to have a mind.

"Every woman, savage or civilized, will love some day to her own sorrow," her father had declared, with a cynical laugh. "But Rosita's future is tolerably safe. Chocolate bonbons are her ruling passion, and as she has the digestion of an ostrich, many years will elapse before she is likely to suffer for her devotion!"

She was exceedingly pretty, with the beauty of bright eyes, lithe figure, and a complexion so transparent that the most enthusiastic admirer of fairness would not have wished her less dusky. Since she was fifteen she had held gay

and undisputed sway among the younger officers ; for Lawrence was so distant a post that feminine visitors were seldom seen there, and in those days the garrison families possessed only daughters in the nursery. The fame of her pretty looks and ways had become widespread among the frontier forts, yet it was noticeable that her admirers, while ransacking the realms of nature in eulogy of this gazelle, this kitten, this lark, never called her an angel, nor even ascended high enough in the spiritual scale to compare her to a fairy, though there was nothing known of her at which the sternest army matron could take umbrage. She was as ignorant of evil as any of the wild creatures with whose names she had been rebaptized, and Lawless kept a keen while seemingly careless eye upon her amusements.

With this girl Duncan Pryor did not flirt. Plain, prosaic, and forty, he loved her, while Rosita, instinctively discerning the difference between his behavior and that of her other admirers, appeared rather repelled than gratified, — an attitude which became more obvious the more her father encouraged this serious suitor, and was presently explained, to the increasing interest of the spectators of the little drama, by the discovery that Rosita had developed another love than that for chocolates, and one which she concealed as slightly.

Gerald, or “Jerry” Breton, as he was familiarly known, had, upon his first coming to Lawrence, devoted to Rosita’s society every moment which he could spare from military duties that were not numerous, but in so doing he only fulfilled the manifest destiny of all his compeers at the post. He was a big, fair young fellow, with jovial Irish blood in his veins, and a smile which was perhaps more eloquent than he knew. Certainly, when he returned from a two months’ “leave,” he announced his engagement to the most adorable of women, met and won during his absence, with a frank

assurance of congratulation which bespoke a conscience void of reproach. Neither did Rosita reproach him. She preferred him to his brethren in a manner flattering to masculine vanity. And Jerry, having placed the colors of his *fiancée* in his helmet, did not hesitate to enjoy such amusement as was provided for him in a post that would have been dull without Rosita. She was comrade as charmingly as coquette. She rode hurdle races, and shot at targets, and smoked cigarettes, as keenly as Jerry himself, while she could sing a love-song to her guitar or dance to her castanets with a grace and a fervor that no music-hall star of a much-regretted civilization could surpass. How soon Jerry guessed what it was that looked at him from under her long lashes, which was absent when she bestowed her fearless glances upon the other officers, is not made quite plain to his conscience yet. But he was promptly aware of Major Pryor’s determination to prevent him from keeping engagements which brought him into the society of Rosita. No position of authority lends itself so readily to petty tyranny as that of a post-commander, when the incumbent is thus disposed, and that Pryor was thus disposed toward Lieutenant Breton not only the victim, but Rosita particularly, and the garrison generally, quickly perceived. The adjutant, indeed, though a submissive person, ventured an occasional remonstrance concerning orders manifestly over-exacting, but won nothing by his presumption.

Was picnic or dinner arranged, at the last moment an orderly appeared, presenting the major’s compliments and a special detail which required Lieutenant Breton’s attention ; when a much-talked-of fishing expedition, involving several nights’ camping, was about to set forth, Jerry was appointed to the escort of some wagons just starting *en route* to the nearest river town for supplies ; while reproofs, irritably delivered and flagrantly

undeserved, were a daily occurrence. Rosita's wrath, the jocular condolences of his chums, and the no less evident though wordless sympathy of his superiors added fuel to the smouldering fire of Jerry's resentment. Upon a certain radiant June afternoon this fire blazed.

A full-dress parade had been commanded, for the sole purpose, it was growled, of giving scope to the major's restless energies. Some trifling fault in the demeanor of Jerry's troop brought on him a scathing rebuke in the presence of his men, of his comrades, and of the ladies who had gathered to watch such small display of military pomp as their position permitted. Temper conquered discipline. Instead of the silent salute which was his duty, Lieutenant Breton began an angry expostulation, and was sternly ordered to his quarters, under arrest for disrespect to the commanding officer.

Lawrence reveled in its sensation across that evening's supper tables. Pryor was right, of course; Jerry had been guilty of grave misbehavior before the whole garrison. Yet love of justice is strong even in the strictest enforcer of discipline — when the enforcer is Anglo-Saxon. If Jerry should refuse to apologize, or Pryor refuse to be thus appeased, the two captains resolved that private statements of the case should go to Washington before further complications should arise for the victim of a personal prejudice.

Jerry, however, in the solitary confinement of his own sitting-room, knew nothing of these plans, and faced a gloomy future through an infuriating present. Dear as his career was to him, he determined to sacrifice it rather than apologize to a man who, whatever his rank, was egregiously wrong. But even if his resignation were accepted under the circumstances of his breach of discipline, and he escaped court-martial, how could he justify to his home people the enmity of his commanding officer? Only by a story regarding its cause which he should

feel himself a cad in the telling. And would his proud sweetheart accept the allegiance of the hero of such a story as unstained and unshaken?

When his wrath had cooled and his solitude remained undisturbed, Jerry began to feel forsaken as well as ill used. Tired of the perpetual turning which pacing his tiny quarters involved, he dropped disconsolately into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

There was a rustle of petticoats, and, with dismayed assurance, he lifted his head. Yes, it was she, the pretty cause of his troubles, gazing at him with eyes that glowed through tears.

"Rosita!" he muttered, in a tone instinctively lowered, even in his surprise, for the sentry posted outside his door was probably within hearing. "How did you get here?"

"By that window," she answered, her white teeth gleaming as she nodded toward an open window that looked upon a rear veranda, — a veranda which extended the length of "officer's row," where the post-trader had rented an unused set of quarters.

Suddenly she sank to her knees beside his chair, clasping both hands over one of his.

"He is a wicked man!" she cried passionately. "I hate him!"

Jerry rose hurriedly, lifting her as he did so.

"Speak lower. You should not have come," he said.

"Why should n't I come?" Rosita faltered, tears on her long lashes, her lips quivering like a child's. "You are alone and in trouble."

"Beastly trouble! It is awfully kind of you. By Jove!" he exclaimed, his outraged sense of propriety yielding place to a yet more wounded sense of his friends' desertion in this time of need, "you are the only one of the lot who cares what happens to any fellow after he is down."

"It is n't 'any fellow.' I care for you,

Jerry," she murmured wistfully. "But he cannot hurt you, really? Just for to-night?"

"To-night!" he repeated, while discretion fled the field, routed by the rush of a vision of the probable consequences of his wrongs which swept over his soul. "He intends to destroy my whole career. And he will do it, too, for I shall never apologize to him!"

Sympathy is none the less sweet when it shines in brilliant eyes, and he was not much more than a boy, — a boy aghast in the presence of his first trouble. He grew eloquent while he described the gloomy future which Pryor's tyranny stretched before him.

"The long and short of it is that I am ruined through his confounded jealousy" — He broke off his peroration abruptly, coloring hotly.

"You shall not be ruined! It is for my sake he hates you! But I will save you!" she panted.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, half touched, half anxious. "You cannot get rid of Pryor; and as I cannot remain under his command without apology, I must resign — which will mean ruin for me," he ended, with almost a groan of despondency.

She caught his hand, and pressed it to her breast, to her lips.

"Wait! Trust me!" she cried, running to the open window. "He shall do you no more harm!"

Jerry, his pulses thrilling to those trembling kisses, followed her.

"Rosita! Sweetest — truest" — he gasped, "you must not interfere! This matter concerns only Pryor and me. I forbid you!"

She turned when she had crossed the low ledge, and flashed a smile back to him, — a smile which both bewildered and repelled him.

"You shall forbid me anything, — except to serve you," she said, and vanished among the shadows of the veranda.

For an instant he meditated pursuit,

but gave it up as he remembered the complications which would ensue should he be seen in apparent attempt to evade his arrest.

Rosita was a dear little ignoramus, embarrassingly fond of him, he told himself, grasping at his usual common sense, which was perplexed by vague alarm. Yet surely she could intend nothing more than to make a pretty scene as special pleader for his cause with Pryor, — a pleader who, unless that officer had utterly lost dignity, would produce no other effect than to embitter the jealousy which was the foundation of this persecution.

Fort Lawrence goes to bed early. By eleven o'clock sleep apparently possessed the garrison, with the exception of the widely scattered sentinels who cried the hour. But the clear calls had scarcely died upon the vast surrounding stillness of the prairie night when they were succeeded by the sharp, unmistakable report of a pistol shot.

Jerry Breton, lounging, half awake, beside the veranda window of his sitting-room, was roused to full consciousness and a pang of foreboding.

The report came from a path which skirted the rampart immediately beneath the veranda, at a point where the bluff beyond descended so abruptly into the Yellowstone River, hundreds of feet below, that the sentry rarely patrolled it, ingress or egress being impossible to any one in a sane mood. Jerry sprang down the veranda steps, assuring himself that there might be a dozen comparatively harmless reasons for the shot, and that his terror was merely nightmare. Yet when he beheld the body of a man prostrate, face forward, across the path, he knew him, with a knowledge that anticipated sight. Shrinkingly he bent over him, uttered a half-strangled cry, which was dismayed, not surprised, and picked up a pistol, a tiny silver-mounted toy, horribly incongruous beside that ghastly, motionless figure, — a dainty, deadly thing that

Jerry had given months before to the "best markswoman in the Northwest."

There was a swift rush of footsteps from various directions: the sentry to whose beat this stretch of rampart belonged, another sentry from his station before the door of Jerry's quarters, and three or four partly clad officers roused out of their slumbers.

Jerry stood upright, — a slight, erect figure, whose silhouette was distinct against the blue moonlit sky. He swung his arm above his head, and flung the pistol far over the edge of the bluff.

The next instant he was surrounded by a crowd; a tumult of exclamation and question arose, as Pryor's inanimate body was recognized, and carefully examined for some sign of life. In the midst of the tumult he leaned against the rampart, neither speaking nor apparently hearing, until Blount, the captain of his troop, laid an admonitory hand on his shoulder.

"You were here first — Don't stare like an idiot! Tell us what you saw."

"Is he dead?"

"We cannot be sure until the surgeon comes. Did you see any one?"

Jerry shuddered visibly.

"I saw nobody!"

"The major has been queer lately, poor chap. Perhaps he shot himself," Blount suggested eagerly.

"Was not that a pistol you threw away?" another officer asked sharply.

Jerry lifted his eyes. Those familiar faces were pale and stern.

"You saw" — he faltered.

"Speak, lad!" Blount entreated.

"I cannot talk. I must have time to think."

"The truth does n't need thinking. It requires plain telling."

There ensued a silence, through which creaked the hurried approach of the surgeon's boots.

Jerry's fair head drooped; he caught uncertainly at Blount's arm.

"I have nothing to say," he muttered faintly.

Blount, who, as senior captain, succeeded to Pryor's command in case of that officer's death or incapacity, turned from his young subordinate.

"Sergeant Jackson," he said in a voice that was not quite steady, "take Lieutenant Breton to his quarters. You will be responsible for him until further instructions." Then he knelt beside Pryor, over whom the surgeon was bending. "Is there life in him?" he asked.

There was life in him, — life that lingered after they had carried him to his bed and his wound had been dressed; a mere spark of life, which might flicker out at any moment, though, the major being a healthy man, in the prime of years, it might yet blaze up again into strength. Such was the surgeon's unchanging report during the next two days to the post, where horror of the tragedy in its midst had silenced gossip, and where even conjecture held its breath.

There is thus much resemblance between a small garrison and a family: that the befalling of a calamity to one of their number softens all judgments; quarrels, criticisms, envyings, are the corrupted fruit of a too brilliant sunshine. Pryor had been unpopular, but only kindness was spoken of him now that it seemed probable he lay dying. If there was a manifest desire, especially among the ladies, to foster a suspicion that his evident wretchedness had led him to attempt suicide, the desire merely expressed their hope that Jerry Breton's innocence might be proved, in spite of the young fellow's stunned passiveness and his strange flinging away of the pistol.

Proof either of guilt or of innocence depended vitally upon Pryor's recovery, as no inquiry had elicited any of the facts which preceded the catastrophe of that night. Shortly after ten o'clock the commanding officer had passed the sentry for a solitary stroll along the rampart, which was a daily habit with him;

nobody else had been seen, and nothing unusual had been heard until the pistol shot.

Depression, black as the shadow of death which overhung them, possessed the little post which was wont to be so cheery. No one was surprised to hear that Rosita had been added to the number of the surgeon's patients, nor did any one doubt the cause of the nervous collapse from which he declared her to be suffering, and which forced him to veto Mrs. Blount's offer of a visit to her. Lawless, he said, had miraculously developed into the most perfect of nurses, and Rosita, with the tendency to delirium that belongs to volatile and undisciplined temperaments, was better off under his undisturbed attendance.

Closely confined to his quarters, Jerry Breton knew nothing of her illness, and each hour of her silence, after he believed that she must be aware of his position, buried deeper his hope that she would confess when she discovered that he had assumed the suspicion of her mad crime. With bitterness he reflected that the devotion of so fantastic a creature was no more to be trusted than her moral principles; and bound though he felt himself to shelter her, he yearned for the happiness and honor she alone could restore to him.

Whether Pryor lived or died, his own career must end in a darkness whose varying degrees seemed to Jerry scarcely worth remark. This story of treacherous vengeance would be told to his own people, and to the woman he loved. Oh, God! How his soul adored her purity, her pride, the girlish exaltation for which he had used to profess a tender ridicule! Had he been cruelly unjust to her, and to those others who were dear to him? Yet would he not have been unutterably base had he crawled to safety across the condemnation of Rosita, whose crime had resulted from misguided love for him?

Like most of his compeers, Jerry had

a character which was one of action rather than of thought. In the sleepless thought of those forty-eight hours his boyishness slipped from him forever, and he attained the full stature of his manhood — God help us! — as most of humanity does so attain in the forcing-house of suffering!

Twilight had come the second time when Captain Blount knocked at the door of Jerry's quarters.

"I think the lieutenant is asleep — and it's the first rest he has had, sir" — Jackson hesitated.

"I've news for him that he will like better than sleeping! His arrest is over!" Blount cried, entering.

Jerry lay back, unawakened, in the only armchair the unluxurious room possessed. Blount stared down at the haggard young face, with a blending of affection and resentment which made a very complete perplexity. Not until he touched the sleeper's shoulder did the heavy lids lift slowly.

"I've nothing to say," Jerry murmured half consciously.

"I am sure of it, you donkey! Pryor, however, has said something, and the whole crowd of us must beg your pardon, though you have yourself to blame that we suspected you."

"Pryor has spoken? What does he say?"

"The surgeon will not let him talk; but he insisted on hearing who was accused, and he acquitted you at once. Now I want you to tell me what confounded quixotism kept you silent, at such cost, if, as seems probable from his despondency, he attempted his own life."

Jerry frowned, and looked away into the gathering shadows.

"Despondent is he, poor chap?" he asked presently.

"Even less thankful to be alive than you seem to be free again."

Jerry sat upright, his pale face flushing, his eyes shining.

"I? Not thankful?" he cried in a

voice shaken to the verge of an utter breakdown. "I have been in hell these two days, and you have brought me out — but — but — go away, Blount, or I shall make a fool of myself!"

Lieutenant Breton was breakfasting late the next morning, when Pryor's orderly appeared with an immediate summons to the commanding officer's presence. War, armed *cap-a-pie*, sprang into existence in Jerry's heart at this summons. He had proved Pryor capable of tyranny without reason, and could not hope, when the spirit of such a man had been as cruelly wounded as his body, that he would incline to mercy. But in the blessedness of his own safety he forgave Rosita her silence, and, while aware of the perplexities that would beset him, he vowed that no admission of her guilt should be extorted from him.

There was, however, neither wrath nor challenge in the hollow eyes which confronted him when he stood beside Pryor's bed, and a gaunt hand feebly moved across the counterpane toward him.

"You are a fine fellow, Breton," the major murmured. "I beg your pardon!"

Jerry dumbly clasped the quivering fingers.

"They have told me that you flung a pistol over the bluffs," Pryor continued slowly. "Of course I know whose pistol it was. But I wish you to understand that the shooting was my fault, like the whole affair. I provoked her with words I had no right to speak; I denied her the mere justice she demanded. Except for your courage I should have brought disgrace upon her, as I have brought death."

"Death? Rosita?"

"She died last night."

Jerry dropped into a chair. Death! Rosita! — a creature so instinct with the life of this world that it was impossible to conceive her in the life of which death is the portal.

"Did she?" — He shuddered.

"No! She never rallied from the shock of that night. Her father has been here to ask me to forgive the dead. My God! I shall not forgive myself!" Pryor cried, with an anguish none the less intense for the faintness of the voice which uttered it.

Jerry had covered his face, and the other stared enviously at the tears that slipped through his fingers.

"Time is up!" the surgeon exclaimed from outside the closed door.

The eyes of the two men met wistfully.

"I have deserved no favor from you," Pryor muttered, "neither is it for my sake that I entreat you to continue silent. There will be no further inquiry into the matter, as the surgeon tells me that I shall recover. So the garrison must be satisfied only with conjecture as to my temporary madness and your magnanimity."

"It is you who are magnanimous!"

"I loved her, I persecuted her! The death she desired for me was mercy compared to the life which is all the atonement I can make to her memory." With which exceeding bitter whisper Pryor turned himself to the wall.

Out on the parade, the radiant freshness of the prairie morning thrilled Jerry's young veins with an ecstasy of living, and a sharp pang of compassion stabbed his heart.

Misguided, bewitching, — ah yes, and loving, — Rosita lay dead in the midst of the summer gladness that seemed akin to her. He pulled his cap over his eyes, and, ignoring some cordial greetings, walked hurriedly to the post-trader's quarters. Presently Lawless came to him in the little drawing-room, which was unfamiliarly dark and still.

"God bless you," he said, laying a hand on Jerry's shoulder. "Those words do not mean much to me. I've wished they did since last night. But you will understand from them that I am grateful.

Hush! I have nothing to forgive you. Nor had she. Will you come to see her? She never knew that you were shielding her, or she would have confessed; and she wished you to see her — if she looked pretty."

Pretty indeed! Poor flower of a people Christianized just enough to suffer for the savage instincts they do not learn to control! She lay with a crucifix between the hands which seemed so childish, and were so guilty.

"Remember her like this," Lawless continued. "Remember, too, that she loved you; not as the women of our race love, when nature is subdued by

civilization and ruled by religion, but with the limitless love of a squaw for her chief, knowing neither right nor wrong in her devotion to him. For under her daintiness and her sweetness Rosita was a squaw."

Across her grave three men kept silence. There is another regiment at Lawrence now, and when the —th Cavalry remember what they beheld of this story, they glance at their quiet major with wonder for his fleeting madness. Only the surgeon and one or two ladies murmur to their own thoughts, "Rosita?"

Ellen Mackubin.

A WEEK ON WALDEN'S RIDGE.

II.

FAIRMOUNT, as has already been said, is but a clearing in the forest. Instead of a solitary cabin, as elsewhere, there are perhaps a dozen or two of cabins and houses scattered along the road, which emerges from the woods at one end of the settlement, and, after a mile or so in the sun, drops into them again at the other end. The glory of the place, and the reason of its being, as I suppose, is a chalybeate spring in a woody hollow before the post-office. There may be a shop of some kind, also, but memory retains no such impression. One building, rather larger than most of its neighbors, and apparently unoccupied, I looked at more than once with a measure of that curiosity which is everywhere the stranger's privilege. It sat squarely on the road, and boasted a sort of portico or piazza, — it puzzled me what to call it, — but there was no vestige of a chimney. One day, a ragged, bright-faced boy met me at the right moment, and I asked, "Did some one use to live in that house?" "That?"

said he, in a tone I shall never forget. "That's a barn. That over there is the dwelling." My ignorance was fittingly rebuked, and I had no spirit to inquire about the piazza. Probably it was nothing but a lean-to. Even in my humiliation, however, it pleased me to hear what I should have called that good literary word "dwelling" on such lips. A Yankee boy might have said "dwelling-house," but no Yankee of any age, or none that I have ever known, would have said "dwelling," though he might have read the word in books a thousand times. I thought of a spruce colored waiter in Florida, who, when I asked him at breakfast how the day was likely to turn out, answered promptly, "I think it will be inclement." It may reasonably be counted among the minor advantages of travel that it enriches one's every-day vocabulary.

Another Fairmount building (an unmistakable house, this time) is memorable to me because on the doorstep, day after day, an old gentleman and a younger antagonist — they might have

been grandfather and grandson — were playing checkers. "I hope you are beating the young fellow," I could not help saying once to the old gentleman. He smiled dubiously, and made some halting reply suggestive of resignation rather than triumph; and it came to me with a kind of pang, as I passed on, that if growing old is a bad business, as most of us think, it is perhaps an unfavorable symptom when a man finds himself, not out of politeness, but as a simple matter of course, taking sides with the aged.

Fairmounters, living in the woods, have no outlook upon the world. If they wish to see off, they must go to the Brow, which, by a stroller's guess, may be two miles distant. My first visit to it was the pleasanter — the more vacational, so to speak — for being an accident. I sauntered aimlessly down the road, past the scattered houses and orchards (the raising of early apples seemed to be a leading industry on the Ridge, though a Chattanooga gentleman had assured me that the principal crops were blackberries and rabbits), and almost before I knew it, was in the same delightful woods that had welcomed me wherever I had gone. And in the same woods the same birds were singing. My notes make particular record of hooded and Kentucky warblers, these being two of my newer acquaintances, as well as two of the commoner Ridge songsters; but I halted for some time, and with even a livelier interest, to listen to an old friend (no acquaintance, if you please), — a black-throated green warbler. It was one of the queerest of songs: a bar of five or six notes, uniform in pitch, and then at once, in perfect form and voice, — the voice being a main part of the music in the case of this warbler, — the familiar *trees, trees, murmuring trees*. Where could the fellow have picked up such a ditty? No doubt there was some story connected with it. Nothing is born of itself. A dozen years ago, in the Green Mountains, — at Bread-Loaf Inn,

— I heard from the forest by the roadside a song utterly strange, and hastened in search of its author. After much furtive approach and diligent scanning of the foliage, I had the bird under my opera-glass, — a black-throated blue warbler! With my eye still upon him, he sang again and again, and the song bore no faintest resemblance to the *kree, kree, kree*, which all New England bird-lovers know as the work of *Dendroica caerulescens*. In what private school he had been educated I have no idea; but I believe that every such extreme eccentricity goes back to something out of the common in the bird's early training.

I felt in no haste. Life is easy in the Tennessee mountains. A pile of lumber, newly unloaded near the road, — in the woods, of course, — offered a timely seat, and I took it. Some Chattanooga gentleman was planning a summer cottage for himself, I gathered. May he enjoy it for twenty years as much as I did for twenty minutes. Not far beyond, near a fork in the road, a man of twenty-five or thirty, a youth of sixteen or seventeen, and a small boy were playing marbles in a cabin yard. I interrupted the sport long enough to inquire which road I had better take. I was going nowhere in particular, I explained, and wanted simply a pleasant stroll. "Then I would go to the Brow, if I were you," said the man. "Keep a straight road. It is n't far." I thanked him, and with a cheery "Come on!" to his playmates he ran back, literally, to the ring. Yes, life is easy in the Tennessee mountains. It is not to be assumed, nevertheless, that the man was a do-nothing: probably he had struck work for a few minutes only; but, like a sensible player, he was enjoying the game while it lasted. Perhaps it is a certain inborn Puritanical industriousness, against which I have never found the courage effectually to rebel, that makes me look back upon this dooryard comedy as one of the brightest incidents of my Tennessee vacation. Fancy a

Massachusetts farmer playing marbles at nine o'clock in the forenoon!

At that moment, it must be owned, a rebuke of idleness would have fallen with a poor grace from my Massachusetts lips. If the player of marbles had followed his questioner round the first turn, he would have seen him standing motionless beside a swamp, holding his head on one side as if listening, — though there was nothing to be heard, — or evoking ridiculous squeaking noises by sucking idiotically the back of his hand. Well, I was trying to find another bird, just as he was trying to knock another marble out of the ring.

The spot invited such researches, — a bushy swamp, quite unlike the dry woods and rocky woodland brooks which I had found everywhere else. I had seen my first cerulean warbler on Lookout Mountain, my first Cape May warbler on Cameron Hill, my first Kentucky warbler on Missionary Ridge, and my first blue-winged yellow warbler at the Chickamauga battlefield. If Walden was to treat me equally well, as in all fairness it ought, now was the time. Looking, listening, and squeaking were alike unrewarded, however, till I approached the same spot on my return. Then some bird sang a new song. I hoped it was a prothonotary warbler, a bird I had never seen, and about whose notes I knew nothing. More likely it was a Louisiana water-thrush, a bird I had seen, but had never heard sing. Which-ever it was, alas, it speedily fell silent, and no beating of the bush proved of the least avail.

Meanwhile I had been to the Brow, where I had sat for an hour or more on the edge of the mountain, gazing down upon the world. The sky was clouded, but here and there were fugitive patches of sunshine, now on Missionary Ridge, now on the river, now glorifying the smoke of the city. Southward, just across the valley and over Chattanooga, was Lookout Mountain; eastward stretched

Missionary Ridge, with many higher hills behind it; and more to the north, and far in the distance, loomed the Great Smoky Mountains, in all respects true to their name. The valley at my feet was beautiful beyond words: green forests interspersed with green clearings, lonely cabins, and bare fields of red earth. At the north, Walden's Ridge made a turn eastward, narrowing the valley, but without ending it. Chimney-swifts were cackling merrily, and the air was full of the hum of seventeen-year locusts, — miles and miles of continuous sound. From somewhere far below rose the tinkle of cowbells. Even on that cloudy and smoky day it was a glorious landscape; but it pleased me afterward to remember that the eye returned of itself again and again to a stretch of freshly green meadow along a slender watercourse, — a valley within the valley. Of all the fair picture, that was the most like home.

Meanwhile there was no forgetting that undiscovered stranger in the swamp. Whoever he was, he must be made to show himself; and the next day, when the usual noonday deluge was past, I looked at the clouds, and said, "We shall have another, but in the interval I can probably reach the Brow. There I will take shelter on the piazza of an unoccupied cottage, and, when the rain is over, go back to the swamp, see my bird, and thence return home." So it turned out — in part. The clouds hurried me, but I reached the Brow just in season, climbed the cottage fence, the gate being padlocked, and, thoroughly heated as I was, paced briskly to and fro on the piazza in a chilling breeze for an hour or more, the flood all the while threatening to fall, and the thunder shaking the house. There was plenty to look at, for the cottage faced the Great Smokies, and though we were under the blackest of clouds, the landscape below was largely in the sun. The noise of the locusts was incessant. Nothing but the peals of thunder kept it out of my ears.

So far, then, my plans had prospered ; but to find the mysterious bird, — that was not so easy. The swamp was silent, and I was at once so cold and so hot, and so badly under the weather already, that I dared not linger.

In the woods, nevertheless, I stopped long enough to enjoy the music of a master cardinal, — a bewitching song, and, as I thought, original : *birdy, birdy*, repeated about ten times in the sweetest of whistles, and then a sudden descent in the pitch, and the same syllables over again. At that instant, a Carolina wren, as if stirred to rivalry, sprang into a bush and began whistling *cherry, cherry, cherry*, at his loudest and prettiest. It was a royal duet. The cardinal was in magnificent plumage, and a scarlet tanager near by was equally handsome. If the tanager could whistle like the cardinal, our New England woods would have a bird to brag of.

Not far beyond these wayside musicians I came upon a boy sitting beside a wood-pile, with his saw lying on the ground. "It is easier to sit down than to saw wood, is n't it?" said I. Possibly he was amused to such aphoristic modes of speech. He took time to consider. Then he smiled, and said, "Yes, sir." The answer was all-sufficient. We spoke from experience, both of us ; and between men who *know*, whatever the matter in hand, disagreement is impossible and amplification needless.

Three days later — my last day on the Ridge — I had better luck at the swamp. The stranger was singing on the nearer edge, as I approached, and I had simply to draw near and look at him, — a Louisiana water-thrush. He sang, and I listened ; and farther along, at the little bridge where I had first heard the song, another like him was in tune. The strain, as warbler songs go ("water-thrushes" being not thrushes, but warblers), is rather striking, — clear, pretty loud, of about ten notes, the first pair of which are longest and best. I

spoke of what I heard, and give, of course, my own impression. Audubon pronounces the notes "as powerful and mellow, and at times as varied," as those of the nightingale, and Wilson waxes almost equally enthusiastic in his praise of the "exquisitely sweet and expressive voice." Here, as in Florida, I was interested to perceive how instantly the bird's appearance and carriage distinguished it from its Northern relative, although the descriptions of the two species, as given in books, sound confusingly alike. It is matter for thankfulness, perhaps, that language is not yet so all-expressive as to render individual eyesight superfluous.

I kept on to the Brow, and some time afterward was at Mabbitt's Spring, quenching my thirst with a draught of liquid iron rust, when a third songster of the same kind struck up his tune. The spring, spurting out of the rock in a slender jet, is beside the same stream — Little Falling Water — that makes through the swamp ; and along its banks, it appeared, the water-thrushes were at home. I was glad to have heard the famous singer, but my satisfaction was not without alloy. Walden, after all, had failed to show me a new bird, though it had given me a new song.

The most fatiguing, and perhaps the most interesting of my days on the Ridge was the one day in which I did not travel on foot. Passing through the village, on my return from one of my earlier visits to Falling Water, I stopped a nice-looking man (if he will pardon the expression, copied from my notes), driving a horse with a pair of clothes-line reins. He had an air of being at home, and naturally I took him for a native. Would he tell me something about the country, especially about the roads, so that I might improve my scanty time to the best advantage? Very gladly, he answered. He had walked and driven over the mountain a good deal, surveying, and if I would call at

his house, a short distance down the road, — the house with the big barn, — he would make me a rough map, such as would answer my purpose. At the same time he mentioned two or three shorter excursions which I ought not to miss; and when I had thanked him for his kindness, he gathered up the reins and drove on. Intending no disrespect to the inhabitants of the Ridge, I may perhaps be allowed to say that I was considerably impressed by a certain unexpected propriety, and even elegance, of diction, on the part of my new acquaintance. I remember in particular his description of a pleasant cold spring as being situated not far from the "confluence" of two streams. *Confluens*, I thought, flowing together. Having always something else to do, I omitted to call at his house, and one day, when we met again in the road, I apologized for my neglect, and asked another favor. He was familiar with the country, and kept a horse. Could he not spare a day to take me about? If he thought this proposal a bit presumptuous, courtesy restrained him from letting the fact be seen, and, after a few minutes of deliberation, — his hands being pretty full just then, he explained, — he promised to call for me two mornings later, at seven o'clock. We would take a luncheon along, and make a day of it.

He appeared at the gate in due season, and in a few minutes we were driving over a road new to me, but through the same spacious oak woods to which I had grown accustomed. We went first to Burnt Cabin Spring, one of the famous chalybeate springs of the mountain, — a place formerly frequented by picnic parties, but now, to all appearance, fallen into neglect. We stretched our legs, drank of the water, admired the flowers and ferns, talking all the while (it was here that my companion told a story of a young theologian from Grant University, who, in a solemn discourse, spoke repeatedly of Jacob as

having "euchred his brother out of his birthright"), and then, while a "pheasant" drummed near by, took our places again in the buggy.

Another stage, still through the oak woods, and we were at Signal Point, famous — in local tradition, at least — as the station from which General Sherman signaled encouragement to the Union army beleaguered in Chattanooga, in danger of starvation or surrender. I had looked at the bold, jutting crags from Lookout Mountain and elsewhere, and rejoiced at last to stand upon them.

It would have been delightful to spend a long day there, lying upon the cliffs and enjoying the prospect, which, without being so far reaching as from Point Lookout, or even from the eastern brim of Walden, is yet extensive and surpassingly beautiful. The visitor is squarely above the river, which here, in the straitened valley between the Ridge and Raccoon Mountain, grows narrower and narrower till it rushes through the "Suck." Even at that elevation we could hear the roar of the rapids. A short distance above the Suck, and almost at our feet, lay Williams Island. A farmer's Eden it looked, with its broad, newly planted fields, and its house surrounded by out-buildings and orchard-trees. The view included Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, and much else; but its special charm was its foreground, the part peculiar to itself, — the valley, the river, and Raccoon Mountain. Along the river-banks were small clearings, each with its one cabin, and generally a figure or two ploughing or planting. A man in a strangely long boat — a dugout, probably — was making his difficult way upstream with a paddle. The Tennessee, in the neighborhood of Chattanooga, at all events, is too swift for pleasure-boat-ing. Seen from above, as I commonly saw it, it looked tranquil enough; but when I came down to its edge, now and then, the speed and energetic sweep of the smooth current laid fast hold upon

me. From the mountains to the sea is a long, long journey, and no wonder the river felt in haste.

I had gone to Signal Point not as an ornithologist, but as a patriot and a lover of beauty; but, being there, I added one to my list of Tennessee birds, — a red-tailed hawk, one of the very few hawks seen in all my trip. Sailing below us, it displayed its rusty, diagnostic tail, and put its identity at once beyond question.

Our next start — far too speedy, for the day was short — was for Williams Point; but on our way thither we descended into the valley of Shoal Creek, down which, with the creek to keep it company, runs the old mountain road, now disused and practically impassable. Here we hitched the horse, and strolled downwards for perhaps half a mile. I was never in a lovelier spot. The mountain brook, laughing over the stones, is overhung with laurel and rhododendron, which in turn are overhung by precipitous rocks broken into all wild and romantic shapes, with here and there a cavern — “rock-house” — to shelter a score of travelers. The place was rich in ferns and other plants, which, unhappily, I had no time to examine, and all the particulars of which have faded out of my memory. We walked far enough to look over the edge of the mountain, and up to the Signal Point cliffs. If I could have stayed there two or three hours, it would have been a memorable season. As it was, the stroll was enlivened by one little adventure, at which I have laughed too many times ever to forget it.

I had been growing rapturous over the beauty of things, when my companion said, “There are some people whom it is no pleasure to take into places like this. They can’t keep their eyes off the ground, they are so bitten with the fear of snakes.” He was a few paces ahead of me, as he spoke, and the sentence was barely finished before he shouted, “Look at that huge snake!” and sprang forward to

snatch up a stone. “Get a stick!” he cried. “Get a stick!” From his manner I took it for granted that the creature was a rattlesnake, and a glance at it, lying motionless among the stones beside the road, did not undeceive me. I turned hurriedly, looking for a stick, but somehow could not find one, and in a moment more was recalled by shouts of “Come and help me! It will get away from us!” It was a question of life and death, I thought, and I ran forward and began throwing stones. “Look out! Look out! You’ll bury it!” cried my companion; but just then one of my shots struck the snake squarely in the head. “That’s a good one!” exclaimed the other man, and, picking up a dead stick, he thrust it under the disabled creature and tossed it into the road. Then he bent over it, and, with a stone, pounded its head to a jelly. Such a fury as possessed him! He might have been bruising the head of Satan himself, as no doubt he was — in his mind; for my surveyor was also a preacher, as had already transpired. “It is n’t a venomous snake, is it?” I ventured to ask, when the work was done. “Oh, I think not,” and he pried open its jaws to look for its fangs. “I don’t generally kill innocent snakes,” I ventured again, a little inopportunistly, it must be confessed. “Well, I do,” said the preacher. “The very sight of a snake stirs my hatred to its depths.”

After that it was natural to inquire whether he often saw rattlesnakes hereabouts. (The driver who brought me up the mountain had said that they were not common, but that I “wanted to look out sharp for them in the woods.”) My companion had never seen one, he answered, but his wife had once killed one in their dooryard. Then, by way of cooling off, after the fervor of the conflict, he told me about a gentleman and his little boy, who, having come to spend a vacation on the Ridge, started out in the morning for a stroll. They were quickly

back again, and the boy, quite out of breath, came running into the garden. "Oh, Mr. M.," he cried, "we saw a rattlesnake, and papa fired off his pistol!" "A rattlesnake! Where is it? What did it look like?" "Why, we did n't see it, but we heard it." "What was the noise like?" asked Mr. M., and he took a pencil from his pocket and began tapping on a log. "That's it!" said the boy, "that's it!" They had heard a woodpecker drilling for grubs, — or drumming for love, — whereupon the man had fired his pistol, and for them there was no more walking in the woods.

After our ramble along Shoal Creek we rested at the ford, near a brilliant show of laurel and rhododendron, and ate our luncheon to the music of the stream. I finished first, as my evil habit is, and was crossing the brook on natural stepping-stones when a bird — a warbler of some unknown kind — saluted me from the thicket. Making my companion a signal not to disturb us by driving into the stream, I gave myself up to discovering the singer; edging this way and that, while the fellow moved about also, always unseen, and sang again and again, now a louder song, now, with charming effect, a quieter and briefer one, till I was almost as badly beside myself as the preacher had been half an hour before. But my warfare was less successful than his, for, with all my pains, I saw not so much as a feather. There is nothing prettier than a jungle of laurel and rhododendron in full bloom, but there are many easier places in which to make out a bird.

Williams Point, which we reached on foot, after driving as near it as the roughness of the unfrequented road would comfortably allow, is not in itself equal to Signal Point, but affords substantially the same magnificent prospect. Near it, in the woods, stood a newly built cabin, looking badly out of place with its glaring unweathered boards; and beside the cabin stood a man and woman in a condition of extreme disgust. The man had come up

the mountain to work in some coal-mine, if I understood him correctly; but the tools were not ready, there was no water, his household goods were stranded down in the valley somewhere (the hens were starving to death, the woman added), and, all in all, the pair were in a sorry plight.

Here, as at Signal Point, I made an addition to my local ornithology, and this time too the bird was a hawk. We were standing on the edge of the cliff, when a sparrow hawk, after alighting near us, took wing and hung for some time suspended over the abyss, beating against the breeze, and so holding itself steady, — a graceful piece of work, the better appreciated for being seen from above. Here, also, for the first time in my life, I was addressed as a "you-un." "Where be you-uns from?" asked the woman at the cabin, after the ordinary greetings had been exchanged. I believe, in my innocence, I had always looked upon that word as an invention of story-writers.

Somewhere in this neighborhood we traversed a pine wood, in which my first Walden pine warbler was trilling. Then, for some miles, we drove along the Brow, with the glory of the world — valley, river, and mountain — outspread before us, and the Great Smokies looming in the background, barely visible through the haze. For seven miles, I was told, one could drive along that mountain rim. Surely the city of Chattanooga is happy in its suburbs. Here were many cottages, the greater number as yet unopened; and not far beyond the one under the piazza of which I had weathered the thunderstorm of the day before, the road entered the forest again. Then, as the way grew more and more difficult, we left the horse behind us, and by and by came to a footpath. This brought us at last to Falling Water Fall, where Little Falling Water — after threading the swamp and passing Mabbitt's Spring, as before described — tumbles over a precipice which my companion, with his surveyor's eye, estimated to be one hun-

dred and fifty feet in height. The slender stream, broken into jewels as it falls, strikes the bottom at some distance from the foot of the cliffs, which here form the arc of a circle, and are not perpendicular, but deeply hollowed. After enjoying the prospect from this point, — holding to a tree and leaning over the edge of the rocks, — we retraced our steps till we came to a steep, zigzag path, which took us to the foot of the precipice. Here, as well as above, were laurel and rhododendron in profusion. One big rhododendron-tree grew on the face of the cliff, thirty feet over our heads, leaning outward, and bearing at least fifty clusters of gorgeous rose-purple flowers; and a smaller one, in a similar position, was equally full. The hanging gardens of Babylon may have been more wonderful, but I was well content.

From the point where we stood the ledge makes eastward for a long distance, almost at right angles, and the cliffs for a mile — or, more likely, for two or three miles — were straight before us, broken everywhere into angles, light gray and reddish-brown intermixed, with the late afternoon sun shining full upon them, and the green forest fringing them above and sweeping away from them below.

It was a breathless clamber up the rocks again, tired and poorly off as I was, but I reached the top with one hand full of rhododendrons (it seemed a shame to pick them, and a shame to leave them), and in half an hour we were driving homeward, our day's work done; while my seatmate, who, besides being preacher, lawyer, surveyor, and farmer, was also a mystic and a saint, — though he would have refused the word, — fell into a strain of reminiscence, appropriate to the hour, about the inner life of the soul, its hopes, its struggles, and its joys. I listened in reverent silence. The passion for perfection is not yet so common as to have become commonplace, and one need not be certain of a theory in order to admire a practice. He had already

told me who his father was, and I had ceased to wonder at his using now and then a choice phrase.

My friend (he will allow me that word, I am sure) had given me a day of days, and with it a new idea of this mountain world; where the visitor finds hills and valleys, creeks and waterfalls, the most beautiful of forests, with clearings, isolated cabins, straggling settlements, orchards, and gardens, and where he forgets again and again that he is on a mountain at all. Even now I had seen but a corner of it, as I have seen but a corner of the larger world on which, for these few years back, I have had what I call my existence. And even of what I saw, much has gone undescribed: stately tulip-trees deep in the forest, with humming-birds darting from flower to flower among them; the flame-colored azalea; the ground flowers of the woods, including some tiny yellow lady's-slippers, too dainty for the foot of Cinderella herself; the road to Sawyer's Springs; and numbers of birds, whose names, even, I have omitted. It was a wonderful world; but if the hobbyist may take the pen for a single sentence, it may stand confessed that the greatest wonder of all was this, — that in all those miles of oak forest I found not one blue jay!

Another surprising circumstance, which I do not remember to have noticed, however, till my attention was somewhat rudely called to it, was the absence of colored people. With the exception of three servants at the hotel, I saw none but whites. Walden's Ridge, although staunchly Union in war-time, and largely Republican now, as I was told, is a white man's country. I had gone to bed one night, and was fast asleep, when I was wakened suddenly by the noise of some one hurrying up the stairs and shouting, "Where's the gun? Where's the gun? Shorty's been shot!" "Shorty" was the colored waiter, and the speaker was a general factotum, an English boy. The colored people — Shorty, his wife, and

the cook — had been out on the edge of the woods behind the house, when three men had fired at them, or pretended to do so. It was explained the next morning that this was only an attempt (on the part of some irresponsible young men, as the older residents said) to “run the niggers off the mountain,” — after what I understood to be a somewhat regular custom. “Niggers” did not belong there; their place was down below. If a Chattanooga cottager brought up a colored servant, he was “respectfully requested” to send him back, and save the natives the trouble of attending to the matter. In short, the Ridgites appeared to look upon “niggers” as Northern laborers look upon non-union men — “scabs.”

The hotel-keeper, an Englishman, with an Englishman's notions about personal rights, was naturally indignant. He would hire his own servants, or he would shut the house. In any event, the presence of “Whitecaps,” real or imaginary, must affect his summer patronage. I fully expected to see the colored trio pack up and go back to Chattanooga, without waiting for further hints; but they showed no disposition to do anything of the sort, and, I must add, rose in my estimation accordingly.

Of the feeling of the community I had a slight but ludicrous intimation a day or two after the shooting. I passed a boy whom I had noticed in the road, some days before, playing with a pig, lifting him by the hind legs and pitching him over forwards. “He can turn a somerset good,” he had said to me, as I passed. Now, for the sake of being neighborly, I asked, “How 's the pig to-day?” He smiled, and made some reply, as if he appreciated the pleasantry; but a more serious-looking playmate took up his parable, and said, “The pig 'll be all right, if the folks up at the hotel don't shoot him.” His tone and look were in-

tended to be deeply significant. “Oh, I know you,” they implied: “you are up at the hotel, where they threaten to shoot white folks.”

For my last afternoon — wars and rumors of wars long since forgotten — I went to the place that had pleased me first, the valley of Falling Water Creek. The cross-vine on the dead hemlock had by this time dropped the greater part of its bells, but even yet many were hanging from the uppermost branches. The rhododendron was still at the height of its splendor. All the gardens were nothing to it, I said to myself. Crossing the creek on the log, and the branch on stepping-stones, I went to quench my thirst at the Marshall Spring, which once had a cabin beside it, and frequent visitors, but now was clogged with fallen leaves and seemingly abandoned. It was perhaps more beautiful so. Directly behind it rose a steep bank, and in front stood an oak and a maple, the latter leaning toward it and forming a pointed arch, — a worthy entrance. Mossy stones walled it in, and ferns grew luxuriantly about it. Just over them, an azalea still held two fresh pink flowers, the last till another May. In such a spot it would have been easy to grow sentimental; but there came a rumbling of thunder, the sky darkened, and, with a final hasty look about me, I picked up my umbrella and started homeward.

My last walk had ended like many others in that showery, fragmentary week. But what is bad weather when the time is past? All those black clouds have left no shadow on Walden's Ridge, and the best of all my strolls beside Falling Water, a stroll not yet finished,

“The calm sense of seen beauty without sight,” suffers no harm. As Thoreau says, “It is after we get home that we really go over the mountain.”

Bradford Torrey.

ON THE OREGON EXPRESS.

LYING at ease within my curtained bed,
 I watch the moonlit landscape glimmer by:
 Soft-shadowed meadows, and the hills that lie
 Around them, with a misty foliage spread;
 Towns silent and adream; and overhead
 A sombre sky that stirs with such a grace
 As flushed uncertainly the pallid face
 Of Jairus' daughter rising from the dead.

Far off, Mount Shasta swims into the view,
 Its mist-hung summit towering over all;
 The sun swings slow upon the mountain's crest,
 Against a sky that burns to orange hue,
 And for a moment, like a silver ball
 By hand of Titan flung, remains at rest.

Virna Woods.

THROUGH THE WINDOWS: TWO GLIMPSES OF A MAN'S LIFE.

I.

DETACHMENT.

A DAY or two later, Carless made up his mind that he would walk down to the little station, three miles away, that was the only point at which the outside world came in sight. The morning was bitterly cold; a fine sleet blew in his face, and stung it as with the cutting of a whip, whenever he came for a time to a part of the road where the wind had free play. Still he walked briskly, his head well up, as if to scorn the weather. He must be doing something; he had been eating his heart out long enough, while he watched and waited for some sign from her. Now he would at least come a little nearer to her. If by some chance (he yet told himself there might be a chance) she had written to him, and the letter were on its way, it was surely more fitting that he should go to meet

it than that he should wait supinely with folded hands. So it came that he actually rejoiced in the rough, blustering weather, which seemed almost personal in its opposition to him, — as if those powers, equally blind, that stood between him and the desire of his heart were abroad in the storm and inspired its fury.

Soon he came where a swift rushing brook, swollen by melted snow, took its own way by the roadside. Carless thought he had never noticed it before; perhaps it had never been so loud, masterful, and insistent as it was this day; or it might be that the tension of his mind, after days of brooding, was such that little chance bits of the natural world found a voice now, and spoke aloud of that which they symbolized. It was going to the ocean, this little brawling rivulet; in spite of all the long miles that it must traverse before it could reach its desire and upbear the great ships upon its bosom, it ran on busily, not a moment to

spare, glad and confident in the certainty of ultimate attainment. It was as though a share of the brook's confidence passed into the heart of the man, and for a while he felt that he too must some day reach his goal, out of sight though it lay among the windings of the hills.

All manner of external objects became invested with a strange significance for him this morning. His eye caught an old water-wheel that was stranded out of the way in an angle of rising ground, away from water and from usefulness, as it might have been wedged there by the caprice of a bygone flood; and he had a positive sympathy with the poor thing whose position seemed so like his own. He wondered if it had forgotten how it felt to spin gayly round and do its work in the world under the impact of the merry, laughing stream. "No," he told himself, "it has forgotten no more than I have. It is only waiting for some friendly hand to raise it and set it again in its place; and who knows how soon that will be?"

Then the station came within view. He looked at his watch; the train must be near by this time. He strained his eyes to the southward to catch sight of a puff of white smoke, and the invisible train answered him with a long, warning blast to herald its arrival. Though it came only from the junction, a few miles away, and went another few miles beyond, on the least important of country roads, it had about it all the air of haste and quick alertness that an express bound on a journey across the continent might have worn. It drew up suddenly with a creaking and jarring of brakes on the slippery track. There was not a single passenger to get off or on, yet the conductor and brakeman relaxed nothing of that active promptness which marked their demeanor; and when they leaned out of the door to exchange mail-bags with the station agent, who was postmaster also, and answered on the part of the village to their official actions, they wasted no

words even with him. Only the engine-driver, lounging on his elbow in the brief pause, gave back a gesture full of dignified reserve to the half-ironical salutation of a small colored boy who stood watching the proceedings with a lively interest.

In a moment more, with another sharp whistle, the train moved on, and almost instantly disappeared in a fold of the hills. The postmaster withdrew with the mail-bag into his little den, and Carless followed him within the station, standing where he could watch the subsequent processes through the narrow window.

Now that the train had come and gone, the scrutiny of the assembled country folk was concentrated upon the stranger, who represented to them a phase of experience not to be met with every day. What thoughts he suggested to them it is impossible to say. Perhaps they envied him for opportunities denied to them, all unconscious of the price he had had to pay, in quickened powers of suffering, for the use of his trained faculties. Perhaps they despised him as one who was different from themselves, and who in all probability knew nothing of the raising of sheep or of the succession of the crops. They gazed upon him unabashed, with a stolid, ruminating stare which they might have caught from their own cattle. For his part, he was neither disconcerted nor in any way moved by their attentive presence in the room. Awkward country lads of a curiously impersonal type, they had no more suggestion or meaning for him than had the rusty stove about which they huddled,—less than many of the objects he had passed along the road.

He turned from them, and watched the postmaster begin his preparations for the distribution of the mail. Two currents of thought ran in his mind, distinct as Rhone and Saône; or rather, in the upper part of the score ran an *obligato* of fantastic wanderings, while the undertone of the steady bass was constant to the theme that expressed his life, and especially to the anxiety which

half longed for the sorting of the mail to be over, half feared it lest it should bring the extinction of his hopes for another day.

Thus, as he watched the contents of the bag falling into little heaps here and there, his eye unconsciously caught the proportion of the folded newspapers — country newspapers — to the few letters that lurked among them. It needed no more than that to tell him what sort of mental existence these people dragged out in the upland farmhouses. Impersonal, generic, themselves, all that they read must be only a pale, bloodless, impersonal copy from the palpitating masterpiece of Life.

But in a corner of the room sat a girl of eighteen or nineteen, the only one in the little gathering. To the external eye there was no one thing noteworthy about her; she was a fresh-colored, not unpleasant country lass, like any other. If she was dressed a shade more carefully than the youths, it was only the mark of her sex; the smoothly braided hair and such other details merely meant that she was a woman, differing only by so much from the rest. Her hands, the warm gloves removed, showed rough and red from exposure and hard work. And yet — she was a woman. Carless had been living for some weeks as the guest of a half-monastic community among these northern hills, and this was the first woman he had seen for a week or two. The experience was a novel one. Never since he was a baby, born of a woman, nursed and tended by women, could such a thing have happened to him. But now it gave him the power of seeing her in a singularly detached way, and of divining significances that might have eluded him altogether in the world, where there are so many women. He could study her, as a man of science studies his specimen isolated in a vacuum, as she was in herself; could see, without feeling, that subtle, indefinable charm which is to her both bow and spear for the making of her captives.

Here was *das Ewig-Weibliche* crystallized before him, under his very eyes. And so this simple country girl took on an importance which would have strangely puzzled and alarmed her if she could have known how she was being analyzed by the grave, quiet man who seemed to be studying the time-table which hung above her head, flanked on one side by the advertisement of a sale of stock, and on the other by the announcement of a lecture on Persia (in native costume), to be given in the nearest town.

There was something about her, viewed in this light, that was full, for Carless, of suggestions of infinite pathos. She brought up to him Troy flaming for Helen, Antony tossing away the empire of the world for Cleopatra's love, until he came down, through the monotony of the ages, to his own life, less momentous in the destiny of the nations, to be sure, but fraught with the most important interests to himself and to a few others whose hopes were bound up in his welfare. It had seemed to him as if his own experience were a unique tragedy; not red, like Agamemnon or Macbeth, with blood and violence, but of that blank grayness which is far more terrible. Day after day he must drag on his existence without that which would have been its justification and its crown. He had broken away from all his surroundings, in the hope that, amid new scenes and unfamiliar faces, the sense of loss — *pæna damni*, which theologians account the most grievous of the torments of hell — might sting him less acutely; but here, everywhere, it dogged his footsteps, and would not let him rest.

Yet in the presence of this girl he knew and felt that he was but as others are. She too had the strange power of marring as well as making the life of a man. To some simple shepherd, — some Daphnis or Corydon of the hills, — only because she lived and breathed and was a woman, she stood for all that was most bright and alluring and desirable in life.

If she gave herself to him, she would make him (for a time) the happiest of mortals,—*par superis*, equal to the gods; if she refused her love, if she raised him up only to dash him down at the last,—well, the vessel might be small, but the largest could be no more than full; and Carless discerned in the rough hind who knew not how to put a name to his feelings a brother in suffering, to be hailed and honored by that title.

He had been so absorbed in following the train of thought which opened before him that he had scarcely heeded the later movements of the postmaster. So it came upon him with a shock all the greater when the man turned to the window, and, with a certain courteous regret,—he had been a little further in the world than the others,—pronounced the formula of disappointment, “Nothing for you to-day, sir.”

Carless thanked him, and turned away to leave the station and retrace his way among the hills, his mind suddenly fallen into a dullness which contrasted strangely with the temper of quick perception in which he had come to meet one more denial of his hopes.

II.

DISENCHANTMENT.

The days went by, and Carless had almost outgrown the hopes which, intangible and elusive as they were, had yet been with him so constantly during these lonely weeks. Time and again, as they seemed to vanish and dislign, he had laid hold of their fluttering drapery just before they passed beyond his grasp, and detained them a little longer to keep him company in his solitude. But now they came to visit him at rarer moments, and their faces were grown strangely unfamiliar when they came.

Even so, he was not all unhappy in these later days. He was beginning to

organize his life afresh, slowly and haltingly, as one learns to walk with a crutch that can never again be laid aside. Interests that had no meaning for him in the first poignancy of his despair, as in the first flush of his dawning love, came back to him, sober and prosaic, but withal restful and not disquieting.

He had already planned to leave the quiet of the hills for the busy life of the city, and was awaiting an answer to a proposition he had made which was to throw him again into the current of the world's affairs. On the day when he looked for it the post brought it to him; and because his mind ran on this matter he scarcely glanced, for the moment, at another letter which lay beneath it on his table. It was not until he had looked through the clear, businesslike phrases of the first that he picked up the other, and looked at it for an instant with uncomprehending eyes. The dainty feminine grace of the handwriting affected him with a vague sense of incongruity, before he recognized, with a sudden shock, a quick rush of blood to the face, what it might mean to him.

Almost appalled by the suddenness of the thing, he opened the letter with fingers that trembled a little.

DEAR LEONARD [it ran],—I can bear it no longer. Night and day, when I have tried my hardest not to think of you, still you have been with me. At last I see there is nothing for me but to do as you wish. Will you have me now, dear, when I have kept you waiting so long? My heart grieves me when I think of what you have suffered because I could not be brave enough to choose your love at any cost. I shall reach New York on Thursday at four. If you are there to meet me, all will be well with me always; if not, I can but go back to my prison-house, knowing that I have deserved my punishment. Henceforth, if you wish it, I am ever your own

AUDREY.

Carless read the letter through slowly, once, twice, before the full meaning of it could force itself upon his brain, stunned by the unexpected revulsion. Many times he had imagined what his feelings and his demeanor would be when he should get such a message as this, if it ever came. But now that it was actually in his hand, both what he felt and what his outward bearing showed were utterly unlike what he had pictured. He sat for a long while motionless, staring at the paper on which the momentous words were traced, — words which gave him what, through the past year, he had longed for as the most supreme joy, but which at the same time, if he assented to their meaning, would change and shape the whole tenor of his future life. Then he rose, and paced slowly up and down the room, with the letter in his hand; walking soberly, his head down, like a man brought face to face with a serious and perplexing problem. Yet he was not for a moment in doubt as to his course. His sovereign had summoned him to her service; for all the gracious, humble words that veiled her command, he would have held himself a recreant knight had he hesitated for an instant to obey.

Still quietly and gravely (like a soldier who has received his orders to go to the front, and, though welcoming the prospect, knows well that life and death hang upon the issue of the next few days), he sat down again at his table and wrote an answer to the letter he had first read, telling his friend that an unforeseen change in his circumstances made it impossible to carry out the plan proposed. Then he went to find his host, the head of the community with which he had been seeking shelter from the stress of events, and told him that a letter he had received would compel his departure on the following day, which was the Thursday. The good man looked at him keenly, though kindly:

he was sufficiently versed in reading men to have divined something of what had been passing in Carless's mind.

"We shall be sorry to lose you," he said, with a courteous intonation, "but I hope you will go away the better for the rest and the country air."

"I scarcely know yet," Carless answered: "if I do not, it will be from no fault of yours, and I shall always look back, wherever I may be, upon the life here as upon that in which, if anywhere, a man may find peace."

The superior smiled a little sadly, and replied with a quotation which rang strangely in the other's ears: "He who knows best how to suffer shall find the greatest peace. This man wins the victory over himself and the lordship of the world, with the friendship of Christ and the inheritance of heaven."

The next day Carless arrived in New York a little after three, and walked up and down the platform for half an hour, too restless and impatient to do anything but wait for the train that was to bring her to him. All the morning he had been tormented by the fear that her courage would fail her at the last moment; and it was only now and then that his exultation at the final triumph of his love overmastered the unaccountable depression that hovered about him, ready at any moment to settle down upon him and cloud his joy.

At last the train rolled into the station, and he took his stand by the first car, scanning eagerly the faces of the hurrying passengers, grave or gay as anxiety or delight lay before them. The main stream had flowed by, and his heart was already beginning to sink within him, when it suddenly leaped up again at the sight of the slight, graceful figure for which he was watching. There she was, after all, coming along a little timidly, unused to finding herself alone in such surroundings; and her eyes, too, seemed at first not to find what she was looking for. Carless could see the little

start of relief and joy that she gave when she saw him coming towards her with a great gladness shining in his face. The place was too public for any outward demonstrations; but the confiding pressure of her hand, the way she looked up into his face, and the happy sigh she breathed as she said, "At last!" — these tokens told him all he needed to know.

It seemed to him that he scarcely tasted the full pleasure of his attainment until, the stains of travel removed, and the throng of questions and answers that crowded one upon another put away, they sat down to dinner. As he looked at her across their table, bright with its flowers and silver and cut glass, to mark the love-light shining brighter than all in her radiant face, he felt that life was at last offering him a full reward for the hollowness and the disappointment which summed up his thoughts of the years that were gone. He took delight in remembering her little likes and dislikes, and was repaid for his thoughtfulness by the look of gratitude that she gave him as she noted each evidence of his study of her tastes. Once, when they were left alone for a moment, she put out her hand impulsively across the table, and laid it on his with a gesture alike of confidence and of appeal. "Oh, Leonard," she said in a low voice, "it is so strange to me to have a man care to please me. I have been unused to it so long!" A great wave of tenderness swelled up in Carless's breast, and while he could answer her only by a look more eloquent than words, he vowed to her silently a lifelong devotion which should more than atone for all that she had suffered in the past.

When the dinner was over, they decided that their first evening should be spent simply and quietly together, as a greater enjoyment than all the amusements of the commonplace world. Leonard brought a large armchair close to the cheerful open fireplace, — the evenings were still chilly, and spring delayed upon

its way, — making, as he said playfully, a throne for his queen. Carrying out his whim, which she humored because it was his, he placed himself at her feet. Neither spoke much, for words were of little help to the sharing of their thoughts; but as her soft hand played caressingly over his hair, with the touch there seemed to pass into his spirit, so often restless and troubled in the past, that deep peace for which he had long sought in vain.

On the following day, since they had planned to escape from the keen east winds to the gentle air of Florida, Carless was obliged to leave her for a while, that he might see his bankers and one or two other people, the thought of whom jarred upon the idyllic harmony to which his mind was attuned, and brought in a discordant note of which he was scarcely conscious at the first. No sooner were his affairs set in order than he hastened to return to Audrey; but the freshness of the morning tempted him to walk across the Park once more before they should leave New York, instead of going directly to her side.

It could have made but little difference, after all; yet he was sorry before he had reached their house. "To the end, spring winds will sow disquietude," it is written in one of the wisest of books. Was it that vague uncertainty of the future, which seems to be almost a note of spring, and makes it sadder than the autumn, despite the falling leaves? Was it that inexorable law of the unhappy nature of men, by which they are condemned to spend their days in the pursuit of a bubble flashing with all the colors of the rainbow, that breaks and disappears at the very instant when it floats within their grasp? Carless stopped in the path, with a little shiver that was not from the fresh breeze, and stood still for a moment, with the air of a man seeking to recall an association or a memory. He knew that he ought to be supremely happy. He had asked of Fate only one

thing, out of all the objects of desire with which the world is filled; and Fate had heard his prayer. The woman he loved with all the passionate intensity of his strong nature was now irrevocably his. The whole air should have been full of brightness, and each little bird that sang in the trees should have seemed as if inspired by the one great theme of his gladness. Was it so? He dared not face the question; some day it would come back, knocking at his door again, and would not be denied. But now, at least, on the first day of his new life, there was no room for doubts. He walked on again more quickly; soon he came where Audrey was listening for his footstep; she rose to greet him with outstretched arms. He had a sort of feeling that he should find her changed, but it was not so. There was every detail of her lovely face

and form, more perfect, if that were possible, than ever; and better than all, her eyes spoke of a love that grew hourly more deep and enthralling. After the closeness of the first embrace, she held him at arm's length, while she looked into his face with a gaze of supreme devotion and trust. Yet, as she looked long at him, a shade of trouble came into her eyes, and she asked him anxiously, her hands clasped upon his arm, "What is the matter, dearest? Are you not well this morning?"

"Yes, sweetheart," he answered, striving to throw an entire sincerity into his voice, "I am perfectly well; only perhaps a thought tired with my morning's work." Was it well with him? Would it be so always? Let those who have staked their all at the game of love speak and tell the answer.

Francis Edmund Lester.

IN THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

"Do you know anything about josses?"

"Josses?"

"Yes; idols, Japanese idols, — josses."

"Something," I answered, "but not very much."

"Well, come and look at my collection, won't you? I've been collecting josses for twenty years, and I've got some worth seeing. They're not for sale, though, except to the British Museum."

I followed the curio dealer through the bric-à-brac of his shop, and across a paved yard into an unusually large go-down.¹ Like all go-downs it was dark: I could barely discern a stairway sloping up through gloom. He paused at the foot.

"You'll be able to see better in a moment," he said. "I had this place built expressly for them; but now it is scarcely

big enough. They're all in the second story. Go right up; only be careful, — the steps are bad."

I climbed, and reached a sort of gloaming, under a very high roof, and found myself face to face with the gods.

In the dusk of the great go-down the spectacle was more than weird: it was apparitional. Arhats and Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, and the shapes of a mythology older than they, filled all the shadowy space; not ranked by hierarchies, as in a temple, but mingled without order, as in a silent panic. Out of the wilderness of multiple heads and broken aureoles and hands uplifted in menace or in prayer, a shimmering confusion of dusty gold half lighted by cobwebbed air-holes in the heavy walls, I could at first discern little; then, as the dimness cleared, I began to distinguish personalities. I saw Kwannon, of many forms; Jizō, of many

¹ A name given to fireproof storehouses in the open ports of the Far East. The word is derived from the Malay *gâdong*.

names; Shaka, Yakushi, Amida, the Buddhas and their disciples. They were very old; and their art was not all of Japan, nor of any one place or time: there were shapes from Korea, China, India, — treasures brought over sea in the rich days of the early Buddhist missions. Some were seated upon lotos flowers, the lotos flowers of the Apparitional Birth. Some rode leopards, tigers, lions, or monsters mystical, typifying lightning, typifying death. One, triple-headed and many-handed, sinister and splendid, seemed moving through the gloom on a throne of gold, uplifted by a phalanx of elephants. Fudō I saw, shrouded and shrined in fire, and Maya-Fujin, riding her celestial peacock; and strangely mingling with these Buddhist visions, as in the anachronism of a Limbo, armored effigies of daimyō and images of the Chinese sages. There were huge forms of wrath, grasping thunderbolts, and rising to the roof: the Deva-kings, like impersonations of hurricane power; the Ni-O, guardians of long-vanished temple gates. Also there were forms voluptuously feminine: the light grace of the limbs folded within their lotos cups, the suppleness of the fingers numbering the numbers of the Good Law, were ideals possibly inspired in some forgotten time by the charm of an Indian dancing-girl. Shelved against the naked brickwork above, I could perceive multitudes of lesser shapes: demon figures with eyes that burned through the dark like the eyes of a black cat, and figures half man, half bird, winged and beaked like eagles, — the *Tengu* of Japanese fancy.

"Well?" queried the curio dealer, with a chuckle of satisfaction at my evident surprise.

"It is a very great collection," I responded.

He clapped his hand on my shoulder, and exclaimed triumphantly in my ear, "Cost me fifty thousand dollars."

But the images themselves told me how much more was their cost to forgotten

piety, notwithstanding the cheapness of artistic labor in the East. Also they told me of the dead millions whose pilgrim feet had worn hollow the steps leading to their shrines, of the buried mothers who used to suspend little baby-dresses before their altars, of the generations of children taught to murmur prayers to them, of the countless sorrows and hopes confided to them. Ghosts of the worship of centuries had followed them into exile; a thin, sweet odor of incense haunted all the dusty place.

"What would you call that?" asked the voice of the curio dealer. "I've been told it's the best of the lot."

He pointed to a figure resting upon a triple golden lotos, — Avalokitesvara: she "who looketh down above the sound of prayer." . . . *Storms and hate give way to her name. Fire is quenched by her name. Demons vanish at the sound of her name. By her name one may stand firm in the sky, like a sun.* . . . The delicacy of the limbs, the tenderness of the smile, were dreams of the Indian paradise.

"It is a Kwannon," I made reply, "and very beautiful."

"Somebody will have to pay me a very beautiful price for it," he said, with a shrewd wink. "It cost me enough! As a rule, though, I get these things pretty cheap. There are few people who care to buy them, and they have to be sold privately, you know: that gives me an advantage. See that joss in the corner, — the big black fellow? What is it?"

"Emmei-Jizō," I answered, — "Jizō, the giver of long life. It must be very old."

"Well," he said, again taking me by the shoulder, "the man from whom I got that piece was put in prison for selling it to me."

Then he burst into a hearty laugh, — whether at the recollection of his own cleverness in the transaction, or at the unfortunate simplicity of the person who

had sold the statue contrary to law, I could not decide.

"Afterwards," he resumed, "they wanted to get it back again, and offered me more than I had given for it. But I held on. I don't know everything about josses, but I do know what they are worth. There is n't another idol like that in the whole country. The British Museum will be glad to get it."

"When do you intend to offer the collection to the British Museum?" I presumed to ask.

"Well, I first want to get up a show," he replied. "There's money to be made by a show of josses in London. London people never saw anything like this in their lives. Then the church folks help that sort of a show, if you manage them properly; it advertises the missions. 'Heathen idols from Japan!' . . . How do you like the baby?"

I was looking at a small gold-colored image of a naked child, standing, one tiny hand pointing upward, and the other downward, — representing the Buddha newly born. *Sparkling with light he came from the womb, as when the Sun first rises in the east. . . . Upright he took deliberately seven steps; and the prints of his feet upon the ground remained burning as seven stars. And he spake with clearest utterance, saying. "This birth is a Buddha birth. Re-birth is not for me. Only this last time am I born for the salvation of all on earth and in heaven."*

"That is what they call a Tanjō-Shaka," I said. "It looks like bronze."

"Bronze it is," he responded, tapping it with his knuckles to make the metal ring. "The bronze alone is worth more than the price I paid."

I looked at the four Devas whose heads almost touched the roof, and thought of the story of their apparition told in the Mahavagga. *On a beautiful night the Four Great Kings entered the holy grove, filling all the place with light; and having respectfully saluted*

the Blessed One, they stood in the four directions, like four great firebrands.

"How did you ever manage to get those big figures upstairs?" I asked.

"Oh, hauled them up! We've got a hatchway. The real trouble was getting them here by train. It was the first railroad trip they ever made. . . . But look at these here: *they* will make the sensation of the show!"

I looked, and saw two small wooden images, about three feet high.

"Why do you think they will make a sensation?" I inquired innocently.

"Don't you see what they are? They date from the time of the persecutions. *Japanese devils trampling on the Cross!*"

They were small temple guardians only; but their feet rested upon X-shaped supports.

"Did any person tell you these were devils trampling on the cross?" I made bold to ask.

"What else are they doing?" he answered evasively. "Look at the crosses under their feet."

"But they are not devils," I insisted; "and those cross-pieces were put under their feet simply to give equilibrium."

He said nothing, but looked disappointed, and I felt a little sorry for him. *Devils trampling on the Cross*, as a display line in some London poster announcing the arrival of "josses from Japan," might certainly have been relied on to catch the public eye.

"This is more wonderful," I said, pointing to a beautiful group, — Maya with the infant Buddha issuing from her side, according to tradition. *Painlessly the Bodhisattva was born from her right side. It was the eighth day of the fourth moon.*

"That's bronze, too," he remarked, tapping it. "Bronze josses are getting rare. We used to buy them up and sell them for old metal. Wish I'd kept some of them. You ought to have seen the bronzes, in those days, coming in

from the temples, — bells and vases and josses! That was the time we tried to buy the Daibutsu at Kamakura.”

“For old bronze?” I queried.

“Yes. We calculated the weight of the metal, and formed a syndicate. Our first offer was thirty thousand. We could have made a big profit, for there’s a good deal of gold and silver in that work. The priests wanted to sell, but the people would n’t let them.”

“It’s one of the world’s wonders,” I said. “Would you really have broken it up?”

“Certainly. Why not? What else could you do with it? . . . That one there looks just like a Virgin Mary, does n’t it?”

He pointed to the gilded image of a female clasping a child to her breast.

“Yes,” I replied; “but it is Kishi-bōjin, the goddess who loves little children.”

“People talk about idolatry,” he went on musingly. “I’ve seen things like many of these in Roman Catholic chapels. Seems to me religion is pretty much the same the world over.”

“I think you are right,” I said.

“Why, the story of Buddha is like the story of Christ, is n’t it?”

“To some degree,” I assented.

“Only, he was n’t crucified.”

I did not answer; thinking of the text, *In all the world there is not one spot even so large as a mustard-seed where he has not surrendered his body for the sake of creatures.* Then it suddenly seemed to me that this was absolutely true. For the Buddha of the deeper Buddhism is not Gautama, nor yet any one Tathagata, but simply the divine in man. Chrysalides of the infinite we all are: each contains a ghostly Buddha, and the millions are but one. All humanity is potentially the Buddha-to-come, dreaming through the ages in Illusion; and the teacher’s smile will

make beautiful the world again when selfishness shall die. Every noble sacrifice brings nearer the hour of his awakening; and who may justly doubt — remembering the myriads of the centuries of man — that even now there does not remain one place on earth where life has not been freely given for love or duty?

I felt the curio dealer’s hand on my shoulder again.

“At all events,” he cried in a cheery tone, “they’ll be appreciated in the British Museum — eh?”

“I hope so. They ought to be.”

Then I fancied them immured somewhere in that necropolis of dead gods, under the gloom of a pea-soup fog, chambered with forgotten divinities of Egypt or Babylon, and trembling faintly at the roar of London, — all to what end? Perhaps to aid another Alma Tadema to paint the beauty of another vanished civilization; perhaps to assist the illustration of an English Dictionary of Buddhism; perhaps to inspire some future laureate with a metaphor startling as Tennyson’s figure of the “oiled and curled Assyrian bull.” Assuredly they would not be preserved in vain. The thinkers of a less conventional and selfish era would teach new reverence for them. Each eidolon shaped by human faith remains the shell of a truth eternally divine; and even the shell itself may hold a ghostly power. The soft serenity, the passionless tenderness, of these Buddha faces might yet give peace of soul to a West weary of creeds transformed into conventions, eager for the coming of another teacher to proclaim, “*I have the same feeling for the high as for the low, for the moral as for the immoral, for the depraved as for the virtuous, for those holding sectarian views and false opinions as for those whose beliefs are good and true.*”

Lafcadio Hearn.

A JAPANESE SWORD-SONG.

"Loyalty to my lord, and vengeance upon my lord's slayer." — *Old Japanese Motto.*

(HUSH, listen — my Soul, my Sword!)

Is he near, the Fox that skulks
 And kills in the dark, unseen?
 Shall we, too, hide and strike
 In the dark a foe unclean?
 Brave deeds are done in the day.
 Sun God, give me steel for sight,
 War God, give me arm of steel
 To avenge the deed of night.
 (His life for life of my lord.)

(Hush, listen — my Soul, my Sword!)

Not molten with toil of days
 Was the steel of your fashioning,
 But with labor of strenuous years,
 And the steel was a living thing.
 Through your eager, thirsting veins
 The red drops hissing ran,
 Pure blood of a fiery Soul,
 Proud spirit of a Man.
 (His life for life of my lord.)

(Hush, listen — my Soul, my Sword!)

You writhe in my grasp, my Own —
 He is near, the Fox we snare!
 You lift your quivering length,
 One moment — one chance — if he dare!
 The blood that is in you gleams
 Wicked red, with flashes of light —
 Now, Sword, my Soul, cleave clean!
 Revenge is new life, new sight!
 (His life for life of my lord.)

(Hush, listen — my Soul, my Sword!)

Am I, too, wounded to death?
 What matter? My foot can spurn
 His body, the Fox that skulked,
 That killed in the dark. I earn
 Remembrance for loyal love,
 For vengeance unto the death —
 And this is a glorious way
 For a man to yield his breath.
 (His life for life of my lord.)

Mary Stockton Hunter.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

X.

WHAT was my surprise and dismay to know that I was to be taken back again to my dungeon, and not lodged in the common jail, as I had hoped and Alixe had hinted! When I saw whither my footsteps were directed I said nothing, nor did Gabord speak at all. We marched back through a railing crowd as we had come, all silent and gloomy. I felt a chill at my heart when the citadel loomed up again out of the November shadow, and I half paused as I entered the gates. "Forward!" said Gabord mechanically, and I moved on into the yard, into the prison, through the dull corridors, the soldiers' heels clanking and resounding, down into the bowels of the earth, where the air was moist and warm, and then my dungeon home! I stepped inside, and Gabord ordered the ropes off my person somewhat roughly, watched the soldiers till they were well away, and then leaned against the wall, as if waiting for me to speak. I had no impulse to smile, but I knew how I could most touch him, and so I said lightly, "You've got dickey-bird home again."

He answered nothing and turned towards the door, leaving the torch stuck in the wall. But he stopped short, and suddenly thrust out to me a tiny piece of paper.

"A hand touched mine as I went through the Château," said he, "and when out I came, look you, this here! I can't see to read. What does it say?" he added, with a shrewd attempt at innocence.

I opened the little paper, held it towards the torch, and read:—

"Because of the storm there is no

sleeping. Is there not the watcher aloft? Shall the sparrow fall unheeded? The wicked shall be confounded."

It was Alixe's writing. She had hazarded this in the hands of my jailer as her only hope, and, knowing that he might not serve her, had put her message in vague sentences which I readily interpreted. I read the words aloud to him, and he laughed, and remarked, "'T is a foolish thing that. The Scarlet Woman, most like."

"Most like," I answered quietly; "yet what should she be doing there at the Château?"

"The mad go everywhere," he answered, "even to the Intendence."

With that he left me, going, as he said, to fetch crumbs and wine. Exhausted with the day's business, I threw myself upon my couch, drew my cloak over me, composed myself, and in a few minutes was sound asleep. I waked to find Gabord in the dungeon, setting out food upon a board supported by two stools.

"'T is the way to feed your dickey-bird ere you fetch him to the pot."

"I've had a wink or two," I returned lightly, and got to my feet refreshed.

"It takes you long to have a wink or two," he said, with a laugh, and drew the cork from a bottle of wine. "Twelve hours — no more or less."

It was true. I had fallen into so sound a sleep that when he came to me the night before I did not wake, and so he left me to myself.

He motioned to the breakfast, and then, taking a third stool he had brought, he sat down, dangling his keys.

He watched me as I ate and talked, but he spoke little. When I had finished, he fetched a packet of tobacco from his

pocket. I offered him money, but he refused it, and I did not press him, for he said it was not of his buying. Presently he left, and came back with pens, ink, paper, and candles, which he laid out on my couch without words.

After a little he came again, and laid a book on the improvised table before me. It was an English Bible. Opening it, I found inscribed on the fly-leaf, *Charles Wainfleet, Chaplain to the British Army*. To my inquiry, Gabord replied that this chaplain had been in the citadel for some weeks; that he had often inquired about me; that he had been brought from the Ohio; and that he had known of me, having tended my lieutenant, Bedford, in his last hours. Gabord thought I should now begin to make my peace with Heaven, and so had asked for the chaplain's Bible, which was freely given. I bade him thank the chaplain for me, and opening the book, I found a leaf turned down at the words, —

"In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

When I was left alone, I sat down to write diligently that history of myself which I had composed and fixed in my memory during the year of my housing in this dungeon. The words came from my pen freely, and hour after hour through many days, while no single word reached me from the outside world, I wrote on; carefully revising, but changing little from that which I had taken so long to record in my mind. I would not even yet think that they would hang me; and if they did, what good could brooding do? When the last word of the memoirs (I may call them so), addressed to Alixe, had been written, I turned my thoughts to other friends. So I wrote a short letter of farewell to Governor Dinwiddie, and one to my late father's partner at Glasgow. My property I left to Alixe, save a sum of money to be divided among my provincial soldiers; making Governor Dinwiddie and my Virginian partner my ex-

ecutors. Then at the last I wrote to my dear friend George Washington.

The day preceding that fixed for my execution came, yet there was no sign from friend or enemy without. At ten o'clock of that day Chaplain Wainfleet was admitted to me in the presence of Gabord and a soldier, and we talked together; I learning first of my poor lieutenant's death beside General Braddock, Munro, my ensign, taking my historic sword to keep for me and use for himself. We had not long together, but I got great comfort and pleasure from seeing him; and after I had given him messages to bear for me to old friends, if we never met again and he were set free, he left me, benignly commending me to Heaven. There was the question of my other letters. I had but one desire, — Voban again, unless at my request the Seigneur Duvarney would come, and they would let him come. If it were certain that I was to go to the scaffold, then I should not hesitate to tell him my relations with his daughter, that he might comfort her when, being gone from the world myself, my love could do her no ill. I could not think that he would hold against me the duel with his son, and I felt sure he would come to me if he could.

But why should I not try for both Voban and the Seigneur, and use both if I could? So I spoke to Gabord.

"Voban! Voban!" he said. "Does dickey-bird play at peacock still? Well, thou shalt see Voban. Snip, snip, thou shalt go trimmed to heaven — ah!"

Rough, wild-tempered peasant that he was, he had a true heart, and often I call to mind the last time that I saw him, when his star went down and mine flamed out again.

Presently I asked him if he would bear a message to the Governor, asking permission for the Seigneur Duvarney to visit me, if he were so inclined. At his request I wrote my petition out, and he carried it away with him, saying that I should have Voban that evening.

When he was gone, I sat down and wrote my last letter to Alixe. That was near the bitterest task of my life, though not the bitterest, as shall be seen later.

I waited hour after hour, but no one came. As near as I could judge it was now evening. It seemed strange to think that, twenty feet above me, the world was all white with snow; the sound of sleigh-bells and church-bells, and the cries of snowshoers and skaters, ringing on the clear, sharp air. I pictured the streets of Quebec alive with people: the young seigneur set off with furs and silken sash and sword or pistols; the long-haired, black-eyed woodsman in his embroidered moccasins and leggings with flying thrums; the peasant farmer slapping his hands cheerfully in the lighted market-place; the petty noble, with his demoiselle, hovering in the precincts of the Château St. Louis and the Intendance. Up there were light, freedom, and the inspiring frost; down here in my dungeon, the blades of corn, which, dying, yet never died, told the story of a moist, choking air, wherein the body and soul of a man droop and take long to die. This was the night before Christmas Eve, when all the Christian world were making ready for feasting and thanksgiving.

The memories of past years crowded on me. I thought of feastings and spendthrift rejoicings in Glasgow and Virginia. All at once the carnal man in me rose up and damned these lying foes of mine. Resignation went whistling down the wind. Hang me! Hang me! No, by the God that gave me breath! I sat back and laughed, — laughed at my own insipid virtue, by which, to keep faith with the fanatical follower of Prince Charlie, I had refused my liberty; cut myself off from the useful services of my King; wasted good years of my life, trusting to pressure and help to come from England, which never came; twisted the rope for my own neck to keep honor with a dishonorable man, who himself had set the

noose swinging; and, inexpressible misery! involved in my shame and peril a young blithe spirit, breathing a miasma upon the health of a tender life. Every rebellious atom in my blood sprang to indignant action. I swore that if they fetched me to the gallows to celebrate their Noël, other lives than mine should go to keep me company on the dark trail. To die like a rat in a trap, oiled for the burning, and lighted by the torch of hatred! No, I would die fighting, if I must die.

I drew from its hiding-place the knife I had secreted the day I was brought into that dungeon, — a little weapon, but it would serve for the first blow. At whom? Gabord? It all flashed through my mind how I might do it when he came in again: bury this blade in his neck or heart, — it was long enough for the work; then, when he was dead, change my clothes for his, take his weapons, and run my chances to get free of the citadel. Free? Where should I go in the dead of winter? Who would hide me, shelter me? I could not make my way to an English settlement. Ill clad, exposed to the merciless climate, and the end death. But that was freedom — freedom! I could feel my body dilating with the thought, as I paced my dungeon like an ill-tempered beast. But kill Gabord, who had put himself in danger to serve me, who himself had kept the chains from off my ankles and body, whose own life depended upon my security! “Come, come, Robert Stobo,” said I, “what relish have you for that? That’s an ill game for a gentleman. Alixe Duvarney would rather see you dead than get your freedom over the body of this man.”

That was an hour of storm. I am glad that I conquered the baser part of me; for almost before I had grown calm again, the bolts of the dungeon doors shot back, and presently there stepped inside Gabord, followed by a muffled figure.

“Voban the barber,” said Gabord in a strange voice, and stepping again out-

side, he closed the door, but did not shoot the bolts.

I stood as one in a dream. Voban the barber? In spite of cap and great fur coat, I saw the outline of a figure that no barber ever had in this world. I saw two eyes shining like lights set in a rosy sky. A moment of doubt, of impossible speculation, of delicious suspense, and then I sprang forward, with hands outstretched. The coat of Voban the barber opened, dropped away from the lithe, graceful figure of a young officer of marines, the cap flew off, and in an instant the dear head, the blushing, shining face of Alixe was on my breast.

In that moment, stolen from the calendar of hate, I ran into the haven where true hearts cast anchor and bless God that they have seen upon the heights, to guide them, the lights of home. The moment flashed by and was gone, but the light it made went not with it.

When I drew her blushing face up, and stood her off from me that I might look at her again, the color flew back and forth on her cheek, as you may see the fire flutter in an uncut ruby when you turn it in the sun. Modestly drawing the cloak she wore more closely about her, she hastened to tell me how it was she came in such a guise; but I made her pause for a moment while I gave her a seat and sat down beside her. Then by the light of the flickering torch and flaring candles I watched her feelings play upon her face as the warm light of autumn shifts upon the glories of ripe fruits. Her happiness was tempered by the sadness of our position, and my heart smote me that I had made her suffer so, had brought care to a young life which ought to have known only pleasure. I could see that in the year she had grown older, yet her beauty seemed enhanced by that and by the trouble she had endured, so does sorrow chasten charm, touching it off with the divine. I shall let her tell her story here unbroken by my questions, and those one or two interruptions which Gabord made, bid-

ding her to make haste. She spoke without faltering, save here and there; but even then I could see her brave spirit quelling the riot of her emotions, shutting down the sluice-gate of tears, keeping her within the mastery of our great need.

"I knew," she said, her hand clasped in mine, "that Gabord was the only person like to be admitted to you, and so for days, living in fear lest the worst should happen, I have prepared for this chance. I have grown so in height that I knew an old uniform of my brother's would fit me, and I had it ready — small sword and all," she added, with a sad sort of humor, touching the belt at her side. "You must know that we have for the winter a house here upon the ramparts near the Château. It was my mother's doings, that my sister Georgette and I might have no great journeyings in the cold to the festivities hereabouts. So I, being a favorite with the Governor, ran in and out of the Château at my will; of which my mother was proud, and she allowed me much liberty, for to be a favorite of the Governor's is an honor. I knew how things were going, and what the chances were of the sentence being carried out on you. Sometimes I thought my heart would burst with the anxiety of it all, but I would not let that show to the world. If you could but have seen me smile at the Governor and Monsieur Doltaire — nay, do not press my hand so, Robert; you know well you have no need to fear monsieur — while I learned secrets of state, among them news of you. Three nights ago Monsieur Doltaire was talking with me at a ball — ah, those balls, while you were lying in a dungeon, and I shutting up my love and your danger close in my heart even from those who loved me best! Well, suddenly he said, 'I think I will not have our English captain shifted to a better world.'

"My heart stood still; I felt an ache across my breast so that I could hardly breathe. 'Why will you not?' said I.

‘Was not the sentence just?’ He paused a minute, and then replied, ‘All sentences are just when an enemy is dangerous.’ Then said I as in surprise, ‘Why, was he no spy, after all?’ He sat back, and laughed a little. ‘A spy according to the letter of the law, but you have heard of secret history — eh?’ I tried to seem puzzled, for I had a thought there was something private between you and him which has to do with your fate. So I said, as if bewildered, ‘You mean there is evidence which was not shown at the trial?’ He answered slowly, ‘Evidence that would bear upon the morals, not the law of the case.’ Then said I, ‘Has it to do with you, monsieur?’ ‘It has to do with France,’ he replied. ‘And so you will not have his death?’ I asked. ‘Bigot wishes it,’ he replied, ‘for no other reason than that Madame Cournal has spoken nice words for the good-looking captain, and because that unsuccessful duel gave Vaudreuil an advantage over himself. Vaudreuil wishes it because he thinks it will sound well in France, and also because he really believes the man a spy. The Council do not care much — they follow the Governor and Bigot, and both being agreed, their verdict is unanimous.’ He paused, then added, ‘And the Seigneur Duvarney — and his daughter — wish it because of a notable injury to one of their name.’ At that I cautiously replied, ‘No, my father does not wish it, for my brother gave the offense, and Captain Stobo saved his life, as you know. I do not wish it, Monsieur Doltaire, because hanging is a shameful death, and he is a gentleman, not a ruffian. Let him be shot like a gentleman. How will it sound at the Court of France that, on insufficient evidence, as you admit, an English gentleman was hanged for a spy? Would not the King say (for he is a gentleman), Why was not this shown me before the man’s death? Is it not a matter upon which a country would feel as gentlemen feel?’

“I knew it the right thing to say at the

moment, and it seemed the only way to aid you, though I intended, if the worst came to the worst, to go myself to the Governor at the last, and plead for your life, at least for a reprieve. But it had suddenly flashed upon me that a reference to France was the thing, since the Articles of War which you are accused of dishonoring were signed by officers from France and England.

“Presently he turned to me with a look of curiosity, and another sort of look also that made me tremble, and said, ‘Now, there you have put your finger on the point — my point, the choice weapon I had reserved to prick the little bubble of Bigot’s hate and the Governor’s conceit, if I so chose, even at the last. And here is a girl, a young girl just freed from pinafores, who teaches them the law of nations! If it pleased me I should not speak, for Vaudreuil’s and Bigot’s affairs are none of mine; but, in truth, why should you kill your enemy? It is the sport to keep him living; you can get no change for your money from a dead man. He has had one cheerful year; why not another, and another, and another? And so watch him fretting to the slow-coming end, while now and again you give him a taste of hope, to drop him back again into the pit which has no sides for climbing.’ He paused a minute, and then added, ‘A year ago I thought he had touched you, this Britisher, with his raw humor and manners; but, my faith, how swiftly does a woman’s fancy veer!’ At that I said calmly to him, ‘You must remember that then he was not thought so base.’ ‘Yes, yes,’ he replied; ‘and a woman loves to pity the captive, whatever his fault, if he be presentable and of some notice or talent. And Stobo has gifts,’ he went on. I appeared all at once to be offended. ‘Veering, indeed! a woman’s fancy! I think you might judge women better. You come from high places, Monsieur Doltaire, and they say this and that of your great talents and of your power at Versailles, but what proof

have we had of it? You set a girl down with a fine patronage, and you hint at weapons to cut off my cousin the Governor and the Intendant from their purposes; but how do we know you can use them, that you have power with either the unnoticeable woman or the great men?' I knew very well it was a bold move. He suddenly turned to me, in his cruel eyes a glittering kind of light, and said, 'I suggest no more than I can do with those "great men;" and as for the woman, the slave cannot be patron — I am the slave. I thought not of power before; but now that I do, I will live up to my thinking. I seem idle, I am not; purposeless, I am not; a gamester, I am none. I am a sportsman, and I will not leave the field till all the hunt be over. I seem a trifler, yet I have persistency. I am no romanticist, I have no great admiration for myself, and yet when I set out to hunt a woman, be sure I shall never back to kennel till she is mine or I am done for utterly. Not by worth nor by deserving, but by unending patience and diligence — that shall be my motto. I shall devote to the chase every art that I have learned or known by nature. So there you have me, mademoiselle. Since you have brought me to the point, I will unfurl my flag. . . . I am — your — hunter,' he went on, speaking with slow, painful emphasis, 'and I shall make you mine. You fight against me, but it is no use.' I got to my feet, and said with coolness, though I was sick at heart and trembling, 'You are frank. You have made two resolves. I shall give weight to one as you fulfill the other;' and, smiling at him, I moved away towards my mother.

"Masterful as he is, I felt that this would touch his vanity. There lay my great chance with him. If he had guessed the truth of what's between us, be sure, Robert, your life were not worth one hour beyond to-morrow's sunrise. You must know how I loathe deceitfulness, but when one weak girl is matched against power-

ful and evil men, what can she do? My conscience does not chide me, for I know my cause is just. Robert, look me in the eyes. . . . There, like that. . . . Now tell me. You are innocent of the dishonorable thing, are you not? I believe with all my soul, but that I may say from your own lips that you are no spy, tell me so."

When I had said as she had wished, assuring her she should know all, carrying proofs away with her, and that hidden evidence of which Doltaire had spoken, she went on: —

" 'You put me to the test,' said monsieur. 'Doing one, it will be proof that I shall do the other.' He fixed his eyes upon me with such a look that my whole nature shrank from him, as if next instant his hateful hands were to be placed on me. Oh, Robert, I know how perilous was the part I played, but I dared it for your sake. For a whole year I have dissembled to every one save to that poor mad soul Mathilde, who reads my heart in her wild way, to Voban, and to the rough soldier outside your dungeon. But they will not betray me. God has given us these rough but honest friends.

"Well, monsieur left me that night, and I have not seen him since, nor can I tell where he is, for no one knows, and I dare not ask too much. I did believe he would achieve his boast as to saving your life, and so, all yesterday and to-day, I have waited with most anxious heart; but not one word! Yet there was that in all he said which made me sure he meant to save you, and I believe he will. Yet think: if anything happened to him! You know what wild doings go on at Bigot's château out at Charlesbourg; or, again, in the storm of yesterday he may have been lost. You see, there are the hundred chances; so I determined not to trust wholly to him. There was one other way — to seek the Governor myself, open my heart to him, and beg for a reprieve. To-night at nine o'clock — it is now six, Robert — we go to the

Château St. Louis, my mother and my father and I, to sup with the Governor. Oh, think what I must endure, to face them with this awful shadow on me! But, thank God, I have been strong. And so, if no word come of the reprieve before that hour, I shall make my own appeal to the Governor. It may ruin me, but it may save you; and that done, what should I care for the rest? Your life is more to me than all the world beside." Here she put both hands upon my shoulders and looked me in the eyes.

I did not answer yet, but took her hands in mine, and she continued: "An hour past, I told my mother I should go to see my dear friend, Lucie Lotbinière. Then I stole up to my room, put on my brother's uniform, and came down to meet Voban near the citadel, as we had arranged. I knew he was to have an order from the Governor to visit you. He was waiting, and to my great joy he put the order in my hands. I took his coat and wig and cap, a poor disguise, and came straight to the citadel, handing the order to the soldiers at the gate. They gave it back without a word, and passed me on. I thought this strange, and looked at the paper by the light of the torches. What surprise was mine to see that Voban's name had been left out! It but gave permission to the bearer. That would serve with the common soldier, but I knew well it would not with Gabord or with the commandant of the citadel. All at once I saw the great risk I was running, the danger to us both. Still I would not turn back. But how good fortune serves us when we least look for it! At the commandant's very door was Gabord. I did not think to deceive him. It was my purpose from the first to throw myself upon his mercy. So there, that moment, I thrust the order into his hand. He read it, looked a moment, half fiercely and half kindly, at me, then turned and took the order to the commandant. Presently he came out, and said to me, 'Come, m'sieu',

and see you clip the gentleman dainty fine for his sunrise travel. He'll get no care 'twixt posting-house and end of journey, m'sieu'." This he said before two soldiers, speaking with harshness and a brutal humor. But inside the citadel he changed at once, and, taking from my head this cap and wig, he said quite gently, yet I could see he was angry, too, 'This is a mad doing, young lady.' He said no more, and led me straight to you. If I had told him I was coming, I know he would have stayed me. But at the dangerous moment he had not heart to drive me back. . . . And that is all my story, Robert."

As I have said, this tale was broken often by little questionings and exclamations, and was not told in one long narrative as I have written it here. When she had done I sat silent for a moment, overcome by all she had said. There was one thing now troubling me sorely, even in the painful joy of having her here close by me. She had risked all to save my life—reputation, friends, even myself, the one solace in her possible misery. Was it not my duty to agree to Doltaire's terms, for her sake, if there was yet a chance to do so? I had made a solemn promise to Sir John Godric that those letters, if they ever left my hands, should go to the lady who had written them; and to save my own life I would not have broken faith with my benefactor. But had I the right to add to the misery of this blithe, brave spirit? Suppose it was but for a year or two: had I the right to give her sorrow for that time, if I could prevent it, even at the cost of honor with the dead? Was it not my duty to act, and at once? Time was short.

While in a swift moment I was debating, Gabord opened the door, and said, "Come, end it, end it. Gabord has a head to save!" I begged him for one minute more, and then giving Alixe the packet which held my story, I told her hastily the matter between Doltaire and

myself, and said that now, rather than give her sorrow, I was prepared to break my word with Sir John Godric. She heard me through with flashing eyes, and I could see her bosom heave. When I had done, she looked me straight in the eyes.

"Is all that here?" she said, holding up the packet.

"All," I answered.

"And you would not break your word to save your own life?"

I shook my head in negation.

"Now I know that you are truly honorable," she answered, "and you shall not break your promise for me. No, no, you shall not; you shall not stir. Tell me that you will not send word to Monsieur Doltaire — tell me!"

When, after some struggle, I had consented, she said, "But I may act. I am not bound to secrecy. I have given no word or bond. I will go to the Governor with these things and the tale of my love, and I do not fear the end. They will put me in a convent, and I shall see you no more, but I shall have saved you."

In vain I begged her not to use this information; her purpose was strong, and I could only get her promise that she would not act till midnight. This was hardly achieved when Gabord entered quickly, saying, "The Seigneur Duvarney! On with your coat, wig, and cap! Quick, mademoiselle!"

With great swiftness the disguise was put on, and I clasped her to my breast with a joyful agony, while Gabord hastily put out the candles and torch, and drew Alixe behind the dungeon door. Then standing himself in the doorway, he loudly commended me to sleep sound and be ready for travel in the morning. Taking the hint, I threw myself upon my couch, and composed myself. An instant afterwards the Seigneur appeared with a soldier, and Gabord met him cheerfully, his hand upon the dungeon door, as if about to close it. He stopped, however, looked at the order from the Governor,

and then motioned the Seigneur in and the soldier away. As Duvarney stepped inside, Gabord came in behind, holding up a torch. I rose to meet my visitor, and as I took his hand I saw Gabord catch Alixe by the sleeve and hurry her out with a whispered word, swinging the door behind her as she passed. Then he stuck the torch in the wall, went out, shut and bolted the dungeon door, and left us two alone.

I was glad that Alixe's safety had been assured, and my greeting of her father was cordial. But he was more reserved than I had ever known him, and I was sure that my duel with his son, which had sent the youth to France, and left him with a wound which would trouble him for many a day, weighed heavily against me in his sight. Again, I think that in a way he guessed my interest in Alixe, and resented it with all his might. What father would care to have his daughter lose her heart to one accused of a wretched crime, condemned to death, an enemy of his country, and a Protestant? I was sure that should he guess at the exact relations between us, Alixe would be sent behind the tall doors of a convent, where I should knock in vain.

"You must not think, Stobo," he said, "that I have been indifferent to your fate, but you cannot guess how strong the feeling is against you, how obdurate is the Governor, who, if he should appear lax in dealing with you, would give a weapon into Bigot's hands which sometime might ruin him in France. I have but this moment come from the Governor, and there seems no way to move him."

I saw that he was troubled greatly, and I felt his helplessness. He went on: "There is but one man who could bend the Governor, but he, alas, is no friend of yours. And what way there is to move him I know not; he has no wish, I fancy, but that you shall go to your fate."

"You mean Monsieur Doltaire?" I said quietly.

"Doltairé," he answered. "I have

tried to find him, for he is the secret agent of La Pompadour, and if I had one plausible reason to weigh with him — But I have none, unless you can give it. There are vague hints of things between you and him, and I have come to ask if you can put any fact, any argument, in my hands that would aid me with him. I would go far to serve you.”

“Think not, I pray you,” I returned, “that there is any debt unsatisfied between us.”

He waved his hand in a melancholy way. “Indeed, I wish to serve you for the sake of past friendship between us, not only for that debt’s sake.”

“In spite of my quarrel with your son?” asked I.

“In spite of that, indeed,” he said slowly, “though a great wedge was driven between us there.”

“I am truly sorry for it,” said I, with some pride. “The blame was in no sense mine. I was struck across the face; I humbled myself, remembering you, but he would have me out yes or no.”

“Upon a wager!” he urged, somewhat coldly.

“With the Intendant, monsieur,” I replied, “not with your son.”

“I cannot understand the matter,” was his gloomy answer.

“I beg you not to try,” I rejoined; “it is too late for explanations, and I have nothing to tell you of myself and Monsieur Doltaire. Only, whatever comes, remember I have begged nothing of you, have desired nothing but justice — that only. I shall make no further move; the axe shall fall if it must. I have nothing now to do but set my house in order, and live the hours between this and sunrise with what quiet I may. I am ready for either freedom or death. Life is not so incomparable a thing that I cannot give it up without pother.”

He looked at me a moment steadily. “You and I are standing far off from each other,” he remarked. “I will say one last thing to you, though you seem to

wish me gone and your own grave closing in. I was asked by the Governor to tell you that if you would put him in the way of knowing the affairs of your provinces from the letters you have received, together with estimate of forces and plans of your forts, as you have known them, he will spare you. I only tell you this because you close all other ways to me.”

“I carry,” said I, with a sharp burst of anger, “the scars of wounds an insolent youth gave me. I wish now that I had killed the son of the man who dares bring me such a message.”

For a moment I had forgotten Alixe, everything, in the wildness of my anger. I choked with rage; I could have struck him.

“I mean nothing against you,” he urged, with great ruefulness. “I suggest nothing. I bring the Governor’s message, that is all. And let me say,” he added, “that I have not thought you a spy, nor ever shall think so.”

I was trembling with anger still, and I was glad that at the moment Gabord opened the door, and stood waiting.

“You will not part with me in peace, then?” asked the Seigneur slowly.

“I will remember the gentleman who gave a captive hospitality,” I answered. “I am too near death to let a late injury outweigh an old friendship. I am ashamed, but not only for myself. Let us part in peace — ay, let us part in peace.” I added with feeling, for the thought of Alixe came rushing over me, and this was her father!

“Good-by, Stobo,” he responded gravely. “You are a soldier, and brave; if the worst comes, I know how you will meet it. Let us waive all bitter thoughts between us. Good-by.”

We shook hands then, without a word, and in a moment the dungeon door closed behind him, and I was alone; and for a moment my heart was heavy beyond telling, and a terrible darkness settled on my spirit. I sat on my couch and buried my head in my hands.

XI.

For a long time I brooded. There was no more to do but wait for death without dismay. I cannot even now understand the quiet that settled on me.

Well, there had been large hopes, and where were they now? I felt the world slip from me, with its meannesses, its conflicts, its vacillations, its scavenging, and its rough-riding. In that hour it was revealed how life may be made competent, large, and fruitful — even by following after and being impelled by the few deep principles. Alixe, from that fountain of your lips, from the swift fire of your fingers as they lay along my cheek in our first embrace, from the chastened passion of your eyes, I drew the spirit of my other self, the self of us that stands waiting to be revealed in some worthy moment. Once, at least that once, I stood by the Burning Bush and heard the Voice. There must be in every man's life some great starting-point. It may come soon or late, but it must come, and he is happy who sees a flame from that watch-tower, from which he started anew with his commission of life, glowing on the path he travels.

At last I was roused by Gabord's voice. There was the old rough humor showing in it, and I thought then that were it his own fate at stake he would not be more serious than he was with me; and that I was right may be seen as my story comes towards its end.

He sat down, and drew the leaves of faded corn between his fingers. " 'Tis a poor life, this in a cage, after all — eh, dickey-bird? If a soldier can't stand in the field fighting, if a man can't rub shoulders with man, and pitch a tent of his own somewhere, why not go traveling with the Beast — aho? To have all the life sucked out like these — eh? To see the flesh melt and the hair go white, the eye to be one hour bright like a fire in a kiln, and the next like mother on working vinegar — that's not living at all — no."

The speech had evidently cost him much thinking, and when he ended his cheeks puffed out and a soundless laugh seemed to gather, but it burst in a sort of sigh. I would have taken his hand that moment, if I had not remembered when once he drew back from such demonstrations. I did not speak, but nodded assent, and took to drawing the leaves of corn between my fingers as he was doing. They were never brought to a harvest, but lived and died, and grew up again, weaker and less sound after each death and life. What would I be with another year in this place? Fit for no life, a starved body without sap, a weakened mind, the ghost of a soldier and a man. I kept saying to myself, Better to be gathered while the blood runs warm, while it is some martyrdom to die, than to bend half dead to the sickle. Yes, if it had to be, let it be now.

After a moment, Gabord, cocking his head at me as might a surly schoolmaster in a pause of leniency, said, "As quiet, as quiet, and never did he fly at door of cage, and never peck at jailer — aho!"

I looked at him a minute seriously, and then, feeling in my coat, handed to him the knife which I had secreted, with the words, "Enough for pecking with, eh?"

He looked at me so strangely, as he weighed the knife up and down in his hand, that I could not at first guess his thought; but presently I understood it, and I almost could have told what he would say. He opened the knife, felt the blade, measured it along his fingers, and then said, with a little bursting of the lips, "*Poom!* But what would mademoiselle have thought if Gabord was found dead with a hole in his neck — behind? Eh?"

He had struck the very note that had sung in me when the temptation came; but he was gay at once again, and I said to him, "What is the hour fixed?"

"Seven o'clock," he answered, "and I will bring you breakfast first."

“Good-night, then,” said I. “Coffee and a little tobacco will be enough.”

When he was gone, I lay down on my bag of straw, which, never having been renewed, was now only full of worn chaff, and, gathering myself in my cloak, was soon in a dreamless sleep. I waked to the opening of the dungeon door, to see Gabord entering with a torch and a tray that held my frugal breakfast. He had added some brandy, also, of which I was glad, for it was bitter cold outside, as I discovered later. He was quiet, seeming often to wish to speak, but pausing before the act, never getting beyond a stumbling *aho!* I greeted him cheerfully enough. After making a little toilette, I drank my coffee with relish. At last I asked Gabord if no word had come to the citadel for me; and he said, none at all, nothing save a message from the Governor, before midnight, ordering certain matters. No more was said, until, turning to the door, he told me he would return to fetch me forth in a few minutes. But when halfway out he suddenly wheeled, came back, and blurted out, “If you and I could only fight it out, m’sieu! ’T is ill for a gentleman and a soldier to die with a knot at the throat.”

“Gabord,” said I, smiling at him, “you preach good sermons always; and I never saw a man I’d rather fight and be killed by than you!” Then, with an attempt at rough humor, I added, “But as I told you once, the knot is n’t at my throat, and I’ll tie another one yet elsewhere, if God loves honest men.”

I had no hope at all, yet I felt I must say it. He nodded, but said nothing; we both gave a little laugh, and presently I was alone.

I sat down on my straw couch and composed myself to think; not upon my end, for my mind was made up as to that, but upon the girl who was so dear to me, whose life had crept into mine and filled it, making it of value in the world. It must not be thought that I no longer had care for our cause, for I

would willingly have spent my life a hundred times for my country, as my best friends will bear witness; but there comes a time when a man has a right to set all else aside but his own personal love and welfare, and to me the world was now bounded by just so much space as my dear Alixe might step in. I fastened my thought upon her face as I had last seen it. My eyes seemed to search for it, also, and to find it in the torch which stuck out, softly sputtering, from the wall. I do not pretend, even at this distance of time, after having thought much over the thing, to give any good reason for so sudden a change as took place in me there. All at once a voice appeared to say to me, “When you are gone, she will be Doltaire’s. Remember what she said. She fears him. He has a power over her.”

Now, some will set it down to a low, unmanly jealousy and suspicion; it is hard to name it, but I know that I was seized with a misery so deep that all my past sufferings and disappointments, and even this present horror were shadowy beside it. I pictured to myself Alixe in Doltaire’s arms, after I had gone beyond human call. It is strange how an idea will seize us and master us, and an inconspicuous possibility suddenly stand out with huge distinctness. All at once I felt in my head the “ring of fire” of which Mathilde had warned me, a maddening heat filled my veins, and that hateful picture grew more vivid. Things Alixe had said the night before flashed to my mind, and I fancied that, unknown to herself even, he already had a power over her. He had deep determination, the gracious subtlety which charms a woman, and she, hemmed in by his devices, overcome by his pleadings, attracted by his enviable personality, would come at last to his will. I had seen the evening before strong signs of the dramatic qualities of her nature. She had the gift of imagination, the epic spirit. Even three years before I felt how she had seen every little incident of her daily life in a way which gave it

vividness and distinction. All things touched her with delicate emphasis — were etched upon her brain — or did not touch her at all. She would love the picturesque in life, though her own tastes were so simple and fine. Imagination would beset her path with dangers; it would be to her, with her beauty, a fatal gift, a danger to herself and others. She would have power, and feeling it, woman-like, would use it, dissipating her emotions, paying out the sweetness of her soul, till one day a dramatic move, a strong picturesque personality like *Doltaire's*, would catch her from the moorings of her truth, and the end must be tragedy to her. *Doltaire!* *Doltaire!* The name burnt into my brain. Some prescient quality in me awaked, and I saw her the sacrifice of her imagination, of the dramatic beauty of her nature, my enemy her tyrant and destroyer. He would leave nothing undone to achieve his end, and do nothing that would not in the end poison her soul and turn her very glories into miseries. How could she withstand the charm of his keen knowledge of the world, the fascination of his temperament, the alluring eloquence of his frank wickedness? And I should rather a million times see her in her grave than passed through the atmosphere of his life.

This may seem madness, selfish and small; but after-events went far to justify my fears and imaginings, for behind there was a love, an aching, absorbing solicitude. Where a heart concentrates itself, there comes the deep desire for the welfare of the being loved, and self drops away into a benign vigilance, a constant service. I cannot think that my anxiety was all vulgar smallness then. But I would not have it thought, either, that there was no personal hatred of *Doltaire* working in my passion. Indeed, I knew it gave poignancy and final force to it all.

I called him by coarse names, as I tramped up and down my dungeon; I cursed him; my impotent contempt was

poured out on him; in imagination I held him there before me, and choked him till his eyes burst out and his body grew limp in my arms. The ring of fire in my head scorched and narrowed till I could have shrieked in agony. My breath came short and labored, and my heart felt as though it were in a vise and being clamped to nothing. For an instant, also, I broke out in wild bitterness against *Alixé*. She had said she would save me, and yet in an hour or less I should be dead. She had come to me last night — ah, true; but that was in keeping with her dramatic temperament; it was the drama of it that had appealed to her; and to-morrow she would forget me, and sink her fresh spirit in the malarial shadows of *Doltaire's*.

In my passion I thrust my hand into my waistcoat and unconsciously drew out something. At first my only feeling was that my hand could clench it, but slowly a knowledge of it traveled to my brain, as if through clouds and vapors. Now I am no Catholic, I do not know that I am superstitious, yet when I became conscious that the thing I held was the wooden cross that *Mathilde* gave me, a weird feeling passed through me, and there was an arrest of the passions of mind and body; a coolness passed over all my nerves, and my brain got clear again, the ring of fire loosing, melting away. It was a happy, diverting influence, which gave the mind rest for a moment, till the better spirit, the wiser feeling, had a chance to reassert itself; but then it seemed to me almost supernatural. Not that it drove away mad feelings altogether, for now and again they returned on me, flushing my face; but they were only like lightning flashes.

One can laugh when misery and danger are over, and it would be easy to turn this matter into ridicule, but from that hour to this the wooden cross which turned the flood of my feelings then into a saving channel has never left me. I keep it, not indeed for what it was, but for what it did.

As I stood musing, there came to my mind suddenly the words of a song which I had heard some voyageurs sing on the St. Lawrence, as I sat on the cliff a hundred feet above them and watched them drift down in the twilight : —

“ Brothers, we go to the Scarlet Hills :
 (Little gold sun, come out of the dawn !)
 There we will meet in the cedar groves ;
 (Shining white dew, come down !)
 There is a bed where you sleep so sound,
 The little good folk of the hills will guard,
 Till the morning wakes and your love comes
 home.
 (Fly away, heart, to the Scarlet Hills !) ”

Something in the half-mystical, half-arcadian spirit of the words soothed me, lightened my thoughts, so that when, presently, Gabord opened the door, and entered with four soldiers, I was calm enough for the great shift. Gabord did not speak, but set about pinioning me himself. I asked him if he could not let me go unpinioned, for it was ignoble to go to one's death tied like a beast. At first he shook his head, but as if with a sudden impulse he cast the ropes aside, and, helping me on with my cloak, threw again over it a heavier cloak he had brought, gave me a fur cap to wear, and at last himself put on me a pair of woolen leggings, which, if they were no ornament, and to be of but transitory use, — it seemed strange to me then that one should be caring for a body so soon to be cut off from all feeling, — were most comforting when we came into the bitter, steely air. Gabord might easily have given these last tasks to the soldiers, but he was solicitous to perform them himself. Yet with gloomy, almost surly brow and a rough accent he gave the word to go forward, and in a moment we were marching through the passages, up frosty steps, in the stone corridors, and on out of the citadel into the yard.

I remember that as we passed into the open air I heard the voice of a soldier singing a gay air of love and war. Presently he came in sight. He saw me,

stood still for a moment looking curiously, and then, taking up the song again at the very line where he had broken off, passed round an angle of the building and was gone. To him I was no more than a moth fluttering in the candle, to drop dead a moment later.

It was just on the verge of sunrise. There was the grayish-blue light in the west, the top of a long range of forest was sharply outlined against it, and a timorous darkness was hurrying out of the zenith. In the east a sad golden light was stealing up and driving back the mystery of the night, and that weird loneliness of an arctic world. The city was hardly waking as yet, but straight silver columns of smoke rolled up out of many chimneys, and the golden cross on the cathedral caught the first rays of the sun. I was not interested in the city ; I had now, as I thought, done with men. Besides the four soldiers who had brought me out, another squad surrounded me, commanded by a young officer whom I recognized as Captain Lancy, the rough roysterer who had insulted me at Bigot's palace over a year ago. I looked with a spirit absorbed upon the world about me, and a hundred thoughts which had to do with man's life passed through my mind. But the young officer, speaking sharply to me, ordered me on, and changed the current of my thoughts. The coarseness of the man and his insulting words were hard to bear, so that I was constrained to ask him if it were not customary to protect a condemned man from insult rather than to expose him to it. I said that I should be glad of my last moments in peace. At that he asked Gabord why I was unbound, and my jailer answered that binding was for criminals who were to be hanged, not shot.

I could scarcely believe my ears. I was to be shot, not hanged. I had a thrill of gratitude which I cannot describe. It may seem a nice distinction, but to me there were whole seas between the two modes of death. I need not

blush in advance for being shot — my friends could bear that without humiliation ; but hanging would have always tainted their memory of me, try as they would against it. The officer stood surprised.

"The gallows is ready, and my orders were to see him hanged," he said.

"An order came at midnight that he should be shot," was Gabord's reply. Gabord produced the order, and handed it over.

The officer contemptuously tossed it back, and now, a little more courteous, ordered me against the wall, and I let my cloak fall to the ground. I was placed where, looking east, I could see the Island of Orleans, on which was the summer-house of the Seigneur Duvarney. Gabord came to me and said, "M'sieu', you are a brave man" — then, all at once breaking off, he added in a low, hurried voice, "'T is not a long flight to heaven, m'sieu'!" I could see his face twitching as he stood looking at me. He hardly dared to turn round to his comrades, lest his emotion should be seen. But the officer roughly ordered him back. Gabord coolly drew out his watch, and made a motion to me not to take off my cloak yet.

"'T is not the time by six minutes," he said. "The gentleman is to be shot to the stroke — *ah!*" His voice was dogged, his manner likewise. The officer stepped forward threateningly ; but Gabord said something angrily in an undertone, and the other turned on his heel and began walking up and down. This continued for a moment, in which we all were very still and bitter cold, — the air cut like steel, — and then my heart gave a great leap, for suddenly there stepped into the yard Doltaire. Action seemed suspended in me, but I know I listened with singular curiosity to the shrill creaking of his boots on the frosty earth, and I noticed that the fur collar of the coat he wore was all white with the frozen moisture of his breath, also that tiny icicles hung from his eyelashes. He

came down the yard slowly, and presently paused and looked at Gabord and the young officer, his head laid a little to one side in a quizzical fashion, his eyelids drooping.

"What time was monsieur to be shot?" he asked of the officer.

"At seven o'clock, monsieur," was the reply.

Doltairé took out his watch. "It wants three minutes of seven," said he. "What the devil means this business before the stroke o' the hour?" waving a hand towards me.

"We were waiting for the minute, monsieur," was Lancy's reply.

A cynical, cutting smile crossed Doltaire's face. "A charitable trick, upon my soul, to fetch a gentleman from a warm dungeon and stand him against an icy wall on a deadly morning to cool his heels as he waits for his hour to die! You'd skin your lion and shoot him afterwards — *voilà!*" All this time he held the watch in his hand.

"You, Gabord," he went on, "you are a man to obey orders — eh?"

Gabord hesitated a moment as if waiting for Lancy to speak, and then said, "I was not in command. When I was called upon I brought him forth."

"Excuses! excuses! You sweated to be rid of your charge."

Gabord's face lowered. "M'sieu' would have been in heaven by this if I had n't stopped it," he broke out angrily.

Doltairé turned sharply on Lancy. "I thought as much," said he, "and you would have let Gabord share your misdemeanor. Yet your father was a gentleman! If you had shot monsieur before seven, you would have taken the dungeon he left. You must learn, my young provincial, that you are not to supersede France and the King. It is now seven o'clock; you will march your men back into quarters."

Then turning to me, he raised his cap. "You will find your cloak more comfortable, Captain Stobo," said he, and he

motioned Gabord to hand it to me, as he came forward. "May I breakfast with you?" he added courteously. He yawned a little. "I have not risen so early in years, and I am chilled to the bone. Gabord insists that it is warm in your dungeon; I have a fancy to breakfast there. It will recall my year in the Bastile."

He smiled in a quaint, elusive sort of fashion, and as I drew the cloak about me, I said through chattering teeth, for I had suffered with the brutal cold, "I am glad to have the chance to offer breakfast."

"To me or any one?" he dryly suggested. "Think! by now, had I not come, you might have been in a warmer world than this—indeed, much warmer," he suddenly said, as he stooped, picked up some snow in his bare hand, and clapped it to my cheek, rubbing it with force and swiftness. The cold had nipped it, and this was the way to draw out the frost. His solicitude at the moment was so natural and earnest that it was hard to think he was base.

When he had rubbed awhile, he gave me his own handkerchief to dry my face; and so perfect was his courtesy, it was impossible to do otherwise than meet him as he meant and showed for the moment. He had stepped between me and death, and even an enemy who does that, no matter what the motive, deserves something at your hands.

"Gabord," he said, as we stepped inside the citadel, "we will breakfast at eight o'clock. Meanwhile, I have some duties with our officers here. Till we meet in your dining-hall, then, monsieur," he added to me, and raised his cap.

"You must put up with frugal fare," I answered, bowing.

"If you but furnish locusts," he said gayly, "I will bring the wild honey. . . . What wonderful hives of bees they have at the Seigneur Duvarney's!" he continued musingly, as if with second thought; "a beautiful manor—a place for pretty birds and honey-bees!"

His eyelids drooped languidly, as was their way when he had said something a little carbohic, as this was to me, because of its hateful suggestion. His words drew nothing from me, not even a look of understanding, and, again bowing, we went our ways.

At the door of the dungeon Gabord held the torch up to my face. His own had a look which came as near to being gentle as was possible to him. Yet he was so ugly that it looked almost ludicrous in him.

"*Poom!*" said he. "A friend at court. More comfits."

"You think Monsieur Doltaire gets comfits, too?" asked I.

He rubbed his cheek with a key. "Aho!" mused he—"aho! Monsieur Doltaire rises not early for naught."

Gilbert Parker.

VOCAL CULTURE IN ITS RELATION TO LITERARY CULTURE.

WHEN I was a small boy, at school, sixty years ago, all the scholars had to read aloud twice a day; the several classes standing while they read, and toeing a chalk line. The books used were the New Testament and Lindley Murray's English Reader. The standard instruction imparted was very limited,

but very good so far as it went, namely, "Speak distinctly, and mind your stops." Every boy read, at a time, but a single verse of the New Testament, or a single paragraph of the English Reader; the "master" himself first reading a verse or a paragraph each time the reading went around the class.

Well, the result was that all the boys acquired at least a distinct articulation and a fluent utterance properly sectioned off by their minding the stops. Some of the boys, of whom I was one, had to read aloud, at home, from other books. When I showed by my expression, or, rather, by my want of it, that I did not understand what I was reading, I was at once told so, the passage was explained and read to me, and I had to read it again, to show that I had caught the meaning and the proper expression. If I were required to read something which was entirely new to me, my eye was exercised in running ahead of my voice, and taking in what was coming, to the extent of two or three sentences, in order to read with sufficient expression not to be stopped, as I was very impatient of interruption, especially if I particularly enjoyed the subject matter.

When I look back upon these daily exercises in reading, in school and at home, I feel that nothing could have been better at the time. There was no such thing as "speaking a piece," with gesture, "limbs all going like a telegraph in motion," and straining after effect. It was simply careful, honest reading, with no attempt at make-believe of feeling. No encouragement was given to any affectation of that kind, but whatever impressed my listeners as genuine feeling and appreciation on my part was duly praised; and I was very fond of praise, and was stimulated by it to do my best.

I fear that such reading has very much gone out of use, and untimely technical instruction has taken its place. Call on a college student to read some prose passage extempore, and what is the result, in nine cases out of ten, — rather say, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred? Why, he will read it, *experto credite*, in a most bungling way, with an imperfect articulation, without any proper grouping or perspective, and if the passage be an involved and long-suspended period, which his eye should run along and grasp as a

whole, in advance of his voice, he will be lost in it before he get halfway through it. He has had little or no practice in reading aloud. He has "parsed" much in the lower schools, but his parsing has not resulted in synthesis (which should be the sole object of all analysis), has not resulted in a knowledge of language as a living organism, and the consequence is that his extempore vocalization of the passage is more or less chaotic and — afflicting.

Such early training in reading as I have described is the best possible preparation for the more elaborate expression demanded by the higher literature. And we shall not have a true, honest vocal interpretation of literature until we return to this early honest reading. I say "return," for, so far as my knowledge goes, there is a plentiful lack of it, at present, in primary schools.

A college student whose voice was neglected in early life, and, worst of all, whose feelings were not then so attuned to good literature, by the influences and atmosphere of his home, that he came to have an inward impulsion to vocalize whatever he specially enjoyed in his reading, will not be much profited by a course in soulless elocutionary spouting. One may have an extraordinary natural gift of vocal expression which is superior to all adverse circumstances; but such an one is a *rara avis in terris*. Unless there be an early initiation into literature and its vocalization, in advance of the benumbing technical instruction of the schools, much cannot be expected from the great majority of students, in a literary or elocutionary direction.

Thomas Ellwood, Milton's young Quaker friend, tells us, in his autobiography, of his reading Latin to the blind poet, — how he was required to get rid of his English pronunciation of the language, which his "master" disliked, and to learn what he calls "the foreign pronunciation," his description showing it to have been the Italian, — and then adds,

"Having a curious ear"¹ (that is, a careful, accurate, nice, keenly susceptible ear), "he understood by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open up the most difficult passages to me."

This sentence suggests that much might be done, even in the study of Latin and Greek, by requiring students to voice the original in advance of translating. After having attained, by sufficient practice, an easy fluency of utterance, they could — or some could — bring out, through their voices, much which they could not reveal through translation or any amount of exegesis. All the members of the class might be on a par, so far as translation and exegesis go, in exhibiting their knowledge and appreciation of the original; but there would always be a few who could reveal through vocalization what is beyond translation and exegesis. And the professor would not necessarily need to have the "curious ear" of a Milton to detect this kind of superiority of the few.

This brings me to say that, in literary examinations, whatever other means be employed, a sufficiently qualified teacher could arrive at a nicer and more certain estimate of what a student has appropriated, both intellectually and æsthetically, of a literary product, or any portion of a literary product, by requiring him to read it, than he could arrive at through any amount of catechising. The requisite vocal cultivation on the part of the student is, of course, presumed.

Suppose a teacher were to examine a student on such a poem as Coleridge's *Christabel* by questioning him about it, and the student were to show that he was thoroughly acquainted with all the facts and details of the poem: there would still be no evidence of that student's susceptibility to what in the poem constitutes its mysterious charm, — none

¹ Shakespeare applies the same epithet to the eye: "What care I what curious eye doth

whatever. The student might be utterly destitute of such susceptibility, and yet he could just as well prepare himself to answer all the teacher's questions. A very small boy might do so, whose appreciation of poetry had not gone beyond "How doth the little busy bee." There might be a most susceptible literary genius in the class, who might fall below the other student in such an examination! It is quite likely that he would, for he would be chiefly occupied with the poem as a poem, and would assimilate its life without retaining a recollection of all the details to which the other had given exclusive attention. Or suppose the poem were Gray's *Elegy* written in a Country Churchyard, and a student were to pass a perfectly satisfactory examination thereupon, on the basis, say, of the valuable notes in Professor Hales's *Longer English Poems*: what would that signify, in comparison with a reading of the poem which would unmistakably show whether he had responded to any extent, or not, to its sweet evening pensiveness, to the general tenor of the theme, to the moulding spirit of the whole?

That he should understand the articulating thought, all the grammatical constructions (and there are several which need to be particularly looked into), and all points to which attention is called in Professor Hales's notes is, to be sure, important; but an examination confined to these would not be any test of his literary capacity, of his susceptibility to the poem as a poem.

In these remarks, I assume, of course, that the prime object of a literary examination should be to test not so much a student's knowingness as his literary capacity, which means a capacity to respond to the spiritual life of a poem, or any other form of literature, in the true sense of the word "literature." It is its spiritual life which makes a poem a poem, whatever the thought articulation quote deformities?" (*Romeo and Juliet*, I. iv. 31.)

may be. The student who is capable of such response should rank higher (nobody but a Dr. Dryasdust could deny this) than the student who could answer all questions which the most prolific questioner could ask him, but who could afford no evidence, through his reading of it, that the poem was anything more to him than a primrose was to Wordsworth's Peter Bell.

As a student advances to the higher literature, he should be trained in the higher, more complex vocal functions demanded for its interpretation: he should understand, all along, in his vocal education, the relation of that education to the rendering of works of genius. He should always know what his vocal exercises are for, what relation they have to the interpreting and symbolization of thought and feeling.

I remember a teacher who advised his scholars — I was one of them — to go out frequently into the open air and exercise their voices. And the poor fellows did go, and "fright the isle from her propriety" with their bawling, without having any conception of what they were bawling for. Their lungs were exercised thereby, but the bawling did nothing for their vocal training.

Vocal exercise must not only be physiologically intelligent, but there must always be something behind it which it is the aim of the exercise to realize in the voice. One may have a conception, more or less distinct, of how some very significant sentence in Shakespeare, for example, should be uttered, and yet his voice is not sufficiently obedient to his will and his feelings. He therefore has something to work after, and in time may vocally realize his conception; and in doing so he has acquired some new and valuable control of his voice, which he can make use of, whenever required, in the rendering of other expressions.

A true poem is a piece of articulate music which may require to be long practiced upon by the voice before all its

possible effectiveness be realized. But there must be an ideal behind the practice (merely to keep "going over" the poem will not do); not an entirely distinct ideal, of course, but such an ideal as may be got in advance through a spiritual responsiveness to its informing life. This ideal will become more and more distinct in the course of the practice.

This is true in every form of art. The artist starts with an ideal more or less vague (but it is an ideal which motives all his work), and this ideal only gradually takes shape in the process of its realization in a picture or a statue. Composing continues to the end. The poet is still composing, still working after a fuller realization of his ideal, when he is making the last verbal change in his poem.

Interpretative reading goes on in the same way. After long familiarity with a poem, and when a reader thinks he has realized all its possibilities of vocal effectiveness, some new vocal movement on a single word, it may be, is suggested, which is a decided contribution to the effect before reached. The play of Hamlet abounds in little speeches, and single words, even, whose possibilities of expressiveness can hardly be exhausted. Every great poet writes, at times, more significantly than he knows.

But, after all, it is not upon inflections and emphases and other vocal functions which pertain more especially to the interpretation of the articulating thought that the true reader chiefly depends. The most important thing with him is the choral atmosphere in which a spiritualized composition requires to be presented. And it is in this respect that the art of reading particularly corresponds with the sister art of painting. The artist in form and color bathes his landscape in "the light that never was, on sea or land;" or, if not that, in some light or other, some "tender light which heaven to gaudy day denies," and which serves to reveal the feeling which he aimed to express through his landscape. The landscape

itself corresponds in painting with the articulating thought in reading; but the spiritual attitude of the artist is exhibited through the light in which the landscape is bathed. And so the spiritual attitude of the reader is exhibited through his intonation, which corresponds with atmosphere in painting. A susceptible reader will, on the first reading of a poem or an impassioned prose composition, be more or less immediately responsive to the key-tone of the composition. An increased familiarity will finally bring this key-tone fully home to his feelings, or as fully as may be; and if he has made the thought element his own, he is now prepared to interpret the composition to the ears of others. A reader's success in interpreting such a poem as Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, for example, can be but partial if he has not adequately caught and does not vocally reproduce the key-tone, however distinctly he may present the thought in a white light. It is the tone which quickens and spiritualizes the thought; and it is the main object, in reading, to quicken and spiritualize thought, to bring it into relation with the spiritual being of the hearer.

Vocal training, the most scientific and systematic, will not of itself make readers vocal interpreters of genius. Something more must be done than is at present done, in homes and schools, especially in homes, for the education of the spiritual nature; and this education must be begun early, must precede the education of the intellect. The premature forcing open of the bud of reason, which now prevails to a lamentable degree, must receive its due condemnation. It is a thing to be condemned from Christian pulpits. As George Henry Lewes says, in his novel, *Ranthorpe*, "the child must *feel* before it can *know*; and knowledge, great and glorious as it is, can never be the end of life: it is but one of the many means."

It is quite superfluous to say that a reader should have a perfect articulation;

that he should be able to command a wide range of pitch; all degrees of force, from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*; radical, median, vanishing, and compound stress; every variety of inflection, direct upward and direct downward inflection; equal and unequal, upward and downward, single and double waves; accelerated and retarded utterance; many qualities of voice; not to name numerous other vocal functions and attributes which are means to various kinds of interpretative ends. He should also have a complete knowledge of the language he is rendering, as a living organism, — an indispensable condition of his presenting the successive and involved groups of thought with the requisite distinctness of outline, and with the requisite perspective, determined by their relative value, of which he should have the nicest sense. A very important condition of perspective, I would say by the way, is the light touch which needs to be given to whatever is implied, has been anticipated, should be taken for granted, etc., — the light touch which conveys the impression that the mind of the reader does not come down upon the parts receiving the same, those parts saying themselves, so to speak, but is occupied with the main current of thought. Any untrained voice can emphasize, but only a trained or a naturally unperverted voice can give the light touch successfully. Yet it is possible for the heaviest, clumsiest voice to be trained to the light touch, to delicacy of tint, just as one who is clay-fisted may, in time, attain to some delicacy of manipulation. The voice and the hand have wonderful possibilities, rarely realized: the former, when converted from the error of its ways, being, indeed, the most expressive organ of the soul; the latter being "the consummation of all perfection as an instrument."

The highest result which can be exhibited of literary culture and a corresponding vocal culture is an organic melody, in the reading of a great poem, the outcome of the poem's organic life.

By melody, in reading, is meant that variety in the use of all the vocal functions and attributes which does not allow the ear of the hearer to detect a regular recurrence of any one of the vocal functions. There is melody of pause, of inflection, of rhyme, of rhythm, of time, of force, and of every vocal affection. In truly melodious reading, the design or figure, so to speak, is so arabesque that it is not taken in by the ear of the hearer, and does not come to his consciousness, but it tells effectively on his feelings. And by "effectively" I specially mean that the feelings are brought into harmony with the contriving creative spirit which moulds the poetic form. Such reading of high poetry is the extreme merit of vocal expression.

A reader with a nice sense of melody may conceal a deficiency of melody in the poem he is reading; and he will do this, not by arbitrarily imposing variety, for true melody must be organic. In the reading of Pope's uniform couplets, for example, he may keep down the hobby-horse movement of the verse by a skillful management of the pauses (which come so uniformly in the middle and at the end of the verses) and of the rhyming words, by an acceleration and retardation of voice wherever these are permissible, by the light touch, and by various other means. Where a reader's feelings have been melodized by culture, they will protect him against the influence of a too artificial construction of the verse. He will not impose variety, but he will utter the poet's humdrum verse, as far as possible, under the conditions of his melodized feeling.

The importance of cultivating the speaking voice is quite as great as that of cultivating the reading voice. Perhaps it is greater; for the speaking voice has a wider and more constant influence.

How much "the charm of beauty's powerful glance" may be heightened or reduced by the character of the voice which goes along with it! A woman with

a sweet and gracious voice can exert through it, in the ordinary relations of life, without even knowing it, a better influence than she could by distributing religious tracts. The moral atmosphere of a home may be not a little due to the voice of the wife and mother. The mere memory of a voice which was toned by love and sympathy may continue to be a sweet influence long after the voice itself has been hushed in death. The influence of the voice for good or evil, in the domestic, social, and all other relations of life, cannot be estimated. A voice may even have a good or bad reflex action upon its possessor.

A loving mother may be anxiously ambitious that her daughter shall have all the accomplishments required for her fullest attractiveness when she "comes out." Years may be spent upon her musical education, with the poor result, perhaps, of "fine sleights of hand and unimagined fingering, shuffling off the hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes to a noisy Tophet;" she may be taught dancing, and French, and drawing, and painting; she may be sent abroad to snatch the graces beyond the reach of art, of the most elegant European society; and yet, in the grand scheme of accomplishments, the speaking voice is left out and entirely neglected, though she have a voice unpleasantly pitched, and with other remediable defects which are very, very far from idealizing, transfiguring her! If the time devoted to the piano, with the supposed poor result, had been devoted to a careful cultivation of her voice, her power to charm (that being the end proposed) would be much more increased than by all her other mere accomplishments.

It is easy to infer what Shakespeare's opinions were on many subjects, although his plays are regarded by some critics as peculiarly impersonal; but they are charged with his personality. The evidence is abundant that the voice was to him very significant, and that he was most susceptible to its charms and to

its defects. It is her voice which the grief-stricken Lear is made to speak of, when he bends over the dead Cordelia. "Her voice," he says, "was ever soft, gentle, and low;" and to this he adds, "an excellent thing in woman;" Shakespeare, no doubt, meaning that he had in his mind, at the time, the cruel voices, expressive of their hard and wicked hearts, of Regan and Goneril. After the death of Antony, Cleopatra, in her rapturous praise of him, says, —

"His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
It was as rattling thunder."

Hamlet's advice to the players we may take as an expression of Shakespeare's own standard of vocal delivery.

There is evidence in the plays that, in the process of composition, he must either have heard imaginatively what he was writing, or have actually voiced his language as he went along. He did not write for the eye, but for the ear. And the high vocal capabilities of his language may be somewhat attributable to his hearing of what he wrote. Must he not have heard the effect of monosyllabic words, uttered with the tremor and semitone of old age, when he wrote King Lear's speeches? — "You see me here, you gods, a poor old man, as full of grief as age," etc., and "When we are born, we cry that we are come to this great stage of fools," etc. And must he not have heard the effect of polysyllabic words as expressive of Macbeth's sense of the vastness of his guilt, when he wrote, "This my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine," etc.?

The impression seems to be getting stronger and stronger, in these days of excessive teaching and excessive learning, that no one can do anything or learn anything without being taught, — without "taking a regular course," as the phrase is. This seems to be especially true in the matter of vocal cultivation.

People go to schools of oratory with nothing within themselves which is clamorous for expression; not even a very "still small voice" urging them to express something. Many who desire, or think they do, to be readers, as there are many who desire, or think they do, to be artists, evidently believe that if they be trained in technique they can be readers or artists.

But suppose some one is impelled to cultivate vocal power because of his desire to express what he has sympathetically and lovingly assimilated of a work of genius: if he endeavor to give an honest expression, so far as in him lies, to what he feels, and avoid trying to express what he does not feel, and if he persevere in his endeavor, with always some ideal behind his reading, he may in time, he certainly will, become a better reader than another could if he should set out, with malice prepense, to be an elocutionist, and, with that malicious purpose, were to employ a mere voice-trainer who should teach him to make faces and to gesticulate when reading what does not need any gesture.

Some of the best readers I have ever known have been of the former class, who honestly voiced what they had sympathetically assimilated, and did not strain after effect. But it seems that when one sets out to read, with no interior capital, he or she, especially she, is apt to run into all kinds of extravagances which disgust people of culture and taste. The voice, instead of being the organ of the soul, is the betrayer of soullessness. Without that interior life which can respond to the indefinite life (indefinite to the intellect) of works of genius, a trained voice can do nothing of itself in the way of real interpretation. It may bring out the definite articulating thought, but the electric aura in which the thought is enveloped will not be conducted to its hearers by the requisite "drift" and choral intonation.

Hiram Corson.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

It is so hard not to think of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson's three books, *Uncle 'Lisha's Shop*, *Sam Lovel's Camps*, and *Danvis Folks*,¹ as one work that, in referring to them, one feels much the same embarrassment that he would feel in referring to some unentitled novel in three entitled parts. Taking a hint from Anthony Trollope, we propose to call them here, collectively, the *Chronicles of Danvis*. So to name them has, besides its convenience, the advantage of quite accurately describing their character, and of suggesting, in a word, the reason why it is impossible to think of them apart. Their author's talent, though real, is limited. Aptitude for construction, readiness and fertility of invention, for example, form no part of his gift as a writer. His chapters, in strictness, are not chapters, but sketches. Readable separately with full enjoyment, they have so little consecutiveness that they might even be shuffled with but little loss of continuity. Almost uniformly, each sketch begins with a description of some aspect of nature, and through much talk of country people reaches its mild climax in some small incident or anecdote. Nevertheless, owing to their always concerning the same lovely locality, a western county of Vermont bordering Lake Champlain, and the same group of simple, genuine country folk, inhabitants of a tiny village in the hills fifty years ago, they are thoroughly homogeneous. They form, not a novel, but a neighborhood chronicle.

However, justifying Mr. Robinson in his choice of the form of fiction rather than the form of the essay which one might wonder he did not adopt, there is revealed in these curiously undramatic *Chronicles of Danvis* the highest of dra-

matic gifts, — the gift, namely, of writing dramatically characteristic dialogue, and of drawing real, living persons. There in his little corner of Vermont, rising from the flats and marshes of Lake Champlain through the foothills of the Green Mountains into the long shadow of boldly sculptured Camel's Hump, to which the French gave the more descriptive name of "Couchant Lion," Mr. Robinson — by his works we know him — has lived his life, gone a-fishing or a-hunting, or sat a-gossiping with his neighbors in full brotherly sympathy and understanding. From his lifelong observation and study of them have come the triumphant creations of character in his work. His people are not described, or analyzed, or annotated; we learn to know them as in real life we learn to know our friends, by observing what they do and listening to what they say. As in the drama, character is revealed through action and dialogue. So thorough and so sympathetic is the author's knowledge of his people, and so skillful is he in giving it form, that they seem wholly alive, wholly objective, wholly free from his control. Villagers who have known and gossiped about each other all their lives seem to each other not more concrete and actual than Uncle 'Lisha and his friends seem to us. And because these simple, honest men are no less admirable and sympathetic than admirably and sympathetically presented, to know them is to love them; and to love them, if not exactly a liberal education, is a pleasant lesson in democratic feeling and in respect for our rude Yankee ancestry. Not only are these men real; they are also real Vermonters. Your Vermonter is through and through a Yankee, but he wears his Yankee ways with a difference. This difference the author has known so well how to catch that his people would never be mistaken, though

¹ *Danvis Folks*. By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

the variation is subtle, for natives of Massachusetts or of Maine. This is the peak of his achievement. It is a wise taxidermist that can preserve a bird alive: Mr. Robinson has the power.

From just such intimate friendship and fellow-feeling have sprung certain of the little classics of literature; such, for example, as *Cranford*. To that, indeed, in spite of many differences, these *Chronicles of Danvis* wear an odd resemblance. They are like it in their even greater looseness of structure, and in their far greater delight in people than in events. They are like it preëminently in spirit, for they are humorous without malice, and loving without blindness. They are unlike it more strikingly in that, instead of being feminine and genteel and mildly aristocratic, they are deeply democratic, rustic, and masculine. Here one quality of Mr. Robinson's work is noted which distinguishes it not merely from Mrs. Gaskell's book, but from much of the great body of New England dialect stories. This quality is its masculinity. The New England dialect story, taken by and large, has something too much of the atmosphere of *Cranford*. To recall it in the mass is to evoke a vision of old maids and of old women of both sexes who have about them a general flavor of mild decay, and is to remember that its scene is most often the kitchen or the "settin'-room," that its point of view is mainly that of the women. As a rule, the bright country boy goes to the city, the bright country girl stays where she was born. An odd result is that, of the present generation of New England writers, the men are satirizing the follies of the town, and the women are writing dialect tales of country people. Thus has been brought about what may be called the feminization of the dialect story. But in the *Chronicles of Danvis* women are secondary characters. It is not Hulda Purrington, though she is the very queen of curds and cream, or Aunt Jerusha, though she is a most notable old lady, whom one chiefly remembers,

but the inimitable old braggart, Gran'ther Hill, who "fit to Bennington and Ticonderogue;" Uncle 'Lisha, the honest shoemaker, who firmly believed that his favorite sport of fishing was balm fit to heal even the wound of a "disapp'intment;" Sam Lovel, the tender-hearted hunter; and the little French Canadian, Antoine, — Ann Twine, as his Yankee neighbors call him, — beside whose tales of personal exploit those of Munchausen pale their ineffectual fires. Hunting, fishing, fighting, "swapping yarns," are masculine accomplishments. Even when the writer's pen strays from recording the feats of the men with gun and rod, — it sticks to them too closely sometimes for the general interest of the pages, — the women are still kept in the background; for the scene is usually transferred, not to feminine quarters, but to the rustic community's equivalent for the clubhouse of the city, Uncle 'Lisha's little shop. And the men are men. In the trousers of the writing-woman's man there is contained too often more of the new woman than of the old man.

Perhaps it is because of the rich, deep, and pervasive humor which is present on every page, and which should have more emphatic mention here than this mere allusion; perhaps it is because we feel ourselves in more virile companionship than we do when in the company of the desiccated minor sisterhood into whose hands the New England dialect tale has chiefly fallen; perhaps, again, it is because of the peculiar sensitiveness to all the beauties of wild nature, with which none of the less sensuous sex can hope so to permeate the written page as can the male writer who is a fisherman, a hunter, and an amateur of the woods and fields: but certain it is that there is less temptation to compare Mr. Robinson's work with that of any native writer than with that of the author of *The Woodlanders*. The doubting Thomas surnamed Hardy is a great novelist; Mr. Robinson is not, and does not pretend to

be, a novelist at all, but he certainly approaches the great English writer in his humor, in his masculine skill in drawing rural character, and in the delicate exactness of his appreciations of nature.

The author of these *Chronicles of Danvis*, by the nature of his gift, if not through the conscious following of a theory, is what, in contemporary literary slang, is known as a realist. Now, the weakness of realism is that it can be followed to no one of its logical extremes without producing what is unreadable. In consequence, realists, at least of the Anglo-Saxon breed, are rather comical compromisers. Mr. Robinson compromises, like the rest, but rises in petty rebellions which lead him now and then to the bold flourish of a detail which might with propriety be left unrecorded. The offenses to the best taste, however, are slight and few, and easy to forgive. Only in the matter of dialect does he make no concessions. Mr. Robinson probably had no deliberate intention of writing for posterity. Still, if given a chance, good work will survive, and there certainly seems no need for burdening it with the hideous phonetic spelling, unpronounceable by any one not acquainted with the dialect represented, which comes from an extreme devotion to scientific accuracy in reporting spoken speech. What will the ignorant make, for example, of "furzino," of "leggo," of "julluk," of "kwut," or of "lhud"? Surely, the proper course, in works not avowedly scientific, is to use only as much of local peculiarity of speech as will give proper dramatic value to the talk of a character, as will not confuse the eye with queer spelling, or render any remark unintelligible without special knowledge. Mr. Robinson's subtle accuracy in dialect will make his book unwontedly attractive to Vermonters, who will be helped to recall with pleasurable distinctness the speech of their grandfathers and grandmothers, and it will preserve for the gratification of present and future scientific curiosity a racy and in-

teresting variety of the Yankee speech. On the other hand, it quite needlessly restricts the enjoyment of his human and very appealing work to those people to whom the vanishing dialect he writes offers the fewest difficulties, and cuts it off entirely from popular appreciation by the future but not far-distant generations to whom its gnarled idiom will be utterly unknown.

Many writers seem to believe, but it is not quite true, that, in literature, whatever you can do well is worth doing. No one, however, can refuse admiration to any feat, no matter how useless, which is done supremely well. The extraordinary ease and skill with which the dialect in these *Chronicles* is written must be recognized with praise. As the author's eye is curiously observing of nature, so is his ear nicely sensitive to minute variations in pronunciation. Of two dialects, that of the rural Vermonter and that of the French Canadian who has learned his English from Yankee neighbors, he is past master. This were achievement enough for most writers, but Mr. Robinson is not content to report in a general way the speech of a people. His fine ear perceives individual variations. Coarser instances of this precise differentiation are the commixture of Yankee dialect with the plain language of the Quakers, and the amusingly grotesque talk of that masculine Mrs. Malaprop, Solon Briggs. But the best example is the speech of Gran'-ther Hill, which is full of the slight differences which show him to belong to a still earlier generation. There could hardly be a greater victory won by ear and memory. But, like old Kaspar in the ballad, though we proclaim the victory famous, we feel inclined to reserve our approval.

These *Chronicles of Danvis*, finally, hold their little lesson for those of us who write. Out of our New England soil, which authors no less often than farmers declare outworn, has sprung a fresh and vigorous work, racy, homely, genuine. It

may serve to remind the scurrying band of writers now ranging the globe in search of new literary material that a fresh vision is worth more than a fresh fact or a fresh field. As in the days of '49, the industrious stay-at-home often has won more prosperity than the roving brother who fares away in search of El Dorado.

If the reader takes his fiction in the order chosen by the reviewer, he could scarcely make a bolder leap than that taken in passing from Danvis Folks to *The Golden House*.¹ Mr. Robinson does not introduce even a single summer boarder into his Vermont world; Mr. Warner permits no rustic element to give tartness to the smooth and mellow urbanity of his gilded New York. In the former case we have human nature very close to the soil, and racy with the contact; here we have the same human nature after being passed through the metallic alembic of an inclosed city life. By a double meaning in the title of his novel, Mr. Warner directs the reader's attention to the unsubstantial fabric built by wealth as contrasted with the enduring structure which steadfast love can erect out of somewhat cheap materials. The book is, in effect, a continuation of the more important story which appeared a few years ago with the title *A Little Journey in the World*. In that novel Mr. Warner undertook to indicate the slow but steady deterioration of a gracious woman, leaving her simple, refined society in the country to become the wife of a man of lower ideals, who rose to great wealth in the city. He disclosed in a masterly fashion the gradual creeping in of the paralysis of Margaret Henderson's spiritual faculties, the dying out of that fire on the hearth which was kindled and kept alive in the sweet sobriety of her maidenhood. Before the book closed Margaret had died, and the reader was

present, on the last page, at the marriage of Henderson again, this time to Carmen Eschelle, who narrowly escaped being an out-and-out adventuress.

In this second book Mr. Warner shows the Hendersons in the full career of their abounding prosperity, but though they both cut a wide swath in the story, he intends the reader to concentrate his attention on the spiritual life of another pair. This time the woman saves the man, and we witness the gradual deterioration of Jack Delancy under the influence of that portion of New York society which is given over to self-indulgence, until he is ruined financially, and so brought up sharp, after which he passes through a slough of despond and gets upon firm ground, where he earns his living like an honest man, and finds the reward of domestic felicity.

Perhaps the existence of a strong central situation in Mr. Warner's earlier book makes us determined to find an equally strong one of a similar sort in this; but if the history of Jack and Edith be not his primary intention, we scarcely know where else to look for the requisite backbone of the story. Not in the pathetic renunciation of Father Damon and Ruth, certainly, nor in the uninspiring comradeship of Henderson and Carmen. Neither can we think Mr. Warner meant to make his picture merely to contrast the light and shade of the two extremes of New York life. No, it seems evident from the use made of the figure of Jack Delancy that it is the life-history of this loose-fibred fellow upon which our attention is to be fixed; and our complaint is that, though there is much gentle irony, much graceful playfulness, some subacidity of satire, and thus a good share of entertainment in the book, there is not left upon the mind, as in the former story, the impression of a well-modeled figure, growing under the sculptor's hand. The novelist gets along fairly well until he comes to the crisis. He succeeds in

¹ *The Golden House*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

drawing with a number of deft touches the *descensus Averni* of a good-natured, somewhat limp character, and does it through situations, through conversations, and through contrasts. Then, when he comes to the really serious business of showing what he seems to have set out to do, the rehabilitation of a clever fool of shattered fortune, he resorts feebly to a few pages of description and analysis, with scarce a touch of dramatic action. It is a disappointment for which the author had not prepared us. We knew he could write good essays; we discovered that, with very slight machinery, he could construct a striking study of character, — one does not readily forget Margaret Henderson; and so we hoped to see in *The Golden House* a further advance in that structural representation of life in modern society which offers the best field now for the thoughtful novelist.

It is a pleasure to see Mr. Cable's name on the title-page of a novel,¹ even though we perceive, with a slight pang of disappointment, that the environment of the tale is no longer that which was made so entrancing in *Old Creole Days* and the *Grandissimes*. We very soon find, however, that Mr. Cable treats greater Dixie with the same genial wit and candid sympathy which he lavished upon old Louisiana. If we miss something of the optimism and hilarity which pervaded many of his earlier pages, this may simply mean that we are all grown older, or it may be due to the geographical position of Suez. "In the last year of our civil war," begins Mr. Cable, and proceeds to one of the freshest and most delightful bits of word-painting in any recent book, — "in the last year of our civil war, Suez was a basking town, with rocky streets and break-neck sidewalks; its dwellings dozing most months of the twelve among roses and honeysuckles,

behind anciently whitewashed, much broken fences, and all the place wrapped in that wide sweetness of apple and acacia scents that comes from whole mobs of dog-fennel. The Pulaski City turnpike entered at the northwest corner, and passed through to the court-house green, with its hollow square of stores and law-offices; two sides of it blackened ruins of fire and war. Under the town's southeasternmost angle, between yellow banks and overhanging sycamores, the bright green waters of Turkey Creek, rambling round from the north and east, skipped down a gradual stairway of limestone ledges, and glided, alive with sunlight, into that true 'Swanee River,' not of the maps, but which flows forever 'far, far away' through the numbers of imperishable song. That river's head of navigation was, and still is, at Suez."

The fortunes of John March and of Suez are closely identified. The changes wrought in both by the Land Company and the Construction Company, the brief prosperity and the subsequent ruin, — for a full account of these things and all that they implied the curious reader must go to the book itself. Mr. Cable's plots are apt to be over-complicated. This one is far too much so to admit of any brief abstract. The square in front of the old court-house is perpetually thronged with conspirators, mulattoes, mountaineers, Northern "promoters," and Southern irreconcilables. The air is thick with oaths and powder, and, under cover of the same, one intrigue succeeds another with bewildering rapidity. Yet the central figures stand out boldly from this chaotic background. John March, the hero, has two lady-loves. — Fannie Halliday and Barbara Garnet. Barbara's father is the white villain of the tale, and Cornelius Leggett is his mulatto confederate. No reckless actor in the strange drama of reconstruction in the South has ever been presented in a more masterly manner

¹ *John March, Southerner*. By GEORGE W. CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

than this half-breed, with his abrupt alternations of cringing servility and insolent bravado. Both as a politician and as a lover, whether he is looking about for bribes in the House or courting the impish maid Daphne-Jane, whom he playfully entitles his "Delijah," — in every capacity of life, in short, Leggett is constitutionally and shamelessly immoral; while Mr. Garnet, notwithstanding his white skin and thin varnish of civilized manners, is his fitting associate. Neither of the two is really a clever villain. Garnet could never have compassed John's ruin without the fatuous and gratuitous assistance of his victim; and a very little practical shrewdness would have sufficed to show him that it was by no means his cue to destroy March, but rather to build up his fortunes and marry him to Barbara. Cable is never at his best, however, in depicting people of supposed brains. How admirably, for instance, in this present book, does he introduce his professedly clever man Ravenel, and how shadowy and incoherent has the character become before we part from him! We are utterly at a loss to understand what it is the man wants, and a shrewd suspicion visits us that Mr. Cable knows no better than we. And yet what infinite possibilities he seems to possess when he is first presented to us, "at scant nineteen, a war-veteran, tattered and battered, but with courage unabated, and heart 'still ready to play out the play'!" We continue to believe in him through all his early career as editor in Suez. We feel the fascination he exercises over Fannie Halliday, and can quite understand her putting aside John March with his calf love for this more developed suitor. The first false note is struck when we are invited to behold Ravenel volubly drunk upon his wedding-day. We cannot credit it. Ravenel, we know, hated *words*. He must needs have learned by experience, long before that date, just how many glasses he could imbibe without becoming loquacious, and

it would have taken a far more exciting event than his own wedding to induce him to overpass that limit. It must be owned that they all drank freely at Suez; while as for the sudden deaths upon streets and stairways, one wonders that the place was not depopulated. John March gets his own first experience of these epidemic frays in company with his father, and wins his spurs gallantly at Judge March's side. Cable has never drawn a more lovable character than this of the chivalrous, dreamy, devoted old Southerner; never painted a sweeter picture than the one where the father and son are introduced, mounted upon the same horse, the boy "in his eighth year, . . . fast asleep, with his hands clutched in the folds of the judge's coat, and his short legs and browned feet spread wide behind the saddle;" never compassed a keener pathos, not even in the Belles Demoiselles Plantation, than in the scene of the judge's death. This one character is well worth the book, and there are others here whose acquaintance we are glad to have made. There is many a clear side-light thrown upon the stiff problems, by no means all solved as yet, which beset the destiny of the New South, and there are frequent flashes of Mr. Cable's own quaint wit. We wish, of course, that he could better defend the good English which is his by right against the inroads of such literary *canaille* as this: "Breakfus' at next stop, seh! No, seh! It's yo' only chaynce till dinneh, seh! Seh? No, seh, not tell one o'clock dis afte'noon, seh!" And when we read how this man "whisperously asked," and that woman "sighed an unresentful envy," we think we know too well from which "one of our conquerors" he has borrowed his inspiration.

John March is a tale of the great South; next in order comes a novel of New York society. It is a ticklish kind of literary adventure, this of the American society novel. It is so costly to

put upon the stage, it requires so much luxury and finery of diction, so many clothes, horses, carriages, roses, and viands, that the action of the piece is apt to be encumbered by its accessories, and the main result in the reader's mind is an oppressive sense of that *toujours trop* which teased and fatigued M. Paul Bourget amid the summer splendors of Newport. Even so robust a writer as Mr. Marion Crawford, who moves so freely amid European, and especially Italian surroundings, begins to flounder and to stick, to explain, expatiate, and anxiously endeavor to enhance the magnificence of his effects, the moment he has laid his scene in Washington or New York. This palpable struggle to keep up a fine and dignified appearance has often a result exactly the reverse of the one intended. It calls attention, and possibly undue attention, to the inevitable shortcomings of our civilization; its tentative, imitative, and provisional character; its absence of fixed standards and ideal forms, or any constant factor whatever except the comparatively brutal one of money; its lack of atmosphere and perspective. The Dolly Dialogues are not very wise, but they are absolutely spontaneous and natural, and they have no need whatever of any *mise en scène*. Everybody who has had a fair look at a London season, or who has even read — as who has not? — a certain number of English novels, can supply the conditions of the piece for himself. It is the queer spectacle of the author in person, before the lifted curtain, shaking out the satin draperies and setting straight the wax candles, which interferes most fatally, in the ordinary drama of American "high-life," with the desired impression of ease and distinction.

But the defect in question is more in the subject than in any particular artist, and it is one which time and oncoming fate and the pressure of graver issues and sharper responsibilities are almost certain to cure. Even now we

have writers who are doing their best to redeem from its easily besetting sins of frivolity and vulgarity the typical story of American life, and of these the always pleasant and never pretentious author of Margaret Kent and Queen Money is undoubtedly one. Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk's last novel, *The Story of Lawrence Garthe*,¹ is, in some respects, the ablest which she has written. The hero, with the romantic name, is what Carlyle would have called a very "melodious" person; and his story — the not uncommon one of the man who makes a bitter mistake in early marriage, and takes leave, after some searchings of heart, to disregard his divorced wife's existence and try his fortune again — is undoubtedly told more indulgently than a man would have told it. Nor can we bring ourselves to care very deeply for Constance, the "pale," "pure," "proud," "noble" maiden, who eventually consoles Lawrence for his first blunder, and makes him happier than most men deserve to be. The pair of lovers upon the second plane, Kathleen and Mr. Marchmont, are much more engaging and amusing, and the fulfillment of their wishes is accomplished through a very ingeniously imagined and neatly manipulated bit of intrigue. The really strong point in Mrs. Kirk's book is the character of the adventuress, who is, of course, the divorced wife of Lawrence Garthe — and several other men. A great novelist once told the present writer that a great lady told him that she considered the social adventuress the hardest character in life to draw, and that he himself alone of living writers had perfectly surmounted the difficulty. But in our humble opinion, Isabella Hernandez, *née* Brown, if not more brilliantly conceived, is a far more consistent and convincing creature than the other, whose name was Ethelberta. Her

¹ *The Story of Lawrence Garthe*. By ELLEN OLNEY KIRK. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

qualities, and their complementary defects, are thrown into admirable relief by contrast with those of the grim companion who is Bella's visible guarantee of respectability during her New York career. This woman, Eugenia Shepard, holds, theoretically, the most "advanced" views on all social questions, and is an agitator, with tongue and pen, for the complete legal emancipation of women from the trammels of the past. She is alone in the world, plain in feature and poor in purse, and knows very little of her fair employer's history, at the time when she accepts the handsome salary offered by Madame Hernandez for her services as duenna. Then, one by one, the scandalous facts come out, and the companion's first word of horrified remonstrance is met by the cynical retort that the one is only practicing what the other has not hesitated to preach. The situation is altogether original; the revolt of the essentially honest woman from the logical result and visible embodiment of her own theories is described with uncommon power, and the moral is all the more impressive because it is not forced upon the reader. Mrs. Kirk's dialogue is always good; simple, easy, animated, and often witty. There is some mild but very fair satire in the chapter on the proceedings of the Fin-de-Siècle Club, and the language in which the story is written is English of the purest, without, so far as we can recollect, a single deviation into either dialect or slang, in all its pages.

The Hon. Peter Sterling¹ is also, in some sort, a tale of New York life and manners; but it is much more than this. It is the most serious, comprehensive, and impartial endeavor we have yet seen, to point the way of the disinterested American patriot through the howling wilderness of practical politics; an honorable effort to fathom by help of

a many-sided sympathy, and adjudge upon the broadest principles of a true humanity, the conflicting claims of hostile classes, and to lead, with the dogged valor which never knows when it is beaten, the well-nigh forlorn hope of the bedraggled "American idea."

Being so excellent a tract, Peter Sterling is, naturally, not a particularly good story. In the first place, it is unconscionably long. Four hundred and twenty closely printed pages in one massive tome are enough to make the reader drop his arms in weariness, and "sigh for the legions" of the three-volume novel "here again." The author displays a thorough familiarity with the construction and workings of every species of political machine; yet if there be a leisure class in our country, Paul Leicester Ford must certainly belong to it, else he would have discovered some shorter way of conveying the fact that one of his people was an endless talker than by giving us pages upon pages of his vain volubility; and he could have convinced us that Peter Sterling had to wait a great while for his first paying client, without minutely chronicling the continuous lack of incident in every separate month of this long period of suspense. There is only one part of his hero's life which the biographer is disposed to slur, but this is the one which possesses the keenest interest of all for the reader who has not yet *arrived*: it is the interval during which his professional income finally mounted from five hundred dollars a year to fifty thousand, and he extended his visiting area from the slums and saloons of a down-town ward so as to include the happy haunts of the most select old Knickerbocker families.

This, however, is trifling with Peter, who really commands our very sincere respect. After all, there is no glaring improbability about his story. A New Englander by origin, and educated at Harvard, he was also born and bred a "war" Democrat, and while loving his

¹ *The Hon. Peter Sterling*. By PAUL LEICESTER FORD. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1894.

country singly from first to last, — or at least to last accounts, — he never deserted his party. He had the opportunity, while in college, to do a signal service to a wealthy New York classmate, of distinguished connections (a service very scurvily repaid in after-years, by the way), and the two continued friends for life, their harmony being only temporarily interrupted by the fact that they both fell in love with the same lady. It was Watts d'Alloi, naturally, and not Peter Sterling, who won her; but Peter had nerve enough to officiate creditably as best man; after which the happy pair went to Europe for their wedding tour, and remained some twenty years. Peter, meanwhile, abode in cheap lodgings among the Mickies of the "sixt" ward, and learned, by experience, how the poor live and how they feel, and, eventually, how to help without still further humiliating them. He also won the loyal confidence of his adopted fellow-citizens, and became their bulwark against the greed of the unscrupulous capitalist, and their spokesman before high courts and in the halls of state legislation. In short, he developed into that rarest of all birds in the land, hitherto, a boss without a blemish, — a brave, magnanimous, incorruptible Bayard of a ward politician.

It is only when Peter falls in love for the second time that his conduct shows traces of human weakness, and he becomes by moments a trifle silly. Yet this also appears natural enough when we reflect that he was by this time a bachelor of forty, and that his innamorata was the daughter of his early flame. Some of the clearest and most telling expositions of the hero's political creed are provided, like priestly instructions to a postulant, for this dear and docile young creature. To her he advocates universal suffrage, including that of her own sex; for her behoof he defends the boss and the ballot, and points out forcibly enough how inconsistent with the true

scope of our institutions is the lingering notion that the better few ought somehow to control the baser many. There is no doubt a spice of humor in the idea of a gay young *débutante* courted and won by homilies of this description, but the girl in question was a good and bright as well as a beautiful one, and proved, when the hour of supreme peril came, that she could be brave as well. We will not forestall the reader's interest in the highly dramatic crisis of the story, when, after so many discussions and digressions, alarms and excursions, it finally culminates in the first dire shock of the irrepressible social conflict. The author is at his best here. The chapter with the sorrowful title *Cui Bono* is almost terrible in its terseness. The scene in Printing-House Square is only too vividly realized. *Ça donne à penser* with a vengeance.

The author of Peter Sterling is perhaps true to nature in foreshadowing an alliance between the highest and the lowest ranks of society in that great impending struggle. It is at the uttermost extremes of the scale, if anywhere, that ideals are cherished. The great mass of obstructive selfishness and inert vulgarity lies between the two, and will have to be surmounted, or surrounded, as the case may be, by what, for want of a better term, we must call more chivalrous influences. A breath of true chivalry lightens the thick city atmosphere of Peter Sterling. The tone and manner of the book are noble. Some few more flaws and inconsistencies of detail may be noted. It is not very easy to comprehend the social position of Peter's mother: a widow, living on her revenues in a New England village, and following her son's crusade with ardent sympathy; able to provide shelter and sustenance for all the relays of sickly little waifs whom Peter sends to recover strength in the pure air of the country; able also, incidentally, to allow her son fifteen hundred dollars a year, until he can support

himself by the law, and yet "not, in any sense, what would be called a lady" — by a New Yorker. And how could Watts d'Alloi, "with two hundred and fifty years of Knickerbocker and Huguenot tradition" behind him, have been such a cad as calmly to accept, and never in the whole course of the book disclaim the sacrifice of Peter, who leaped headlong into the breach when his friend's honor was a second time at stake, and became *splendide mendax* on his behalf? And how could Miss de Voe — a charming pastel, by the way, a lady as lovely in character as she was lofty in lineage — have talked about her "escortage," when she meant the friend who had gone with her to the opera, and the "short-

age" of her guests at a dinner-party? And how could all these good people, with all their presumed advantages, have said "brainy" and "tony," and permitted themselves freely to conjugate in all its revolting moods and tenses the terrible verb "to enthuse"? Can it be that, amid all the warfare that appears to await us in the near future, the United States troops will one day have to be called out for the defense of our mother tongue?

But these, after all, are not matters of the first importance, and our last word about Peter Sterling shall be one of hearty commendation and recommendation for a timely, manly, thoroughbred, and eminently suggestive book.

THE WILDERNESS HUNTER.

No books excite more interest, for readers who care for them at all, than those which describe the pursuit of large game, yet it is doubtful whether the best among this class of works are usually estimated at their actual value. Commonly, they have been considered only as interesting narratives of adventure, and their important contributions to natural history remain, for the most part, unacknowledged. Furthermore, certain enthusiasts for "culture" decry sport, and disparage the sportsman's qualities. They say that these, at best, are characteristic traits of a barbarous state, and that love of the chase is a survival from savagery.

If an ideal condition of things existed anywhere, such objections would carry more weight; but as societies are now constituted, wherever enterprise, patience, quickness of sense, and unfaltering courage display themselves, sympathy and esteem are inevitably won. Imagination and feeling respond to impressions produced by those scenes which the hunter

seeks; they cause us to share his vicissitudes, and to take part in what he does. Few of us have really passed beyond the stimulating touch of the aids and incitements which personal experience amidst the greater wild beasts may give. Shakespeare (the general, not the poet) may overestimate this training as a moral safeguard, but Dunraven, Baker, and Roosevelt have so painted the true sportsman's character that, while our present dispensation continues, it can neither be undervalued nor ignored.

As for the Wilderness Hunter himself, what he has written¹ may be reviewed without reference to individual attributes. Moreover, in books such as this, men involuntarily portray themselves better than another could describe them. Those "who in the love of nature hold communion with her visible forms" need not be indebted to criti-

¹ *The Wilderness Hunter*. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

cism for an acknowledgment of their endowment with "the vision and the faculty." It is the same with respect to valor. Whoever has voluntarily confronted the tremendous charge of elephants or tigers, and acquitted himself well, or has followed the grizzly bear into places where the sole alternative is to conquer or die, gains nothing by having these feats exploited.

If Mr. Roosevelt's book be compared with the best accounts of direct observation in other modern languages, it will be found to be singularly free from those blemishes which cling like hereditary vices to judgments pronounced upon wild beasts. Biological and psychological misconceptions and superstitions disfigure almost the entire literature of this subject, and a body of information so extensive, various, and instructive as that given in *The Wilderness Hunter* may claim to be exceptional among the annals of sport. Interesting and often valuable as their matter is, the narratives of most great hunters impose upon those who study them for scientific ends a heavy burden in the way of elimination and reconstructive labor. Such is not the case here; so far as it goes, this author's text may be taken as it stands. The pernicious doctrine in descriptive zoölogy, that instinct is contradistinguishable from intellect, and is something more than inherited fitness and automatic function, does not anywhere pervert the opinions expressed. That widespread fallacy which insists upon an intuitive recognition of man's primacy in nature by creatures that have not been taught through experience to dread his power nowhere appears. Mr. Roosevelt never makes the common mistake of looking upon a local group as fully representing the peculiarities of widely ranging species, whose members, being differently situated in separate areas, cannot be the same. No one can appreciate, without a critical study of the voluminous records of eye-witnesses concerning character and habit,

how little they are to be relied upon in general; not from lack of good faith, but because want of acquaintance with natural laws, or an inability to apply them, has involved this subject in a mass of contradictions scarcely to be paralleled elsewhere. That *The Wilderness Hunter* so fully masters those constantly recurring implications from the law that all life depends on a continuous adjustment of organisms to the entirety of conditions under which they are placed, betrays, of course, the closet student. Individual experience does not confer success of this kind, which, in the work under consideration, shows itself as conspicuously by an absence of dogmatic decisions as it does in anything that is said. Reticence with respect to subjects concerning which conclusions are for any reason uncertain is, to those accustomed to announcements of crude and incomplete views, premature generalizations, and the perpetual confounding of inference with observation, an unmistakable indication of proficiency. Mr. Roosevelt makes no display of scientific attainments, rarely refers to authorities, never indulges in theoretical disquisitions upon the many and strikingly contrasted creatures with which he came in contact. He tells what he knows of them, nothing more; but this is done so fully, so fairly, and with so complete an absence of preconception, prejudice, and the errors attributable to the sources just pointed out, that it is merely a plain statement of the truth to say of this book that it stands nearly alone in the literature of sport with large game.

It is unreasonable to demand of an author more than he professes to give. Men, however, who know all about the subject upon which they write almost certainly make this evident, and sometimes present much more than was promised. The author of *The Wilderness Hunter* constantly does so, as, for example, in his descriptions of the cougar and wolf, which are admirable accounts of

these animals, given at first hand, and full of instruction upon details that have not made their way, to any great extent, into formal natural history. Still more strikingly true is this of his chapter on the grizzly, or, as he properly calls it, the *grisly* bear. In certain respects the present writer is out of touch with opinions there expressed; but these differences are neither radical, nor perhaps irreconcilable. Be this as it may, it need not prevent a free admission that nothing so thorough and satisfactory concerning this animal's way of life and general character has yet appeared. Like Mr. Roosevelt's description of our mountain sheep, in *Ranch Life* and the *Hunting Trail*, this is the best essay in existence on its own subject. Furthermore, regarded from a standpoint furnished by the literature of wild beasts at large, none of the *feræ* have been dealt with so completely upon the basis of a single individual's personal knowledge.

Mr. Roosevelt says that it has been his "good luck to kill all the various kinds of large game that can properly be considered to belong to temperate North America." As he is essentially a sportsman, one who would disdain wanton destruction for the purpose of making a bag, the chase has been with him an accessory of life, not its end, and all that his varied observation has revealed he has also faithfully and effectively described. It was therefore a decided gain to zoölogy that such opportunity should have been offered to a man in every way capable of using it to advantage. We shall never know more than a small part of the true history of wild animal life in any country. Hitherto, insuperable obstructions have interfered with accuracy and insight upon the part of those who chiefly came in contact with these denizens of the jungle, mountain, and plain. If, in the future, a different class of sportsmen should arise, they will find most of the great hunting-grounds in all lands tenantless.

The Indian elephant is preserved within such extensive ranges that we may entertain a good hope for the survival of this species. But the African elephant is doomed, and the white rhinoceros, a creature only second in size to him, and not long since widespread and abundant on the Dark Continent, has so entirely disappeared that no museum in the world possesses a single complete specimen. Our bison, or buffalo, has also gone, and even if the protected fragments of its vast herds are able partially to overcome the physiological disabilities involved in interbreeding, the great ox of the Western world is to all intents and purposes blotted out of creation.

These are accomplished facts in a series of events whose fulfillment appears to be certain. Those noble animals which Mr. Roosevelt hunted so lately have in great measure vanished from the regions where they were then plentiful. The greater forms in the American fauna are rapidly withdrawing into such fastnesses of the north and west as yet remain, there to make their last stand. Natural history goes but a little way beyond skeletons and skins. With these the systematic naturalist may work indefinitely, yet the days of descriptive zoölogy are numbered. Biology and psychology must seek narrower channels than those in which they might once have run, and many contributing streams will be lost, even while the current flows fresh from its source. Few appreciate, and fewer care for the desolation which is going on; nevertheless, it is only too true that domains of life and mind are now closing to the world, for whose loss nothing can ever compensate.

Mr. Roosevelt masses illustrations of these conceptions, and of those deficiencies in our knowledge which, probably, can never be made good. For example, speaking of northern Rocky Mountain wolves, he says that they attack "every four-footed beast to be found where they live;" and that while, unlike their con-

geners of the Old World, these animals are intolerant to a degree of man's proximity, they are daring and dangerous, and also "the shyest and hardest to slay." Nobody who knows it will deny that such anomalous traits coexist in "the dark gray beast;" yet who is to explain them, not on general principles, but with reference to the creature itself? It may be possible to understand why timber wolves have proportionally larger teeth than their brethren of the plains, because we happen to be in some degree acquainted with the contrasted conditions of existence through which natural selection operated. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt saw that, although there was a wide specific variation of color in *canis lupus* here, sub-groups everywhere exhibited a strong tendency to assimilate in tint. With some beings the rationale of this would be obvious, but how can it be certainly accounted for in the case of such a wandering and unsocial savage as the wolf? Again, this beast seems to be eminently fitted to prosper in the struggle for existence; the black bear, apparently, has no such fitness; yet where they live side by side, the latter holds its own, while the former perishes. What turns the scale against it?

Phenomena of a like character, but manifested in a wider field, and equally inexplicable, abound. "The otter of America is larger than the otter of Europe," remarks Mr. Roosevelt, "while the badger is smaller." Our mink is "a much stouter animal than its Scandinavian or Russian kinsman, while the reverse is true of our sable, or pine marten. No one can say why the European red deer should be a pygmy compared to its giant brother, the American wapiti; why the Old World elk should average smaller in size than the almost indistinguishable New World moose, and yet the bison of Lithuania and the Caucasus be on the whole larger and more formidable than its American cousin. In the same way, no one can

tell why, under like conditions, some game, such as the white goat and spruce grouse, should be tamer than other closely allied species, like the mountain sheep and ruffed grouse. No one can say why, on the whole, the wolf of Scandinavia and northern Russia should be larger and more dangerous than the average wolf of the Rocky Mountains, while between the bears of the same regions the comparison must be exactly reversed." These results were all brought about by natural selection, but what were the several processes, what the coöperative factors and play of forces, in different instances? How can we hope to answer these questions, now that nature's object-lessons are drawing so nearly to an end?

The Wilderness Hunter has, moreover, done well in a higher department. On this continent extremes in human condition touch. Without intervening social grades, civilization here borders upon primeval savagery. The first man and the last man stand in opposition. Except these, distinguishable types among the human strata on our frontier change and fade like forms seen in a dissolving view. Famous artists have preserved ideals of some representative figures in this strange and transitory mass, and Mr. Roosevelt's sketches from real life are executed too skillfully not to inspire a hope that he may hereafter make them more complete. His cowboy is a study that could not well be dispensed with.

The original wilderness hunters have become creatures of vague remembrance and untrustworthy tradition. One hears of them through fragmentary reminiscences at lonely camp-fires, but they are gone, leaving scarcely a trace of their individuality behind. Trappers and hunters of later times are not the same men as were their predecessors: this we know, and this is nearly all. Whatever it is possible to perpetuate concerning this latter class claims attention. It has a place in human natural history.

The subject is at present overlaid with absurdities and fiction, until well-nigh all that is commonly believed of it is untrue. Yet a little while, and the last unadulterated product of border life, the semi-nomadic horseman of its cattle ranges, will ride away "into oblivion and night." Much that was worth knowing has been rescued already from forgetful-

ness by the writings of Mr. Roosevelt, than whom no one has known this sociological variety better, has had more facilities for observing it, or was fitter to describe its features. It will be well indeed if his future contributions to descriptive zoölogy may be supplemented, like *The Wilderness Hunter* itself, by additional studies of human types.

RECENT BOOKS ON JAPAN.

THE real Japan, to use a somewhat presumptuous title adopted by Mr. Henry Norman, is slowly coming to light. Facts about Japan have been abundantly set forth, but it is the purpose and privilege of art to transmute fact, and to reveal the more intimate and pregnant truth which merely clever reporters miss. The form of the art may be music, color, or fit language, and it is as works of literary art that the intelligent reader apprehends the recent writings of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn.¹ Through this art he comes into a very intimate acquaintance with the finer verities of Japanese life.

Mr. Hearn seems born to be the mouthpiece of races so alien to ourselves that they live the poetry they do not talk about. To those whose hearts had been swept by the storms of Chûta, or had drifted through the opalescent lymphs which bathe Martinique, the tidings that this lover of hues had made Japan his home was very welcome; for Japan, too long a prey to the literary Philistine, is indeed a poet's Mecca; in her alone are the life-tints of a pristine world undimmed. There is a library of books about Japan, but, as in the sketches of those English painters who have visited her, no local color, no aroma. Some are

heavy with disjointed skeletons of facts, others involved in a maze of chronologic tunneling. Either description or elucidation employs an Occidental method; in many cases indiscriminate eulogy repels one who is willing to be enchanted. There must also be mentioned those counter-streams of calumny in which the writer would seem to seek notoriety by opposition. Only one of these productions need be cited, that of Madame Chrysanthème, in which the brilliant French sensualist, lifting for a moment a little soiled and trampled blossom, cries to the world, "Behold Japan's spotless flower!" and tosses it farther into the slough. Of the deep-hedged gardens and lily-starred hilltops he does not speak. Perhaps he cannot. Yet somewhere between the dissolute cynicisms of Pierre Loti and the amiable puerilities of Sir Edwin Arnold a blue haze trembles over the middle distance where lies the living reality of poetry, the soul of Japan.

Sympathy and exquisiteness of touch are the characteristics of Mr. Hearn's genius. He is a chameleon, glowing with the hue of outer objects or of inward moods, or altogether iridescent. He becomes translucent and veined like a moth on a twig, or mottled as if with the pro-

¹ *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*. By LAF-CADIO HEARN. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

Out of the East: Reveries and Studies in New Japan. By LAF-CADIO HEARN. Same publishers. 1895.

tective golden-browns of fallen leaves. We may not look for architectonic or even plastic powers. His is not the mind which constructs of inner necessity, which weaves plots and schemes, or thinks of its frame as it paints. He attempts no epic of history. The delver for sociologic or theologic spoil must seek deeper waters. One does not polish a diamond with a grindstone, or plant violets with a steam-plough.

Though, as a poet, Mr. Hearn discards the tonic of rhythm, as an artist he lends keen ear to the chromatics of words. He blends his words as a limner his pigments. The crisp lines of dialogue or of exclamation gleam against the warm shadows of liquid narrative. In a yet more special sense he has the painter's eye. All nature, to him, is a kaleidoscope of pure color, and no writer of English has so richly charged his phrase with it. Such tints as these, wet from the tube, we can actually see him spread: "Dead rich purples cloud broadly behind and above the indigo blackness of the serrated hills,—mist purples, fading upward smokily into faint vermilions or dim gold, which again melt up through ghostliest greens into the blue." Or again, speaking of old stone foxes: "Their backs are clad with finest green velvet of old mosses; their limbs are spotted, and their tails are tipped with the dead gold or the dead silver of delicate fungi." It may seem to some, but not to a painter, that such word-limning is at times overdone. In his West Indian sketches he has been called almost cloyingly rich and voluptuous, and there is doubtless much truth in the charge; but in his later books the all-potent influence of Japanese restraint seems to have refined and subdued his wonderful style to more perfect harmonies. Like the painter Okio, he invents a softer brush to render the subtler beauties of a new world.

Yet though Mr. Hearn's genius is that of a poet, his service to the scientific

world is unique. Hundreds of observers have tabulated the sociologic data of barbaric life in both hemispheres. With all our knowledge of classic heroes, what would we not give for the glimpse of a peasant group around a provincial Roman hearth! In Japan we have a life as full as the ancient Roman, and an imagination more sensitive, marvelously preserved for us. Yet this richest mine of human belief and feeling is rapidly filling up with the muddy tides of Western commercialism. Intoxicated by military success, these live pagans must be iconoclasts in their very efforts at reconstruction. Already one can inhale pure Japanese flavor only in the tales of the very old, or in the sequestered life of a hidden village. Mr. Hearn's transfer to the East was timely, for it was at a tragic melting-point of time, and, with phonograph in hand, he has caught the dying strains of an epoch's swan-song.

This figure fairly expresses his method. His chapters are long or short as are his moods. There is little organic unity in them; no scientific aim or philosophic grasp rounds them into form. Even his paragraphs have little cohesion. Speaking of the forming of his sentences, he himself has compared it to the focusing of an image, each added word being like the turn of a delicate screw. He has a microscopic eye. His fancy, like a solar ray passing through a room, gilds a line of motes before unseen. But in this he is not unlike Japan herself. Without analysis, without anxiety, her sweet children love, and sing, and die. Their instinctive loyalties need no prop of universals, nor spur of grim futures. It is enough to live. Their world is but a flash of local color. So, too, these swift pastels of Mr. Hearn brighten for each tourist his own colder experiences. In entering a new country one faces his facts as they come. It matters little upon which flower he first alights. In these volumes, one cares not at what page he opens. There is little lost in

reading a chapter by paragraphs backward, but to push forward rapidly through crowded ranks of facts and impressions is as fatiguing as a day's sight-seeing at a fair. Only, be it remembered, his facts are not of matter, but of the spirit.

It will be clear from what has been already said that there is a limitation in Mr. Hearn's vision. Though the veins of pure metal he taps are new and inestimably precious, he makes no claim to exhaust the resources of the soil. It is, in brief, the absence of the faculty which sees the relations of parts to wholes. He cannot attempt to knit together the raveled edges of epochs, nor space his local gems with proportioned intervals. There is no sense of history or of mass. Therefore there are many realities, even highly poetic ones, which our author does not see. Perhaps this lack is conscious abnegation. Perhaps he is content to be himself a Japanese of the common people, whose minds mirror only the passing fact. In this respect he is the true congener of the Ukiyo painter, that artist from and for the masses, who fills his color prints with the prismatic life of his day. Of this transition era he is the Hokusai and Hiroshige, men whose work, shown him in Japan by Mr. Fenollosa, awakened his sympathy and delight. But the very limitation of the Ukiyo as a school of Japanese art is its incapacity to understand the national ideals of the past or of the contemporary educated. It is the life of the moment, charming and sweet, but with no outlook. For it the aspiration and splendor of eleven centuries of Japanese art are non-existent. From it are banished the wealthy worlds of court and camp and cloister. It is walled in by caste. It cannot estimate its own phenomena as part of a great thought or scheme. So Mr. Hearn's picture of Japan is of but one half only. In dealing with religion, or legend, or biographic anecdote, he tells us only what the native of the present day thinks about it, and not

the heart of its significance. This would be parallel to interviewing the peasantry of Italy upon local traditions, or describing the picturesque decay of Rome before its recent restoration. The Florentine boatman of to-day has little conception of the intensely creative life of the fifteenth century; nor do the mouldering ruins of palace and bath, overbuilt by centuries of squalor, transmit an adequate picture of the splendor from which they sprang. It would be the contrast between the consciousness of a devout Catholic in a remote European village, who had never heard of the Renaissance, and that of the educated author who grasps the present as an outcome of that brilliant illumination. Thus, to a student of Oriental faiths, ideals, and creative epochs, Mr. Hearn seems always hovering upon the edge of a discovery. His people's account of Buddhism is like the dew upon maidenhair fern, whose fringes conceal the brink of a deep, exhaustless well. So his occasional penetration to the land of ghosts, as in *A Wish Fulfilled*, is without the guidance of a Virgil, or of a priest who could interpret the psychologic law under the apparently fortuitous belief. He is thus in danger of discarding, as the exquisite but vanishing poetry of superstition, a key to the very latest and most important scientific problem.

Yet this reservation must not blind one to the unique beauty and value of Mr. Hearn's work. It is an anthology of lyrics, — lyrics which he and others have actually lived. There is no romantic phase of Greek or mediæval consciousness more charming. He is a contemporary Theocritus; his pictures are as innocent as those of Piero della Francesca. He establishes, even from its popular phases, the claim of the Oriental world to be civilization's leader in refined sentiment. This is no light task, to stem the skepticism that greeted Japan's irresponsible eulogists. He refers frequently to his learned friend Professor Chamberlain,

who, after twenty-five years of study, produced a misleading book, *Things Japanese*, which, as a storehouse of facts, is the exact antipodes of Mr. Hearn's writings, and of which his favorite pupil said that, were it reprinted in Japanese, his life could not be guaranteed twelve hours. It is cynical, unfeeling, blind to all the higher meaning of Oriental life and light, sour and self-conscious, like much of English comment on alien standards. If truth is merely what appears to the average analytic, then poetry is a lie, Mr. Hearn is a dreamer, and love and fancy are unimportant human phenomena. Mr. Hearn's appreciation is that of a listener to exquisite music; his expression of it as subtle. He is conscious of the deadness of that brain which dissolves the facts of the soul, and finds a precipitate of utilities. There are foreign scientists who have scoffed at the "Japanese delusion." "And this," the reader may say, — "this is all that you went forth to see: a torii, some shells, a small damask snake, some stones?" . . . Not of strange sights alone is this charm made, but of numberless subtle sensations and ideas interwoven and interblended: the sweet, sharp scents of grove and sea; the blood-brightening, vivifying touch of the free wind; the dumb appeal of ancient mystic mossy things; vague reverence evoked by knowledge of treading soil called holy for a thousand years; and a sense of sympathy, as a human duty, compelled by the vision of steps of rock worn down into shapelessness by the pilgrim feet of vanished generations." The soul that will not see what the prophet has unveiled is in need of deep pity. And over how many such important truths he lingers, where others have turned away unimpressed! He notices the remarkable beauty and individuality of trees. "Is it that the trees have been so long domesticated and caressed by man . . . that they have acquired souls, and strive to show their gratitude, like women loved, by making themselves more beautiful

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for man's sake?" How rare to find one who describes symbols of the five elements, speaking of a sixth unsymbolized! It is true that he speaks of it as knowledge, where it should have been called self-consciousness. In the chapter on Jizō he writes very tenderly of this beautiful, gracious saviour of the ghosts of children. From the psalm of Jizō he quotes: —

"Be not afraid, dears! be never fearful!

Poor little souls, your lives were brief indeed!

Trust to me! I am your father and mother in the Meido,

Father of all children in the region of the dead."

And what a touch of poetic pathos in his introduction of the Eurasian girl at the cemetery! "Half-caste, and poor, and pretty, in this foreign port! Better thou wert with the dead about thee, child! better than the splendor of this soft blue light the unknown darkness for thee. There the gentle Jizō would care for thee and hide thee in his great sleeves." He feels an identity, particularly in prayer, with the vanished world of his Greek ancestors: "Blended in some strange way it seems to be with my faint knowledge of an elder world, whose household gods were also the beloved dead; and there is a weird sweetness in this place, like the shadowing of Lares." So his estimate of Japanese art is high, and for the right reason: "One colored print by a Hokusai or Hiroshige, originally sold for less than a cent, may have more real art in it than many a Western painting valued at more than the worth of a whole Japanese street." "The foreign artist will give you realistic reflections of what he sees. . . . The Japanese artist gives you that which he feels, the mood of a season, the precise sensations of an hour and place; his work is qualified by a power of suggestiveness rarely found in the art of the West. . . . He surpasses imagination, excites it, leaves it hungry

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with the hunger of charm perceived in glimpses only. . . . He is above all things impersonal." Mr. Hearn sees with the intuition of a poet the close relation to Greek art which has heretofore apparently arrested the attention of one or two men only who have brought a critical training to the study. Especially is this to be said of the dances: "Figures lightly poised as birds, — figures that somehow recall the dreams of shapes circling about certain antique vases; those charming Japanese robes, close-clinging about the knees, might seem, but for the great fantastic drooping sleeves, and the curious broad girdles confining them, designed after the drawing of some Greek or Etruscan artist." "All those feet are small, symmetrical, — light as the feet of figures painted on Greek vases. — and the step is always taken toes first." Though he probably underestimates the influence of Buddhism upon the Japanese soul, yet he knows what a revelation that soul will be to the Western world: "He who would know what Shintō is must learn to know that mysterious soul in which the sense of beauty and the power of art and the fire of heroism and magnetism of loyalty and the emotion of faith, have become inherent, immanent, unconscious, instinctive."

The first volume of *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* deals largely with descriptions of places; the second, more specially with customs and beliefs. The opening essay, *In a Japanese Garden*, will be remembered by readers of *The Atlantic* as one of the most exquisite and characteristic of Mr. Hearn's papers. Here, like the Japanese soul, he comes very close to the heart of nature. He reveals to us the hidden symbols, and the rare intimacies of flower and shrub, rock and tree, waterfall and lake; the many strange forms and cries of insects, the plaint of nightingale and wood-dove, the halo of the lotos-bloom, and the swift movement of frog or fish. Here is sci-

entific observation translated into poetry as delicate as the ferns it describes. In a later chapter he gilds the subject of reincarnation with a touch new to the West: "The young mother who loses her first child may at least pray that it will come back to her out of the night of death. . . . Praying, she writes within the hand of the little corpse the first ideograph of her lost darling's name. Months pass, and she is again a mother. Eagerly she examines the flower-soft hand of the infant, and lo! the selfsame ideograph is there, — a rosy birthmark on the tender palm." In the chapter *The Japanese Smile* lies a very subtle analysis of character; and in the one entitled *Of Souls* we have a first introduction to the marvelous psychology of the East.

Out of the East gives us Mr. Hearn's studies since his change of residence from Izumo to Kumamoto. The discussion of the story of *Alkestis* by his students enables him to contrast most strikingly Eastern and Western ideals. *Of the Eternal Feminine* is an elaborate essay, breaking the surface of the philosophy of life, but not altogether satisfactory. It is true that the feminine is not an ideal with Orientals; but the true reason is that they have it as the substance of their life. We who base our civilization upon individuality and struggle need a counterbalance on the side of our aspirations. This essential contrast of East and West Mr. Hearn appears not to perceive. Moreover, women were the social equals of men in earlier Japanese ages; and the category of the feminine is fundamental in Chinese philosophy, where it becomes embodied in certain trees, stones, waters, and other natural objects, as well as in the beautiful *Boddhisattva Kwannon*. Mr. Hearn is not at his best as a metaphysician. He flounders somewhat in Buddhist speculation, not always distinguishing between a profound thought and a beautiful legend. But

we can forgive him in that he stands forth a stanch champion, defying the West from the heart of the Japanese people. He does this most clearly in his finest essay, Jiu-jutsu; here the very meaning of the martial exercise, to "conquer by yielding," is taken as a text to explain the phenomena of national awakening which foreign cities have denounced as a "reversal." Japan has borrowed weapons of force from the West, in order successfully to resist its insidious influence. True progress is from within. Mr. Hearn writes, "However psychologists may theorize on the absence or the limitations of personal individuality among the Japanese, there can be no question at all that, as a nation, Japan possesses an individuality stronger than our own." The late war has demonstrated this truth to the world. We would go further, and say that the very absence of personality is the key to this individuality, and there is every reason to hope that this race, still so young and vigorous, may solve the world-problem of uniting the civilizations of two hemispheres.

One of the household words of the resident in the Far Orient is "globe-trotter." This strange device names one of the new things under the sun,—the man, chiefly the American, whose vaulting ambition lands him in "doing" the globe, usually at full speed by sea and land. Ten days to Japan, a week to China, three to India, and a se'nnight for Egypt, ended by shopping in the European capitals, form the usual itinerary for this ilk, whose sole qualification for travel is its wealth. Such globe-trotters are often the terror and discouragement of the cultivated sojourners in the land, who gave the disparaging name. Worse, if possible, than the haste is the ignorance of these Philistines, and the ignorance is deepest just where, on Oriental ground, it is most dangerous, namely, in religion. Accustomed as they have been at home to hear the god in "heathen "

religions ignored, the ill exaggerated, they naturally have not wasted much time in preparing to meet them, and find only too late that there is nothing else to meet. Then ensues temple-weariness, and a secret sense of relief when the trotter starts for his familiar sights and sounds once more. It is not too much to say that one who travels in the Orient without a knowledge of its religions walks in a fog; for, one way or other, and always to a degree unsuspected by the modern man, religion has there made or modified everything.

The globe-trotter, however, heretofore has had one excuse: he could find no comprehensive account of the religions of Japan. But now, at last, to the multifarious treatises on the art, culture, manners, history, and what-not of Japan is added one on its religions.¹ These had hitherto been described only piecemeal in learned monographs, the subjects of which Dr. Griffis has combined into a comprehensive whole, guided therein by an almost lifelong acquaintance, through residence or reading, with the topic he treats.

A brief outline can only hint at the richness of material found throughout the work. Shintō, Japan's ethnic faith, is depicted in all the strangeness and weirdness proper to a primitive cult; marvelously preserved for us, moreover, by an arrest in its development caused by the arrival in Japan of the missionary religion, Buddhism. How this primitive faith influenced its successors, Buddhism and Confucianism, forms a striking lesson in persistence of early ideas, racial as well as individual.

Confucianism consists, in Japan as on the continent, mainly in the duties of the "five relations," which our author treats in order, and contrasts with the corresponding Christian concepts. We shall not be surprised, of course, to find

¹ *The Religions of Japan.* By W. E. GRIFFIS, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

that in such a contrast the Confucian system appears to disadvantage, and we are in duty bound to decide for ourselves. But the question here is subtler in that it admits of degrees and of offsetting merits. Now, some, and among them the present reviewer, will think that, while writers like Sir Edwin Arnold have notoriously exaggerated Japanese virtues, the author before us has, though by no means so markedly, exaggerated their vices. In every country and age are found the thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal, because wisdom and discretion have preserved them from current religious follies. Again, much must be allowed for varying expression of the same fundamental idea. For example, no charge has more frequently and plausibly been made against the Japanese than that of glaring immodesty. Yet better understanding, gained by allowing them to explain themselves, has resulted in a full vindication that in turn puts us to shame, and shows much of our imagined modesty to be nothing but prudery, while some of our customs are, to the Japanese, downright scandalous. Miss A. M. Bacon writes in her *Japanese Girls and Women*, "According to the Japanese standard, any exposure of the person that is merely incidental to health, cleanness, or convenience in doing necessary work, is perfectly modest and allowable; but an exposure, no matter how slight, that is simply for show is in the highest degree indelicate." Judging by this rational standard, the Japanese woman must feel an agony of shame at the thought of appearing in such indecent costumes as are sometimes worn in our ballrooms. Last are the offsetting merits, which receive little or no attention in the work before us, and yet are in fact marked and numerous. Among these are wonderful cleanness of body, obedience to parents and respect for superiors, kindness and courtesy to all, and for one's self temperance, industry, content, and patience. The lack in the Japanese

language of any exact equivalent for the word "chastity" is noted by our author, but not so another significant lack, namely, that of all words used in cursing! Imagine, if you can, the average American deprived of his imprecatory vocabulary! This remarkable lack of the Japanese, whether lord or laborer, imparts a smoothness and serenity to his whole conduct which forms one factor in his character as gentleman, not to mention deeper ethical traits which do not distinguish the Saxon race.

In any case, this study of Confucian morals opens up the question of comparative morality as nothing else can for Japan, since, in the peculiar division of labor adopted by its three religions, while Shintō supplied cosmogonic myths and local and patron deities, and Buddhism supplied philosophic and ecclesiastical notions, it was the function of Confucianism to set the ethical ideals.

The treatment of Buddhism is as instructive religiously as that of Confucianism is ethically. First, note that Buddhism, by reason of its dominance in Japan for about a millennium, must be chiefly charged with whatever of blame or praise is due the people. Japan is mainly a Buddhist country, and that to a degree much above China, where from first to last Buddhism has been checked by the literati. Of its immense benefits in its rôle of civilizer there can be no more doubt than as to similar effects of Christianity in its missionary labors. The superiority of Christianity here arose, of course, from the fact that it conveyed Greek culture instead of Chinese.

For the rest, the study of Buddhism divides into a study of its sects. These were numerous, but mention is made of five which long ago perished, of three imported ones which still flourish, while three native departures are most popular of all. These sects will be found reproducing, or rather anticipating, many of the philosophic and theologic schools familiar in the West. A comparative

study of their respective origins should prove very instructive to the new science of hierology. Man may in this way get his eye on some of the knots that have been throttling him. While all Buddhism is, as is well known, broadly Romanist in externals, Japan affords the singular phenomenon of a Buddhist sect which strikingly resembles Protestantism; not, in this case, in externals of ritual, but rather in informing ideas. This is the Shinshū, the largest and most influential sect in Japan. Its founder, Shinran Shonin, antedated Luther by some three hundred years in promulgating the then entirely new doctrines of justification by faith alone but proven by good works, instantaneous conversion and sanctification, searching the scriptures, — *their* scriptures, if you please, — missionary work, and the like, while he rejected all monasticism, celibacy, pilgrimages, fastings, and amulets. This sect, as may easily be imagined, presents itself to-day as the only serious rival of Christianity in Japan. It deserves a treatise, or several, to itself.

After the surprise of discovering that Buddhism could do so well (that is, so much like ourselves), another surprise awaits us, in the chapter entitled A Century of Roman Christianity, in discovering that Christianity — as Romanism, which is as much Christianity as Mahayana is Buddhism — could do so ill. Yet when, in the sixteenth century, it exiled or killed bonzes (Japanese Buddhist priests), applied fire to shrines and images, and got up fictitious miracles to persuade the doubting, it did but reflect procedure current in the home lands of its Spanish and Portuguese representatives. If Jesuits used political intrigue to advance religious faith, they only acted on principles then, and even in part still recognized at home by both Protestants and Romanists. And thus, in spite of intrinsic moral and religious superiority, Christianity was ousted with bloody measures, and that policy of exclusion was

inaugurated which has lasted for two centuries, to days within our own memories. Long delay to the civilization of Japan as this exclusion occasioned, one cannot but rejoice in the compensation afforded it in its deliverance from the fate suffered by Mexico and Peru.

The book is excellent throughout, and indispensable to the religious student, though it easily suggests the need of fuller and more technical treatment, to the extent, at least, of one work on each of the religions here treated together. The Morse Lectureship could do the new and struggling science of comparative religion no better service than by calling on scholars qualified to treat the three religions of Japan, which each and all stand to-day among the most neglected fields of religious research.

Dr. Griffiths appears to have written with the reserve of a scholar who treads cautiously where he is not on the firm ground of close examination, and thus his chapter on Shintō is an understatement. Mr. Percival Lowell, on the contrary, brings to his task the zeal of a pioneer.

To modern sociology the discovery of any primitive polytheism not including some belief in supernatural possession would prove a startling event; and to find such belief non-existent in the ancient religion of Japan would be more astonishing than to find it, as Mr. Lowell does, exceptionally present. What seems more remarkable is that so many other writers should have failed to look for those facts and forms of spiritualism which the author of *Occult Japan*¹ has been investigating. Previously, it was known in a vague way that the religion of Shintō — according to which all the dead become *Kami* (superiors), or spiritual powers — had its oracles and its priests or priestesses who were subject to divine possession. But the extent and

¹ *Occult Japan; or, The Way of the Gods.* By PERCIVAL LOWELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

variety of the ghostly beliefs and practices of Shintō had not even been guessed. It was left for Mr. Lowell first to expound such a singular article of common faith as that even the humblest peasant may cause himself to become possessed by a god, and so obtain powers of thaumaturgy, of healing, and of prophecy. It was also reserved for Mr. Lowell to suggest not merely the intimacy of the relation between the living and the dead in Shintō, but also the strange depth to which the primitive belief reaches down into the roots of the national existence. — matters both of sociological interest. Like *The Soul of the Far East*, his *Occult Japan* is in the nature of a revelation. Nevertheless, to do the author full justice, it is necessary to remind the reader that *Occult Japan* treats of but one aspect of a multiform and unfamiliar subject, and also that this aspect of Shintō is in all respects the least inviting.

So far from being by nature materialistic and skeptical, as formerly represented, the Japanese would seem, of all civilized races, the most profoundly influenced by faith in the supernatural. For them, all the woods and peaks, all the lakes and streams, of their native land are divinely haunted; and all the occupations of men, all human actions, all functions of life, are ruled by special deities, patron or tutelar. Each hamlet has its local deities, each family its own cult, each home its Lares and Penates. But the religious condition does not offer a real parallel with that of the old Greek world. There are differences multitudinous and complex; and the suggested attempt at a parallel would perhaps be found most at fault in relation to those rites and beliefs with which Mr. Lowell's book chiefly deals. They would appear to have survived with little modification from an epoch in human evolution far antedating that represented by our own classical antiquity. On the subject of supernatural possession, especially, it is probable that the Japanese be-

liefs would be found to have an archaic character differing greatly from what we know of Greek ideas on the same topic. Mr. Lowell justly expresses his astonishment at the great variety of the beliefs in spirit-possession which he discovered; and this very multiformity would indicate their primitive character. Yet they are in all likelihood much more numerous and varied than they appeared even to him. "There is intentional possession," he says, "and unintentional possession; possession by mediation of the church, and possession immediate by the devil; beneficent possession by dead men, and malevolent possession by live beasts. There is, in short, possession by pretty nearly every kind of creature — *except by other living men.*" Here Mr. Lowell is in error. Possession by the living, so far from being unknown to Japanese imagination, is perhaps one of the most common forms of the belief, as also one of the most ghastly. Moreover, this particular sort of possession is divided and subdivided into a number of varieties. There is conscious malevolent possession by the living (but this costs, eventually, the life of the hater as well as of the hated), there is unconscious malevolent possession, and there is possession of the living by the living through priestly mediation. What the Japanese term "living ghosts" play a part of no small interest in romance and drama; and the belief is common enough to have a technology of its own. But it would require the labors of a generation of folk-lorists to exhaust the enormous subject of Japanese popular beliefs.

The occult element in Shintō, as Mr. Lowell shows, certainly existed long before the time of the first Buddhist missions; and it would be interesting to learn, though almost impossible to define, how far the two religions subsequently acted and reacted upon each other. On this subject we can obtain some general facts from various sources, but only sufficient to indicate in a rather

vague way the history and character of the interrelation. We know that the Aryan faith attempted to adopt Shintō bodily into its vast system, declaring the chief Shintō gods to be Buddhist avatars, and accepting ancestor-worship of necessity. But to absorb the countless myriads of the Kami proved a task exceeding even the prodigious assimilative powers of Buddhism. Shintō could not be absorbed, neither could it be cast out. The introduction of the Confucian and Taoist teachings only gave it fresh strength. To consider the nature of the opposition it could offer to absorption, one should know something of its exclusively national character, its conservative horror of contact with things alien, its early dislike of images, and its archaic deuteronomy regarding pollution and purification. One should remember, also, not only its millions of primeval gods, the countless special Kami of towns and villages, the spirits of mountain and shore, and the innumerable souls of ancestors apotheosized, but likewise that in every Japanese home each household utensil — rice-pot, brazier, ladle — has its guardian invisible. Even to-day, in the heart of the country, each chamber of a dwelling has its divine tenant, and every action of family life is, under rules of time, place, or direction, enforced by spiritual discipline. Buddhism, indeed, became the educator of Japan. It taught a faith, a philosophy, and various codes of Chinese ethics in harmony with national sentiment; it introduced an immense variety of arts; it opened myriads of schools; it built imposing temples, and beautified them with all that could appeal to the imagination; it placed holy images by every wayside, and sculptured the rocks with Sanskrit texts; its drums and its mighty bells measured time for all the dwellers of cities. The people learned to love it, because it was beautiful and very wise. But that other faith, viewless and artless, whose gods are ghosts, whose shrines are void and silent, whose

only moral code is the heart of man, remained through all the centuries the dominator of the national life, and even of Buddhism itself. The Buddhist priest might find himself called upon not only to cast out malevolent Shintō spirits, but to submit himself to possession by harmless ones, or, in other words, to call up the dead to speak through his lips. (It is rather to be regretted that Mr. Lowell has not noticed certain touching forms of this invocation, a rite still secretly practiced notwithstanding government prohibition.) But in spite of apparent mutual yielding, the two religions never really ceased to remain separate. They did seem to blend temporarily in Ryōbu-Shintō, as Mr. Lowell points out, but Ryōbu-Shintō is an acknowledged failure. Otherwise they became friends in a general way without joining hands, though we must notice the overt hostility to Shintō of the later Buddhist sects, the Nichiren and Shinshū. Both, however, have been compelled to yield much in practice, if not in theory, — the Nichirenites especially to the power of the Izumo-Taisha, and the Shinshū to that great Shintō sect whose chief temples are at Ise. The Shintōist does not desire to reject Buddhism, but he will not abandon the more ancient gods of his fathers, and thus obliges Buddhism to compromise. Side by side, yet separately, the two religions live in millions of homes; each having its special shrine and tablets, each its special rites performed at particular hours, each a totally distinct cult of ancestral spirits. And the opposition to blending is essentially Shintō. No Shintō priest will knowingly play a Buddhist rôle, but Buddhist priests of certain sects will perform Shintō rites of necromancy, as Mr. Lowell bears witness. Probably at no time in Japanese history did Shintō ever yield to Buddhism as Buddhism has yielded to Shintō; and to-day, after a thousand years of Buddhist teaching, the empire and all its life are still practically ruled by the dead.

That the veritable religion of Japan should have remained practically unknown to the Occident until within the present generation is a fact of great significance. Foreign observers studied the texts, but failed to perceive the power, because that power was viewless, and because the outward tokens of Shintō intimated only emptiness. Yet it was really this weird vacuity which should have suggested the truth. To Mr. Lowell it partly did so. "The simple beauty of the Shintō faith," he tells us, "is, in an emotional sense, the very essence of what makes Far-Eastern life so fine. Mere outline of a faith as Shintō at first sight seems to be, on closer study it proves to be something little less than grand in its very simplicity. Truly it needs no formal priesthood, no elaborate service, no costly shrines; for it has as visibly about it something better than all these, its very gods. To Shintō they are always there; and the great cryptomeria groves no longer seem untenanted, the plain, bare buildings no longer lack a host; for at any instant they may be pervaded by a presence, — the presence of the incarnate spirit of the god." Behind the irony there is glimpse of a fact too large for irony. Indeed, the majesty of Shintō is in its very ghostliness; but for that reason it remains hidden from the unsympathetic observer, and to some extent, one must believe, even from Mr. Lowell himself. Little the passing traveler imagines that Tōkyō, with its half-Europeanized society, its dress balls, its military parade, is governed by the dead. To him the great army festivals seem mere holidays of diversion: he cannot guess that the horse-races and the fireworks and all the pageantry are for invisible guests, — the soldier dead of all the centuries. Still for the mass of the people all human action is influenced by the unseen. Still are the heroes of the past invoked with pomp official in the hour of national peril. Still the Emperor speaks to the august spirits of his

fathers, and with prayer and offerings petitions their protection for his fleets and armies. Nay, the commonest sights of a street — a paper pasted above a door, a flower display, a dance of children, a chant of begging pilgrims — have ghostly meanings unguessed by the stranger, but of deepest import in the life of the race. And when we know that the whole vast power of this spiritual feeling can be used as one directing force for a national end, that it not only has been, but even now is so being used, the subject of Shintō certainly expands beyond the range of jesting.

But how are we to reconcile the fact of this colossal spiritualism with the common assertion of unquestionable authorities that the Japanese are indifferent to those philosophical and metaphysical problems which fill so large a place in Western intellectual life? The student of comparative psychology will answer that what has been termed indifference to such questions is probably incapacity for them; and that the race has not yet reached that point of intellectual maturity at which the ability to form and to combine general ideas becomes a pleasure rather than a pain. Such an explanation finds support in the comparative absence of words in Japanese to express abstract ideas, and even in the very structure of the language, as Professor Chamberlain has shown (the metaphysical terms of Buddhism being, of course, Sanskrit or Chinese). And this surmise naturally tempts to another, — that the peculiar charm of Japanese life may be the charm of childishness. Certainly the psychological chapters of Mr. Lowell's book would indicate the affirmative, though he refuses, this time, frankly to acknowledge the charm. Those gracious approaches to sympathy, delicate as unspoken regret for a lost friend, and that playful tenderness of criticism, which made the delight of Noto and of *The Soul of the Far East*, are sadly absent from this least pleasant but not

least instructive of his books. The special phenomena of which he made so elaborate a study were not in themselves attractive, but merely curious, and sometimes, perhaps, superficially ludicrous. He was dealing with just that phase of the subject most likely to repel a cultivated observer, the theatrical side, with its mummeries and mimings, its hysteria and hypnotism. But one is tempted to ask whether the author of *Occult Japan* has not shown himself supersensitive to the repulsive side of the lower forms of Shintō. It may also strike the reader that the mental weaknesses of a gifted and amiable race are not kindly treated in this rather satirical volume. That Mr. Lowell touches profound truths very keenly at times, in its pages, is beyond all question. But there are two facts to remember when dealing with questions of race difference. The first is that differences in psychology are only differences of degree, not of kind, and that all stages of intellectual arrest or immaturity may be found among any race; the second is that a nation may owe, in emergencies, more to its weakness than to its strength, since the degree of its mental evolution must be invariably proportioned in fitness to social conditions. Now, Mr. Lowell does not sufficiently imply that the deficiencies he criticises

are altogether relative. But their relativity offers the most interesting subject of consideration; for it is probably just by virtue of those very deficiencies that Japan remains capable of uniting all the energies of her forty millions into one prodigious effort to any desired end. That feebleness of emotional volume which Mr. Lowell terms want of personality, that comparative approach to mental uniformity which he calls lack of individuality, that susceptibility to influence which he satirizes as hypnotic, are psychological conditions inevitable to any race with an evolutionary history like that of Japan; and they have been a source of national gain instead of loss. It is very doubtful if the government could have wrought those miracles which have redeemed Japan from alien domination, had it not been for the extremely plastic nature of the humanity under control. Forty millions of subjects united in one faith of loyalty, filial piety, and obedience — forty millions of Shintōists, in short — represent a living material whose very homogeneity renders any political miracle possible, a mental world throughout equally sensitive to every directing impulse. No faith that preserves a nation's independence, and prepares it for larger and loftier things, can be all unworthy of our admiration.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Travel and Nature. The Peoples and Politics of the Far East, by Henry Norman. (Scribners.) Mr. Norman, who had, besides his academic training, a first-rate journalistic training in America and England, has spent the past four years in travel in British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies, also in Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya, and makes report in a stout octavo with sixty illustrations and four maps. He is a capital reporter of what he sees, and

he has looked for the foundations as well as the visible structures. He recognizes the increasing importance of the East in world politics, and he seeks to get, if possible, at such indications of the drift of affairs as may make him a sagacious prophet of the near future. He is rather sweeping in some of his conclusions, and very positive in his statements, but one comes to trust him as quick-witted and honest. — *Russian Rambles*, by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Houghton.)

Miss Hapgood has printed in *The Atlantic* some of the papers which make up this agreeable volume. She shows herself a genuine traveler, having a true curiosity, a judgment held in suspense, and a spirit of sympathy. She is a genuine reporter, also, honest, frank, and sufficiently minute to convey the impression of close scrutiny. When one adds that she possesses the equipment of a familiarity with the Russian language and frequent long terms of residence in the country, it is plain that this book is a real contribution to our better acquaintance with the country and people of which it treats. — *The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians*, by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Part II. Translated by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. (Putnam's.) This is by no means a new work on Russia, yet the recent change of régime in that country gives it a welcome timeliness. The present volume describes the institutions of the empire, — the administrative bodies, the bureaucracy, the machinery of justice, the press, the censorship, — and has no fewer than four chapters on the revolutionary movement and needed political reforms. The English is smoother than that of the first volume, and the translator has wisely reduced the number and bulk of her "annotations." — *Guernsey, its People and Dialect*, by Edwin Seelye Lewis. (The Modern Language Association of America, Baltimore.) A university thesis in which a corner of the large field of Norman French is worked with apparent thoroughness. — *The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser*, Notes from both Sides of the Russian Frontier, by Poultney Bigelow. (Harpers.) Mr. Bigelow made the reconnaissance, of which the result is in this book, in company with the artist Mr. Remington. His familiarity with German life makes him at home on the Kaiser's side of the frontier; his experience, and it may be his unfamiliarity with Russia makes him a pretty severe critic of the Russian side; but he is, at any rate, a keen observer and spirited reporter, though it must be admitted that he relies more on informants than on personal investigation in Russian matters. — *Volume VII. (1894) of Garden and Forest, a Journal of Horticulture, Landscape Art, and Forestry*, conducted by Charles S. Sargent (Garden and Forest Publishing Co., New York), shows no falling off from its high standard. It is thoroughly scientific, though not unneces-

sarily technical; and while it makes no attempt to cultivate literary style at the expense of accuracy of statement, it is nevertheless very interesting reading. It has given particular attention to the subject of public reservations during the past year, and is certainly doing valuable work in that direction. An excellent feature is the weekly London letter, and there are occasional communications from other foreign countries as well as from all parts of the United States. Book reviews form an important department. — *The Industries of Animals*, by Frédéric Houssay. (Imported by Scribners.) Next to man, the ant seems to be the most intelligent of animals, and even those who are not sluggards can get both profit and pleasure from considering her ways. There are also other animals whose industries show various degrees of mental power, and M. Houssay has made an interesting and in some respects valuable book. But we are a little shy of putting absolute faith in an author who accuses the American cuckoo of laying its eggs in other birds' nests, and tells us that the Baltimore oriole's nest has the entrance on the side, — towards the north in the Southern States, and towards the south in the Northern States! Many of the assertions, however, are backed by references to competent authorities. The author makes it very clear that intellectual development is quite independent of organization, and that the intelligence of animals differs from ours only in degree, but it is reassuring to be told that "man excels in all the arts, . . . and we may safeguard our pride by affirming that we need not fear comparison." — *Animals' Rights, considered in Relation to Social Progress*, by Henry S. Salt; also an *Essay on Vivisection in America*, by Albert Lefingwell, M. D. (Macmillan.) Mr. Salt, believing, with many others, that there is no "great gulf" between man and the lower animals, has followed this hypothesis to what he considers its logical outcome, and denies the right of man to inflict injury or death on any animal whatever, except in self-defense or for the animal's own individual good. He goes the whole length, — advocates vegetarianism and the use of substitutes for leather, and regards vivisection as morally wrong, and therefore not to be excused by any amount of benefit to mankind which may come of it. We fear (or

shall we say hope ?) that it will be long before this extreme view is generally adopted even by thoughtful and humane people. But there is a great deal to be praised in the book, and its influence can be only for good. Dr. Leffingwell's essay, which occupies about one fourth of the book, is an eloquent plea for reform in American methods. — *The Grouse : Natural History*, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson ; *Shooting*, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley ; *Cookery*, by George Saintsbury. (Longmans.) This second volume of the Fur and Feather Series is devoted to the red grouse of Scotland, Ireland, and the North of England, while the section on *Shooting* has also short accounts of the blackcock, capercaillie, and ptarmigan. As the title indicates, the book is very comprehensive. Mr. Stuart-Wortley, whose contribution occupies nearly two thirds of the volume, is a true lover of nature and outdoor life, and what he says of the sights and sounds on and about the moors is often delightful reading. The illustrations, by Mr. Stuart-Wortley and Mr. A. Thorburn, are excellent, though the two entitled respectively *Between Two Fires* and *The Shadow of Death* are a little misleading to persons unfamiliar with British game-birds; for the birds they show are ptarmigans, while the text in their vicinity is entirely devoted to the grouse. — *Summer Studies of Birds and Books*, by W. Warde Fowler. (Macmillan.) The true lover of nature makes himself felt so clearly in these papers that, though some of the birds are Swiss and more of them English, though Aristotle and White of Selborne are the men considered, and though "Billy," a wire-haired fox terrier, is the subject of one of the most attractive sketches of all, no reader need have any lack of sympathy and kinship with the themes or the writer. The manner is that of a student whose life draws as much from the fields as from his books. Each source of inspiration touches the other to better issues. — *Trans-Caspia, the Sealed Provinces of the Czar*, by M. M. Shoemaker. (Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati.) The journal of a traveler far eastward from the European boundaries of Russia. His camera traveled with him, and by its work, as by the writer's pen, one is given many glimpses of people and things in Turkistan. The book would be considerably more valuable if it were equipped with a map, for one finds it

all too easy to lose one's self in the regions between Tiflis and Samarkand, and beyond. Nor is the writer's style, though sprightly, above reproach. — *The Pearl of India*, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Ceylon is an island, and of just the right size for a book. Nothing could be more satisfactory than such a subject for a traveler who finds the pleasure which Mr. Ballou plainly had in seeing fresh countries and telling a straightforward tale of what he saw and heard. It would not be easy to find a book on Ceylon so comprehensive and encyclopædic which had also so much of personal incident. — *The Cause of Warm and Frigid Periods*, by C. A. M. Taber. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.)

Fiction. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) This book, like all Mr. Besant's later tales, may be briefly described as a romance with a moral purpose. The fortune of the Burley family, begun by fraud, and increased in succeeding generations by sordid or disgraceful means, finally attains colossal proportions, and its last possessor dying intestate and without a known heir, claimants for his millions naturally appear from all quarters. The stories of such of these as are actually akin to the dead man are told here, especially that of his grandson and only real heir, who had been brought up in ignorance of his name and people by a father who believed that a curse had followed the Burleys' ill-gotten gains. How the young man, a clever scientist, is gradually but surely mastered by the hereditary greed, and how he is saved therefrom, is what the tale sets forth. The old house in Westminster and its past inhabitants are sketched with singular vividness and force ; and if the contemporary characters sometimes play the part of puppets, however well modeled and lifelike, in working out the writer's scheme, that is a usual drawback in fiction of this class. The author's style is, as ever, lucid, vigorous, and easily readable, and the tale will compare very favorably with any of its more recent predecessors. — *The Play-Actress*, by S. R. Crockett. (Putnams.) A little story, gracefully and tenderly told, of certain unusual experiences in the life of the Rev. Gilbert Rutherford. To him his dying prodigal son sends his worse than motherless daughter, and the child is brought to the minister by the aunt, an actress, who has

caared for her — how well soon becomes evident — all her life. To know more of this aunt the preacher goes to London, where he learns something of things theatrical, and witnesses the last scenes in the life of the wretched woman who had been his son's wife. There is no lack of interest in this part of the tale, but we prefer to meet the author in his own country ; and in the descriptions of the service at the Hill Kirk, of some of the good folk there assembled, and of the first acquaintance of Ailie and her grandfather, Mr. Crockett is at his best. — *Sibylla*, by Sir H. S. Cunningham, K. C. I. E. (Macmillan.) In these days of decadent fiction, it is pleasant to see the name of the author of *The Heriots* on the title-page of a new novel. The mere story in *Sibylla* is not of special importance. The young seapegrace, not to say criminal, who disappears after breaking his father's heart and impoverishing the family estate, and reappears when least desired, is a very familiar aid in the construction of a plot. But this matters little, as the reader's chief pleasure in the book comes from the admirable character-drawing and clever social sketches, — sketches of a society in which politics as well as amusement is a vital interest. This pleasure is enhanced by the writer's distinction of style, and the good taste and good breeding which characterize all his work, qualities for which at present we can hardly be too grateful. — *Lillian Morris, and Other Stories*, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) *Lillian Morris* is a tale of an overland journey to California some forty years ago, — a journey sure at the best to be inexpressibly wearisome, to abound in privations, hardships, and perils, and sometimes, as here, to end for many of the travelers when they were almost in sight of the desired land. That the tragic story is told graphically and forcibly need not be said. Three brief sketches complete the volume : *Sachem*, in which the last of the Black Snake Indians appears as a circus performer in a German town in Texas, the remnant of his people having been exterminated twenty years before by the invading Teutons ; *Yamyol*, a pitiful story of a forlorn child, which haunts the reader's memory ; and *The Bull-Fight*, an extraordinarily vivid picture of the brilliancy and brutality of the great national spec-

tacle of the only country which "amuses itself by playing with death." As heretofore, we feel an absolute albeit ignorant confidence in the excellence of the translator's work. — *A Bread and Butter Miss, a Sketch in Outline*, by George Paston. (Harpers.) The experiences of a very unsophisticated, but withal sensible, right-thinking, and self-reliant girl of seventeen, on her first introduction into society at a country-house party, where she is wanted to play the rôle of *ingénue* among the "smart" and more or less hardened worldlings there assembled. The sketch, though slight, is brightly written and entertaining, and ends most satisfactorily in the triumph of ingenuousness and simplicity. — *An Agitator*, by Clementina Black. (Harpers.) A novel that can be commended to those readers who like to have views on political and reformatory movements presented in the guise of fiction. Christopher Brand, the agitator, is introduced to us as the principal leader in a strike, then as a Socialist orator in London, later as a Labor candidate in a Parliamentary election, and finally as an innocent prisoner, from which fate he is tardily rescued by the confession of the real culprit. Neither he nor his associates arouse much interest, though the writer sometimes shows cleverness and insight in her character-drawing ; but the story itself is readable and well written, and is never intemperate in tone. — *My Lady, a Story of Long Ago*, by Marguerite Bouvet. (McClurg.) A little love-story supposed to be told in Provence, in the days when Napoleon was Emperor, by the half-French heroine's English nurse. The worthy dame uses the phrasology of the seventeenth century with an admixture of that of the nineteenth ; but this is of small consequence in a tale which is one of those fanciful or artificial productions which belong to no particular place or time. — *A Soulless Singer*, by Mary Catherine Lee. (Houghton.) Mrs. Lee has already shown herself a teller of stories which hold the reader by the humanness of her figures and the geniality of nature in which her most acceptable creations are steeped. Her story in this case is the not unheard-of incident of a girl who has all the equipment of a singer except the essential element of passion, and comes at last to the completion of her power. We may think that the mind

of the writer is so upon the heroine that she regards the hero as merely an indispensable coefficient, but the story runs on agreeably to a satisfactory conclusion. — *Found and Lost*, by Mary Putnam-Jacobi. (Putnams.) This second issue of the Autonym Library might have been called with some fitness *Lost and Found*, for it consists of two short stories published in the sixties, respectively in *The Atlantic* and in *Putnam's Monthly*, and now resurrected. The title story resembles rather more closely than its companion, *A Sermon at Notre-Dame*, the magazine tales of to-day; but both of the stories remind one that there has been a distinct advance in thirty years in the art of short-story writing, especially in the direction of subtlety. Perhaps, after all, it is only a change of fashion. — *Ballads in Prose*, by Nora Hopper. (Roberts, Boston; John Lane, London.) Such themes from the overflowing fountains of Irish tradition as *Aubrey De Vere* has treated in verse, the writer of this book has approached in prose; yet not in prose alone, for the sketches are interspersed with bits of Irish verse which are rather interludes than ballads. A few of the prose tales, too, are modern; but the "gentle folk," now as of old, are seen to be the true home rulers of the island bearing the "gentle color." — *The Story of Christine Rochefort*, by Helen Choate Prince. (Houghton.) In a prologue, which is like an orchestral movement before the curtain rises, Mrs. Prince, without pointing a moral, sets before the reader a graceful sketch of Blois in historic times, and then in her tale engages the attention with the human drama which goes on under king or under president. With no singular quality of invention or of philosophic explanation of latter-day problems, the story moves among scenes which are very contemporaneous, and yet by an indefinable grace manages to make them fall into place as part of a genuine picture. It is art which preserves this picture, and gives one the satisfaction, in reading the story, which is independent of time, places, and circumstances. — *Stories of the Foot-Hills*, by Margaret Collier Graham. (Houghton.) A collection of stories, some of which have been printed in *The Atlantic*, the scenes of most of which are laid in Southern California. The tales have come out of an acquaintance with somewhat unique surroundings. They

are marked by vigor, independence, and strong characterization, and have a quality which seems to force recognition. There is iron in the life represented, and it comes out in the telling. — *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, by George Macdonald. (Harper's Franklin Square Library.) — *A Breath of Suspicion*, by Frances Isabel Currie. (F. I. Webb, New York.) — *The Divorce Mill*, Realistic Sketches of the South Dakota Divorce Colony, by Harry Hazel and S. L. Lewis. (The Mascot Publishing Co., New York.)

Poetry. *Select Poems of Sidney Lanier*, edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and Bibliography, by Morgan Callaway, Jr., Ph. D. (Scribners.) Even though the editor had especially in mind "the students of our high schools and colleges," it seems rather a pity that he could give them only fifty-two pages of Lanier to ninety pages of himself and his researches. He is defined on the title-page, however, as "Author of *The Absolute Participle in Anglo-Saxon*," and commends particularly to the reader's attention Lanier's "frequent use of alliteration and of phonetic syzygy." We would not underrate the value of what Dr. Callaway has done "about it and about," only it does seem well to let a poet speak as much as possible for himself. "Scholarship" has its limits, even in the preparation of textbooks. — *Choctaw's Tenants*, by Frank Bolles. (Houghton.) In verse which is entirely unassuming and has the simplicity of a chronicle, but is by no means dull or lifeless, Mr. Bolles recorded his observation of the crow, the eaves-swallow, the blue jay, the kingfisher, and a dozen other birds that haunt the region made bright by his spirited prose. The record is not at all limited to dry details, for the writer named his birds without a gun, and knew them as friends, and not as curiosities. — *Penrhyn's Pilgrimage*, by Arthur Peterson, U. S. N. (Putnams.) It is an imperturbable singer who, in sending forth his songs to the world, can say, as his last word, —

"O world, whate'er thy voice — 't is right!
O book, whate'er thy fate — 't is good!"

In the more familiar cry of the modern singer, *Whatever is, is wrong*. But the writer of *Penrhyn's Pilgrimage* cannot be a modern singer, for such a one would hardly have attempted to preserve, in the measure of *In Memoriam*, all his impressions of

scenes from Japan back to the Wissahickon. No strong poetic imagination has informed the verses, but it is pleasant to find, in the concluding passage about early home scenes, the truest feeling and the clearest vision. — Poems Dramatic and Lyrical, by Lord De Tabley. Second Series. (John Lane, London; Macmillan, New York.) Like the previous volume of Lord De Tabley's poems, this is a beautiful book alike to the eye and to the hand, which of itself would pronounce lightness to be the conspicuous quality of the work. Within the covers one finds something else. Dignity and seriousness, rather, are the elements which give the book its character. The themes are very often classic, and the treatment is appropriately self-contained. The emotions are seldom moved. The concluding poem, *The Wine of Life*, which bids men turn back to the older things of beauty in the world, and celebrates the "dim pathos of a pagan soul," brings forth most of that which is best in the writer's powers. — *The Poems of Henry Abbey*. Third edition, enlarged. (Author's Edition, Kingston, N. Y.) It appears from the dates of copyright that Mr. Abbey has been publishing books of verse since 1866, and the result, in this comprehensive edition, is a volume of goodly bulk. Thoughtfulness and an earnest purpose of good stand forth rather more distinctly than the qualities of brilliancy in imagination or touch. — *Roses and Thistles*, by Rufus C. Hopkins. (William Doxey, San Francisco.) The Author's Preface disclaims the hope of fame from the publication of the verses, but proceeds: "Should they chance to wake a smile on the lips of Sadness, dry a tear on the cheek of Sorrow, cause one to halt in a career of crime, give hope to a despairing soul, or throw one ray of light on the great mystery of destiny, then I shall not consider they have been in vain." How fully these ends have been or will be accomplished we are unable to say. Certainly Mr. Hopkins has written voluminously and fluently on many themes. — *Poems*, Second Edition, and *Later Poems*, by Edward Octavus Flagg. (T. Whittaker, New York.) — *God's Parable, and Other Poems*, by Susanna Massey. (Putnam's.) — *Among the Granite Hills*, by Mary M. Currier. (The Riverside Press, Cambridge.) — *Song-Blossoms*, by Julia Anna Wolcott. (Arenia Publishing Co., Boston.) — *Hymns and Metrical Psalms*, by

Thomas Mackellar. (Porter & Coates.) — *Philoctetes, and Other Poems and Sonnets*, by J. E. Nesmith. (The Riverside Press, Cambridge.) — *Songs of Dusk and Dawn*, by Walter Malone. (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo.) — *Oklahoma, and Other Poems*, by Freeman E. Miller. (Moulton.)

Biography and History. *Memoirs (Vieux Souvenirs)* of the Prince de Joinville, 1818–1848, translated by Lady Mary Loyd. (Macmillan.) An agreeable and entertaining addition to those volumes of autobiography or personal reminiscence in which French literature has always been so rich, and which, in relation more or less close to the history, political and social, of the first half of this century, have been specially abundant of late. The third son of Louis Philippe had won an honorable position as a naval officer when the Revolution of 1848 deprived him of his command and exiled him from his country, which, as he justly claims, his family "left intact, prosperous, respected," in contradistinction to its state two-and-twenty years later, when he was to see it again, "in all the horror of invasion and dismemberment, and the terror of the Commune." The prince writes with great frankness, and in an easy, unaffected, and always readable style, giving amusing glimpses of his childhood, including his boyish observations (rather noteworthy in their way) of the Revolution of July, his after-adventures in many lands, including our own, with bits of Parisian life intermingled, — youthful experiences recounted with almost youthful vivacity and good humor. The translator's work is unusually well done. — *Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson, together with Some Account of his Ancestry and of the Jefferson Family of Actors*, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) This memoir is a complete revision of the biography published in 1881, in the American Actor Series, under the title of *The Jeffersons*. Indeed, it has been so changed and amended that it has practically become a new work. About half the volume is devoted to an entertaining account of the earlier Jeffersons, beginning with the first actor in the family, Thomas, the young Yorkshireman who appeared upon the London stage in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was the father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of the three Joseph Jeffersons who have graced the profession in America. A sketch

of the dramatic life of the latest and most distinguished of these comedians is followed by criticisms, always interesting and suggestive, of his best known performances. The whole book is carefully annotated, and contains much illustrative matter which should aid in giving it a permanent value as a contribution to the history of the American theatre. — Following the Greek Cross, or, *Memories of the Sixth Army Corps*, by Thomas W. Hyde. (Houghton.) General Hyde is a good story-teller. He knows what people wish to hear, when a soldier sets about narrating his adventures, and thus this book, though the record of a particular corps, is a capital reproduction of army life in its common experience. — The second and third volumes of the *Writings of Thomas Paine*, collected and edited by M. D. Conway (Putnam's), carry the work chronologically to 1804, and include *The Rights of Man*, the *Letter to the Abbé Raynal*, and a number of letters and tracts relating to the French Revolution. — *Speeches and Addresses of William E. Russell*, selected and edited by Charles Theodore Russell, Jr. With an Introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Little, Brown & Co.) A "record" which bears all the light that can be turned on it.

Literature and Criticism. Mr. Henry Edward Watts's scholarly translation of *Don Quixote*, which appeared a few years ago, is now in process of republication. The first of the four volumes has appeared, and shows signs of the translator's care in perfecting his work. Some of the apparatus which was of special value to students has been omitted, but the body of notes has been increased in number, and made more pertinent. The translation follows an excellent design in its clearness, simplicity, and yet constant reference to the spirit as well as the letter of the original. It is free alike from pedantry and fanciful liberty. This volume contains the windmill scene, the inn adventure, Mambrino's helmet, Sancho Panza's story which came to so sudden an end through the knight's neglect to keep count of the sheep, and other inimitable passages in this classic and rich progenitor of *Pickwick* and *Sam Weller*. (A. & C. Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) — *Greek Studies, a Series of Essays*, by Walter Pater. Prepared for the Press by Charles L. Shadwell. (Macmil-

lan.) Mr. Pater had already published these essays in magazines, so that the reader is not vexing himself over posthumous work, and wondering what hand the editor had in the final form; for the final form means much with this fastidious writer. Still, the great care which Pater took with his words reflected the extreme attention which he gave to subject matter, and these studies bear everywhere the mark of a penetrating and not superficial criticism. How admirable, for example, is the treatment, from two points of view, of the shield of Achilles! The book may well be recommended to collegians who desire to see how one can be a scrupulous student, and at the same time look into the life of antiquity. — Messrs. Putnam's have brought out in their Students' Edition of Irving *The Alhambra*, edited by Arthur Marvin. The book is handsomely printed, and contains a plan of the Alhambra, as well as a few well-chosen illustrations. Like the earlier issue of the series, the *Tales of a Traveller*, the volume is liberally and carefully annotated, and gives an introductory sketch of the author's life. — *Meditations in Motley, a Bundle of Papers imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight*, by Walter Blackburn Harte. (The Arena Publishing Co., Boston.) Something of the present attitude of Mr. Harte's mind may be inferred from his describing the medium of the first appearance of one or two of his essays (then entitled *In a Corner at Dodsley's*) as "a somewhat obscure parochial register," to which his contributions were stopped by "a certain literary bum-bailiff." In doubt as to the best dedication of his book, he commends it to the Devil and Dame Chance. Smug respectability in criticism and society is the special object of Mr. Harte's detestation, and the cleverness of much that he has written is marred rather than mended by the constant dipping of his pen in gall. Granting all the difficulty of holding one's peace when out of sorts with the world, yet knowing how to say some bitter truths about it, were it not better at least to keep one's temper? — *Jewish Literature, and Other Essays*, by Gustav Karpeles. (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.) It is somewhat noticeable, as one runs over this book, to see how little distinctive Jewish literature, aside from the Scriptures, may be regarded as world literature.

Heine, Moses Mendelssohn, Maimonides, these are names which appeal to the general reader; and Grace Aguilar had at one time a vogue, but that does not mean that the Judaic element in literature is insignificant. — *The Psalter*, with a Concordance and Other Auxiliary Matter. (Imported by Scribners.) The concordance, which forms the special reason for this small book, was prepared by Mr. Gladstone fifty years ago; the auxiliary matter consists of what is, in effect, an index of subjects, a selection of most appropriate passages, and a few comments. It is a queer little compound, and but for Mr. Gladstone's name would not attract much attention.

Education and Textbooks. The Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1891-1892 (Government Printing Office) is dated January 1, 1894, appears in two volumes, and reaches us in April, 1895. Besides the statistics, it contains special treatises on education in France, Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, a chapter on Physical Training, together with other independent essays. There appears to be no limit set for these special contributors. They empty the encyclopedias. — A Selection from the Poetry and Comedies of Alfred de Musset, edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by L. Oscar Kuhns. (Ginn.) The selection is made naturally, with the intent to give young readers the more wholesome parts of Musset's work, and the choice shows how delicate was his best, how needless, if one may say so, the rotten parts. Mr. Kuhns has written a frank yet sympathetic introduction, and has clearly the right point of view when he treats his book as literature, and not material for grammatical exercises. — *Deutsche Gedichte*, selected, with Notes and an Introduction, by Camillo von Klenze. (Holt.) — *How to Teach Natural Science in Public Schools*, by W. T. Harris. (Bardeen.) — *Scenes from Greek Plays, the Persæ of Æschylus*, by F. S. Ramsbotham. (Longmans.) — *State Education for the People in America, Europe, India, and Australia, with Papers on the Education of Women, Technical Instruction, and Payment by Results.* (Bardeen.) — *The Roman Pronunciation of Latin, Why We Use It, and How to Use It*, by Frances E. Lord. (Ginn.) — *Handbook for School Trustees of*

the State of New York, by C. W. Bardeen. (Bardeen.) — *The Progressive Speller*, by F. P. Sever. (Heath.) — *Must Greek Go?* by John Kennedy. (Bardeen.)

Public Affairs and Sociology. Our Fight with Tammany, by Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D. (Scribners.) Dr. Parkhurst has told in a perfectly straightforward manner, rather of the newspaper than of the enduring book, the whole story of the fight he led against Tammany Hall. From the firing of the first shot, in the sermon he preached on St. Valentine's Day of 1892, to the election of Mayor Strong last November, nothing is omitted. Regarded as a mere record of swift and complete achievement, the book is certainly a remarkable contribution to the knowledge of current affairs. It enforces, too, a truth well worth remembering. Dr. Parkhurst's own words are, "If I were to mention the greatest lesson which I have learned during the past three years, it would be that of the damnable dangerousness of the professional politician." — *The Russian Jews, Extermination or Emancipation?* by Leo Errera, with a Prefatory Note by Theodore Mommsen. Translated from the French by Bella Löwy. (Macmillan, New York; Nutt, London.) This book, by a Belgian professor, is a somewhat less articulate work than Mr. Harold Frederic's treatment of the same subject, published a few years ago. Yet it has a special value in bringing together a number of instances of the short shrift individual Jews have met at the hands of the Russian government. It is a human record of the most hideous inhumanity of modern times.

Books for the Young. *Daughters of the Revolution and their Times, 1769-1776, a Historical Romance*, by Charles Carleton Coffin. (Houghton.) Mr. Coffin very properly, after showing the prowess of the boys of '76, seeks to do justice to those patriots who fought without marching. The home life is more definitely delineated in this volume, and there is the same profuseness of illustrative incident which marks Mr. Coffin's other books. The young reader who gets on this horse rides hard and will enjoy the exercise. We suspect that either sort of saddle will be used, for the book is by no means a girl's book exclusively. How could it be when it ends with marriage-bells?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Bruce. THE head of the family appeared one day, at dinner, saying that he had some amusement in store for us. That afternoon he had had occasion to go to a certain hotel where "traveling-men" most do congregate, and the centre of attraction in the office was a fine Scotch collie that was going through some remarkable performances with cards. The dog's master, himself a traveling-man, after a little persuasion, had consented to bring the dog to the house in the evening, for the entertainment of the family.

Soon after dinner, master and dog presented themselves. The man was of very ordinary aspect, but the dog raised the average of the personal appearance of the firm by being an unusually fine specimen of a collie.

The master — we will call him Harris — asked for a pack of cards, and we gave him one which chanced to be entirely new. Considering this fact, we were sure there was nothing in the scent to guide the intelligent dog. Harris asked us to take out the face cards, — refusing to touch the pack himself, — saying that he had not yet been able to teach Bruce the difference between king and knave. Then we selected at random a dozen or more cards, turned up their corners for Bruce's convenience in picking them up, and laid them in a line on the floor.

"Come here, sir," said Harris.

Bruce rose in his dignified manner, and sat up gravely before his master, watching him intently.

"D'ye see them cards, my boy?" began Harris, in a conversational but singularly low tone. "Now pay attention good, and when the ladies ask you for a card you bring it straight to me. You'd better go and take a squint at 'em first."

Bruce rose slowly, and walked down the line, and back again.

"Now, then, ladies, choose your card; and do you listen good, my boy."

"Nine of diamonds," named materfamilias, with a very skeptical face.

Bruce walked down the line once. Returning, he picked up the nine of diamonds and took it to his master, who had not

spoken a word. He sat before the fireplace, with his feet crossed, his hands on the arms of the chair, looking into the fire. If he had made any motion to guide the dog, it was not visible to our eyes, closely watching him.

"Ace of spades," some one else called; and Bruce found it, again going through the performance of walking down the line, and picking up the card on his return trip. Presently some one asked for the five of clubs, which was not there. Bruce perambulated down the line as usual, but came back very slowly, and made a third trip. Then he stopped, and gave vent to a short, quick bark.

"Means to say it is n't there," observed Harris, who was not looking at the cards.

Paterfamilias then asked for the queen of hearts, which of course was not visible. Bruce did not attempt to go in search of it, but merely gave two or three impatient barks.

"He means that is something that he does n't know anything about," explained Harris.

We broke out into a chorus of exclamations. "Did you really give the dog no signs?" asked materfamilias.

"Really, marm," Harris answered earnestly, "an' you can see by watching me close that it 'u'd hev to be a mighty small un, ef I did, for you not to see it. He'd be a mighty cute dorg ef he could distinguish every one of them cards by a little sign that you could n't see. No, marm, he jest knows them cards like a book, all except the picters. When he learns 'em, we're going to play euchre, him an' me, ain't we, old boy?" twisting the silky ears. "You see, marm," he continued, "I hain't tetched them cards, so't ain't the scent. I don't repeat what you say, so't ain't my voice. It's jest his smartness."

If looks and manner count for anything, the man was honest.

"He kin count, too, up to one hundred, 'n' he knows money," went on Harris. "Ef you happen to hev some coins and a bill or two, we'll show you."

From different pockets all the denominations of small coins were produced, and

laid in a row on the floor. Then the bills, a one, a two, and a five, were added.

"He kinder makes mistakes on the bills, sometimes," Harris said apologetically; "but he feels so awful bad when he does that I don't say much about it, for I don't like to discourage him. Now, ladies, choose your money."

Somebody called for a quarter, which Bruce straightway selected, and after that the other coins as they were asked for. Next paterfamilias called for sixty cents, which Bruce made up of the half-dollar and dime. After that we tried various combinations of the coins, and not once did the intelligent creature fail.

We watched Harris closely, but we could not detect the slightest motion on his part at any time, or anything to serve as a signal. He never spoke, after the first directions to the dog about what was expected of him. We tried the bills, and though Bruce hesitated once or twice, he never made a mistake. If we asked for a combination he could not make, he sat up and barked. We exhausted ourselves with questions, but Harris only reiterated that the dog could really count up to one hundred.

Some one then referred to the trained horses, which add and subtract.

Harris snorted contemptuously. "Now them horses," he said, "do everything, 'most, by signs. When one of 'em stands out there on the stage and pretends to add and subtract by stomping out the answer, there's a man under the stage that gives the signals to him. He knocks ez long ez the man does. I ain't a-denyin' that they're not awful cute, but they can't count."

Harris seemed to be a natural dog-trainer. He said he had had the dog since he was a puppy, and scarcely knew when he had managed to train him, — a little at a time was all. He had no special methods. The dog was his constant companion, by day and by night.

After these more remarkable tricks, which his master said he always gave him first, that he might do them when he was fresh, Bruce went through the regular variety performance that forms the repertoire of any bright dog. He sat up at the piano, on the piano stool, and sang up the scale in a very creditable manner. He waltzed around on two legs to his master's accompaniment. He said his prayers, yielding to

no blandishments to rise until he heard "Amen."

At last, after divers other performances, he suddenly seemed to feel that he had done enough for the amusement of the company, for, at the conclusion of one of his tricks, he quietly retired to the fireplace, and settled himself on the rug, with his back to the family.

"Ain't you ashamed, now?" asked Harris reproachfully. "You ain't through yet. You've got to do the soldier act, you know."

But Bruce thought differently, and did not stir.

"I've kinder spoilt him, I'm afraid," Harris said, rising to go. "I never make him act when he's tired, 'n' he's ben through all this twicet to-day, already. No, sir, I don't never make a public show of him. I could n't, somehow. He's my best friend, 'n' I don't exhibit him, exceptin' just private to oblige. No, money can't buy him, sir. Last spring I got dreadful hard up, and jest in the nick o' time somebody up an' offered me two thousand dollars for that dorg. They was a-goin' to make a show outen him. Well, I needed the money dreadful bad, an' it was a pile jest fur a dorg, an' it come kinder sudden, an' I hed to make up my mind in the shake o' a dyin' lamb's tail. So, before I re'ly knew what I was doin', I said yes. Land o' Goshen! how I felt that night, after he'd gone, when I went up to my room! — eh, old fellow? I jest bust right out cryin', an' I knew I could n't stand it any way in the world. I went straight off to the man next day an' told him the bargain was off, and there was his two thousand dollars, an' as much more would n't be no temptation. Well, sir, that man said *No*. A bargain was a bargain. He'd got the dorg, an' he was goin' to make a pile outen him.

"Well, marm, I tell you I jest felt bad. The man left town, an' I could n't eat nor sleep, fur I wanted that dorg so. Sometimes I thought I'd jest shoot myself, an' sometimes I thought I'd jest steal him back an' skip the country; an' I dunno but I should, if, after a week, that man had n't turned up.

"'I've brought back your dorg, ef you want him,' sez he, 'an' gimme my two thousand dollars. I can't do a durned thing with him,' sez he. 'I've whipped him,' — think

of that, sir! him as hed never hed a blow no more nor the Prince of Whales! — ‘an’ I’ve coaxed him, an’ I tried to starve him to it, an’ I’m blessed if he does a thing but set up an’ howl bloody murder; an’ no aujience won’t pay fur that,’ sez he. Well, sir, I paid him that money mighty quick, fur I had n’t tetched it no more than if it had ben blood-money. Then he opened the door, an’ in come that dorg, an’ he was the durnedest-looking dorg! His eyes was all dejected-like, an’ his ears flopped the wrong way, an’ his tail hung down like as if it had tin cans tied on to it. Well, sir, if that dorg did n’t jest about go inside out when he see me, then it’s no matter. An’ I ain’t ashamed to say I kissed him, too. Seems as if a load rolled right off my shoulders as soon as I see him, an’ the shelf in my throat that had ben there all the week jest went away in a flash.

“We won’t part again for anybody’s money, will we, old boy?”

Bruce rubbed his head lovingly against his master’s legs, looking as if he quite understood the question. The face of the plain, common young fellow glowed as he talked. He steadily refused to take any money for the performance, saying it was a “pleasure to have folks admire the old chap.”

“But I insist on recompensing you for your time,” urged paterfamilias in the hall; and on this plea only the man finally accepted the crisp bill tendered him.

Many times during the weeks since we saw Bruce we have spoken of him and of the devotion between the pair, devoutly hoping that it will be long before their inevitable separation comes, in the ordinary course of dog life.

— Why our poets have not more to say regarding the beauty of the blossoming fruit-tree has always been a mystery to me. Now and then they borrow some pleasant fancy about the cherry or the quince flower, filtered through an Oriental medium. I remember that Longfellow has said, in his lovely pastoral description, —

“There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty.”

The allusion is suggestive of the fruit rather than the fruit-flower; yet such is the paucity of praise suffered by the flower that I have always tried to make the incense of this rich line render tribute to its beauty.

In the realm of painting, also, I do not remember any satisfactory treatment of a blossoming fruit-tree, although the broken spray is a somewhat common subject. The neglect of this theme is the more unaccountable when one considers what a wonderfully varied treasure it is that vernal Nature pours out upon the world, when she clothes the fruit-trees, each after her kind. The range is a wide one, — from the cherry to the quince (the spring’s valedictorian), from the feathery wild beach-plum to the flower of the most cherished damson. Commonly, it is only the apple-tree of which note is made, and that not very discriminately, with regard to individual trees, whose characteristics in flower are often as marked as they are in the many-named and many-flavored fruitage of the rural winter eve’s refreshment.

The blossoms of the peach-tree have always struck me as peculiarly the property and symbol of children. Did they not flourish (I seem to remember their slender rosy sprays!) by the cottage door whence Red Riding Hood emerged on her fateful journey? But aside from playful speculation, I wonder if any one has observed that the flowers of the peach-tree increase in fragrance, and are sweetest just before they fall? It was my privilege once to see what I should have said was a piece of impossible chronology; nothing less than a hummingbird vibrating in vivid green and olive amidst the complementary pink of the peach-blossoms. So early, my little traveler? The circumstance suggested that summer had usurped the throne of spring.

Among the apple-trees in bloom, I have indeed thought (but must yet verify more fully) that the flowers of the trees bearing sweet fruit were sweeter than were the flowers whose fruit would be sour. I have not observed whether special trees are favored by the bees, but on one occasion I was much surprised to notice how a blossomed apple-tree, at a little distance, appeared pervaded with a gentle but constant tremulous motion, though the air was perfectly still on that May morning. On going nearer, the quivering of the myriad petals was quickly explained: innumerable bees were harvesting the early sweets of the season. The tree was musical with their humming, and, to me, might have been some enchanted Orphean subject, or the home of a

A Plea for the Fruit-Tree in Bloom.

sweet-voiced oracle like that of Dodona's grove of old.

I do not know why a flowering apple-tree should seem a piece of static beauty, powerless to change or fade; suggesting, when I lie on the grass beneath, a cameo cut on the blue ground of sky. I confess I am always surprised, year after year, when the apple-blossoms begin to fall; when every stir of wind brings down a drift of paling petals, and every bird flying into the tree ruthlessly scatters bloom. A mild measure of autumn-like melancholy accompanies this first deciduous act of the season. I should like my fruit and my flowers too!

And shall I annex to this piece of fatuous wishing a further confession, a veritable sample of a perhaps not uncommon kind of human egotism? As I lie under the apple-tree, with the paling petals falling around, a great wonder comes upon me, — wonder that, year after year, this complete rejuvenescence of nature goes on under my eyes. I was fain to think that the Earth and I had grown older together (*jam senior*), that her lines were cast with mine. Every old shaft of a rugged orchard-tree regains its vernal crown of blossoms. But no staff that I carry ever puts forth one miraculous bud. I am half surprised when the spring wild flowers, the pale, tender, playful, sun-and-wind-loving wild flowers (we *were* children together!), troop to the same places, at the same nick of time, as sure as the May comes round. I have heard talk of "shades of the prison-house" and of the "vision splendid" fading into the "light of common day," the longer man pursues his earthly journey. Something, however, of the reverse has entered into my experience: in childhood and youth this marvelous rotation of seasons, this renascence of all nature, was taken more as a "matter of course." In a word, I was "used" to the wonderful succession of beauty and bounty. Now it all grows strange, and nothing stranger than this old repetend of the months coming true; not a detail changed, whether of color or of line.

PALINGENESIS.

All to do over again — the wonder, the miracle —
Springtime!

First token of life, the mincing, velvet-soft buds of the willows,

Patiently moored by the margin of brawling, dun-colored runlets;

Next, the warm thought of the maples, half reminiscent of autumn;

Then, in the meadows, cool blossoms, half reminiscent of snowflakes;

Delicate, mystical beckonings of quick-growing, tremulous grass blades;

Orchards in bloom, set to music by bees, — both the tame and the wild swarm;

Birds singing love-ditties all for themselves, — and yet, we can hear them! . . .

All to do over again — the wonder, the miracle —
Springtime!

A Bit of Biblio- — Mr. Winthrop, in his Reminiscences, speaks of a visit from Lord Houghton, to whom he showed a volume that he valued as having belonged to Wordsworth. It was in "quaint calico binding," and Lord Houghton added to its value, in the owner's estimation, by the suggestion that "it was probably bound by Mrs. Southey, whose habit it was to bind her husband's books with fragments of her chintz or calico dresses, and who may have treated one of her neighbor's books to a similar covering."

Neither gentleman seems to have had in mind what Southey himself tells us about this bookbinding, in one of his letters. This is what he says: "Secluded as we are from society, my daughters find sufficient variety of employment; one room is almost filled with books of their binding. I call it the Cottonian Library. No patchwork quilt was ever more diversified." The daughters, then, were the bookbinders, and with them we must include the niece, Sara Coleridge, and why not their neighbor and intimate friend, Dora, the only daughter of Wordsworth? But never Mrs. Southey; that gracious lady had cares enough in the management of her household without treating her husband's books, or a book of her neighbor, to a dress made from fragments of her own. It would be almost as easy to fancy that "probably" she went occasionally, in her chintz or calico gown, to get her neighbor's breakfast, when the ladies of Rydal Mount were

"too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

As to the "fragments" made use of, a word may be said. The present writer is the fortunate possessor of a set of books, thick quartos, from that "Cottonian Library," which have taken several yards of material for covering, or more than enough for a woman's gown.

Southey had, as we know, a passion for collecting books, and in his trips to the Con-

tinient bought large numbers of paper-covered volumes in different places. Brussels was, perhaps, his favorite hunting-ground, whence, from a strange old bookseller, he drew frequent supplies. These frail, paper-bound treasures were to be strengthened and made available for extracts in the *Commonplace Book*, and notes elsewhere; and so we come to the bookbinders at Greta Hall, Mrs. Southey being excluded. We need no finer description, no better authority, than Wordsworth's poem, *The Triad*, which Sara Coleridge, twenty-five years later, calls "a poetical glorification, extravagant and unnatural as a description of young ladies of the nineteenth century." Mr. De Vere thought it a personification of Faith, Hope, and Charity, taken in inverse order.

The poet "invokes those bright beings one by one," beginning with the stately Edith Southey, whom Amelia Opie calls "that elegant cygnet that floats by the side of [her mother] the swan of the Derwent's fair tide." Her cousin, Hartley Coleridge, in his sonnet *To a Lofty Beauty*, says:—

"Never sure was seen a royal bride,
Whose gentleness gave grace to so much pride."

She is said elsewhere to have inherited something of her father's looks and of his swift intelligence, to have been very fair, with thick golden hair, with growing beauty of face and form and growing excellence of inward nature.

The poet next addresses his own daughter, in a way that indicates her as susceptible to the influence of music, as a poet's daughter should be:—

"Come, youngest of the lovely three,
Submissive to the might of verse
And the dear voice of harmony,
By none more deeply felt than thee!"

Sara Coleridge calls her "dear, bright-minded, warm-hearted Dora," and says there is poetic truth in the sketch *The Triad* gives; adding, "She was unique in her sweetness and goodness. I mean that her character was most peculiar, — a compound of vehemence of feeling and gentleness, sharpness and lovingness, which is not often seen." The same early friend explains the lines describing Dora as bending "with sedater mien" over timid waters where

"at leisure may be seen
Features to old ideal grace allied,
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified, —

Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth;
The bland composure of eternal youth,"

as a most unintelligible allusion to a likeness discovered in Dora's contour of countenance to the great Memnon head in the *British Museum*.

To Wordsworth, again, who now invokes Sara Coleridge:—

"Last of the Three, though eldest born,
Reveal thyself like pensive morn,
Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
Ere humbler gladness be afloat!
But whether in the semblance drest
Of Dawn or Eve, fair vision of the West,
Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest."

There is in the above lines an allusion to the long attachment and engagement between Sara Coleridge and her cousin Henry Nelson Coleridge. As fair and as sweet as an exquisite wild flower she grew up, till at fifteen she is mentioned by the painter William Collins as "Coleridge's elegant daughter Sara, a most interesting creature."

We know more of this member of the *Triad* than of her early companions and intimates, for we have her *Letters*, published twenty years ago by her daughter, — letters poetic, literary, metaphysical, religious, womanly, wonderful. Sir Henry Taylor, writing long years afterwards, recalls her beauty in her girlhood, "a beauty which could not but remain in one's memory for life." He speaks of her "gentleness or composure of manner even to stillness," and says "her eyes had the sort of serene lustre which he remembered in her father's." It is De Vere who mentions "her radiant spirituality."

These are the bookbinders. The floor of their workroom is loaded with recent arrivals of volumes in many languages. When they have been cared for, cured of their wounds, and properly attired, they will take their places among the thousands that cover the walls of all the apartments, overflowing into the passages and crowding the stairways.

"How hard it is to climb another's stairs!"

cried Dante in his bitter pride; but if authors find it hard, their books do not mind it, and Mrs. Southey is patient, and our affair is only with the tomes in paper covers and their treatment. Were ever books so treated as were these in the house of a poet, by the fair daughters of three poets, true

Ladies of the Lakes? But now more material is wanted ("fragments" by no means sufficing), and this must be brought from shops in Keswick. It is not difficult to fancy "these sisters in the bonds of love" on their little excursion: the merry laughter, the natural differences of taste in the selection, the gay disputes, the surrender of individual preferences, and the cheerful return to the afternoon's paste and scissors.

However this may have been, or may not have been, one thing is certain: the present owner of the books that have found their way from Greta Hall to P—— Street in C—— has a pleasure in the fancy that the dainty fingers of each member of the Triad may have had a share in the fitting and fashioning of the covers; or, best of all, that they may have been looked upon by the "serene lustre" of the Coleridge eyes.

They are not "twelve vast French romances neatly gilt," but consist of the works of Tasso, — *Le Opere di Torquato Tasso*, printed in Venice in 1722, in twelve quartos, with uncut edges. Perhaps their chief value to this possessor, save as the gift of a friend, is Southey's delicate autograph on the title-page, thus: "Robert Southey, Keswick, June 11, 1836." There is the printed statement that they were from the Cottonian Library. They are clad in green calico of a small plaid, now a little faded, well enough suited to Tasso, but not at all becoming in a dress for Mrs. Southey, with "her fine figure and quietly commanding air." There is also a memorandum of the price, £4-5-0; but whether Southey paid that or not, or, if he did, whether the volumes were worth twenty or more dollars to him, or whether he could afford it, or whether his wife knew and approved of his buying big Italian books, there is no means of knowing.

Macbeth on the Stage. — Mr. John Foster Kirk, writing upon Macbeth in the April Atlantic, after a fine description of its greatest scene, goes on to say that the tragedy, "despite its apparent supremacy as an 'acting play,' has less attraction than Lear, Othello, and above all Hamlet." He ascribes this to the fact that one of Aristotle's requisites for a great tragedy is wanting in Macbeth. "It works by terror alone, and does not touch the springs of pity. It has no bursts and swells of pathos, no outpours of tenderness, no sweet dews of hapless

love. Lacking these, it lacks charm." This is undoubtedly the chief reason. But I have observed in Macbeth a curious defect of dramatic construction, unnoticed, so far as I remember, in any analysis of the play. Theatrically its fourth act is weak. By all stage laws, this division of the drama should sweep on in crescendo, with due regard for the protagonists, whose action should never be permitted to flag. Now, the fourth act of Macbeth opens with the caldron scene, in which the hero, it is true, speaks some of his best lines; yet the apparitions have the first place throughout, while, technically considered, the king remains "up stage," forced almost into the background. Scarce a third of the act is devoted to this scene, after which Macbeth appears no more. The murders in Macduff's castle are never represented; and the act is carried on by Malcolm, Macduff, and Ross, in a long scene which, though poetically a masterpiece, deals with subordinate figures of the story. Its opening dialogue, calling for little action, is usually condensed; and Macduff's grief, moving as it is, comes like an anticlimax after Duncan's murder and the banquet scene. One need only study the audience to perceive this. Its chief interest is in the fate of the guilty king and queen. But when the curtain falls, Macbeth has long been absent from the stage, while Lady Macbeth has not appeared at all. In reading the play, Shakespeare's digression from the main theme at its very turning-point may easily be overlooked. The persons of the drama do not stand before us, and we dwell upon the beauty of the lines. But at the theatre this episodic fourth act of Macbeth has a far slighter hold upon our attention than the corresponding one in Othello, Lear, or Hamlet, where the absorbing motive is splendidly sustained.

Concerning the relative rank of the four great plays doctors will always disagree, no doubt, as they did in Macaulay's day. But in point of stage effectiveness the first place, surely, must be given to Othello. Its plot is a model of construction, curiously modern in treatment, unfolding itself with all the plausible ingenuity that contemporary French writers for the stage understand so well. Yet after three centuries it remains unsurpassed, as though it were destined to be a wonder and a despair to the dramatist for all time.

On Uncongenial and Companionable Authors. — Lamb once wrote discriminat-
ingly of imperfect sympathies, of
the vague discomfort one feels in
the presence of certain uncompromising per-
sonalities, of foreigners who always carry
their country about with them, or of secta-
rians whose very spectacles seem to point
to a tenet in their religion; and I wonder
that so untiring and fanciful a reader should
never have carried the idea into the world
of books, and that he should never have
spoken of the unsympathetic relations which
sometimes exist between author and reader.
For every reader knows that there are cer-
tain authors (and often they are among those
he most admires) with whom not only he
himself, but also a considerable portion of
his fellows find it difficult to put themselves
on terms of congeniality, — authors who are
rather overbearing in tone, and who never
for a moment make allowances for their
readers' private opinions.

Such a one, among the older English writ-
ters, is John Fox. One can hardly imagine
even so ardent a lover of old folios as
Lamb sitting down to the Monuments of
the Church with a very genuine feeling of
enjoyment. Most of us to-day are shy of it;
not because of the gloom of the work, for,
in spite of its grimness, parts of the Book
of Martyrs remain fine reading, but rather
because there is something repellent in the
unflinching assurance of the author that he
is in the right. If we turn suddenly away
from the past into to-day, we find another
such author in Henrik Ibsen, a writer for
whom — however much some people find in
him to admire — nobody would, I believe,
think of entertaining an affection. Mr. James
has somewhere spoken of the "charmless
fascination" of the man. "We rise from
reading one of his plays," he says, "fasci-
nated, but in our intellectual sympathies
snubbed." Again he has expressed the be-
wilderment with which the reader looks on
and sees "how consistently he" — Ibsen —
"has built up his world without a joke."

It may, perhaps, be straying dangerously
near the borderland of private opinion to
confess — yet I think there are others who
will agree — that, much as I admire George
Eliot, I can never for a moment become con-
fidential with her. A row of her books, sud-
denly caught sight of on the shelves, have
often awaked the same sensations as rooms
in which, as a child, one could not play.

Again, I have observed that most women,
on encountering a book of Mr. Kipling's,
mentally draw themselves up, greet it with
their most frigid, which is of course also
their politest bow, and maintain throughout
the interview that shadow of distance which
always accentuates one's company manners.
But, on the other hand, these same women,
when in company with Mr. Shorthouse, —
who certainly has manners enough for two,
and manners which are not only fine, but
superfine, — feel an almost irresistible long-
ing for a little vulgar bluntness, for the
plain commonplace, for something miles off
from gentility, and are tempted to answer
his polite conversation by a little American
slang.

Now, these five authors are, to my mind,
a little unwinning. They may interest me;
I may respect and even like them, as Lamb
respected his Scotchman and liked his Quak-
er, — for all things but "to live with."
Yet in spite of all this love and admiration
I never feel quite at ease in their presence,
and this is, I think, because they have not
the gift of making allowances. They are
uncompromising; with them "there is no
borderland between the affirmative and the
negative." They are painfully lacking in
contradictions, and surprises, and kindly
tolerance. They seem to exact the same
bias of mind in their reader which they
themselves affect. Fox never permits any
waver in our belief that Roman Cathol-
icism is abominable. George Eliot never
lets us forget that life is serious, nor Ibsen
that it is ugly. Shorthouse requires us to be
all "fine shades and nice feelings;" while
Kipling, if he finds we have a trace of
either, ridicules us unmercifully. These ask
too much of us; they are not writers to be
loved by willful readers. In their company
I have always a sense of restraint, and
am glad to escape from it, — perchance to
George Borrow, who wins us by his fine
elder-brotherly disregard of our presence;
perhaps to Anatole France, with his charm-
ing self-contradictoriness and his smiling
tolerance which leads him to have a liking
for other men's tastes as well as his own;
perhaps to George Meredith, with his splen-
did and bewildering variety; for these are
writers one not only likes, but "likes to
live with."

As there are certain authors with whom
you are always uncomfortable, so are there

others who put you at once at your ease. No one can feel embarrassed before the literary good manners of Mr. Henry James. I know of few writers who so subtly flatter their readers; for he not only has ideas, but supposes that you have them, too, so that while you listen to his clever conversation you are fully persuaded that you are really clever yourself. He is, one may say, the perfect man of the world, who always looks the right thing, and says the right thing, and does the right thing, with the air of always only looking, doing, and saying what is natural. So simple, indeed, does the right thing seem in his hands that you fancy you can do it, too: you go away and try, and only blunder and stammer; then you see that what appears so simple is really an exquisite art. Yet in his presence you are never conscious of the complexity of his manner, but only charmed with its kindness. You feel so at ease, so responsive, that you seem somehow to share in his wit. The crisp, bright turn of his sentences, the clever, kindly, witty, sensible talk of his characters, are removed by so short a step from your every-day speech that you never have to put yourself out to understand.

There are other authors, without this charm of manner, without this tact, with indeed a certain lack of perception which sometimes leads them to say just the wrong thing, who yet manage to win the sympathy of their readers through their sheer good-heartedness. Such an author is Dickens. One may, I think, call him the best intentioned of writers. He would not for the world hurt anybody's feelings; he is bent upon pleasing; he is full of an awfully good story which he wants to share with somebody else. Such good nature is contagious, and you laugh at his stories, though you have heard them ever so many times over. There are, I know, some people who always profess themselves embarrassed by his demonstrative ways, by his unrestrained tears and laughter; but such people are rare, and they must, one fancies, have something either cranky or crabbed in their own dispositions.

There are yet other authors, who may not have any manners to speak of, or any particular kindness towards the reader, but you are glad to follow them, because they lead you into such pleasant places. It is always easy to get on with people out of doors.

There is not half the chance for disagreement in a daisy-field that there is in a drawing-room. So when you sit out under the stars at tea with Lavengro in the dingle, you won't quarrel with him if he chooses to talk about Armenian verbs; and as you ride beside the Romany Rye along the great North Road in the early morning, Ab Gwilym the bard seems as good a subject as another for conversation. So again, when, in company with Richard Jefferies, you "feel back through the centuries" to the times of early Britain, or sit with him in a hollow of the downs where you hear the "sish, sish" of the wind in the grass just over your head, you don't in the least care whether or not your companion puts himself out to entertain you. Both Richard Jefferies and George Borrow might, as authors, be called absent-minded; they are too much absorbed in their own affairs to look out for yours, yet they take you out of doors, and that is enough. For he who makes one feel the wind over the heath and see the sun on the green grass leaves one content. And all these authors — though two, at least, have their oddities — have yet somewhere in their hearts the great gift of geniality; and with Borrow in the dingle, with Jefferies on the downs, with Dickens on the London streets, and with James in a London drawing-room, the reader feels always at home.

Impersonality. — It has long seemed to me that the English language needs a term to express the opposite of the quality designated by the word "personality." The new term should be applied to describe the trait or habit of self-erasure, exhibited by a certain number of individuals in any social circle, who readily encounter a fate not unlike that of the "dropped" or silent letter on the printed page, not unlike that of the "muted chord" in music. This trait of self-erasure may be either conscious or unconscious; it is probably temperamental. As a human failing, from its very nature, which is non-aggressive, it has the good fortune to escape censure. If I may be allowed to indulge in impersonality, I will introduce an instance coming under my closest observation. I am slightly above the average height, am sixty pounds above the average weight, and, moreover, am generally admitted to be somewhat eccentric in attire. As a rule, no one ever sees me until I run into him. Conductors of horse-

cars often fail to collect my fare. In theatres, concert-halls, and other places of resort, I am seldom recognized, even if fairly crowded by my friends. As a youth, I was called the Invisible. ("The boys" used to say that I wore Prince Lucian's Cap of Roses, with the result attributed to the "receipt of fern-seed.") Those who did not see me, even to my most intimate associates and relatives, including my parents, always had an impression that I was exceedingly small of stature, though by every physical measurement I exceeded the average, and in some respects, notably that of weight, nearly doubled it. That composite photograph of myself which is furnished in the liberal criticisms of friends offers no explanation. I have at times been constrained to think that the modesty which, alas, is my sole inheritance may have hypnotized observers, first into a doubt of my importance, and then into incredulosity as to my very existence. Or can it be that I have not the average normal interest in Ego, and so have no sufficiently vivid impression of that entity? In other words, did I habitually see myself, would others too see me?

Wanted, a — If you eat lemons, says a high
New Diet. authority on dietetics, you will prolong your life. If your tastes lead you to the tomato, another authority remarks, you will surely die young. Beware of it, for the insidious cancer lurks in every ovule. And now the learned savants tell us that even in the succulent and delicious oyster grim death lies concealed. That bivalve, after all these years, has been found by science to be infested with the deadly typhoid bacillus, which lives and thrives inside the shell. How we have managed to live so long and eat so many oysters must remain matters of startling surprise. In doing so, we have unconsciously impeded the work of the investigator, and seriously trifled with one whose beautiful experiments in bacteriology are at once the joy and delight of the world. Accounts of them are published now, so that all may read, heed, and run. It has long been known that appendicitis, one of the most aristocratic and fashionable complaints of the period, may be pushed to unpleasant extremities by indulgence in the juicy raspberry unrelieved of its cluster of chronic seeds. Life has been made a burden to some because the caterer to our an-

imal wants occasionally mistakes the wild toadstool for the tender and nutritious mushroom. But even mushrooms have slain their thousands, for are they not members of the fungus family? and we all know what an overdose of fungi will do for us, unless the family physician is on hand. It was a dish of lampreys, of which his Majesty "was inordinately fond," which did for an English king; and what the lamprey accomplished with ease so long ago, he is very fit to do again in this age of high living. Beans will produce their bad spells upon frames too weak to resist their seductive encroachments, and peas, whether split or whole, yellow or green, will provoke calamitous consequences. The clam, the prawn, and the lobster vie with one another in tormenting the inner man, so to speak, and the shrimp inspires visions that are hideous. No one can forget that that amiable and foolish bird, the partridge, is often loaded with a banc which creates distress; and there is no balm in Gilead which can soothe the unhappy mortal who, sooner or later, meets his fate in the canned meats and fruits to which his more or less depraved taste has led him. Too much meat, says one, makes men vicious and cross. Tripe and onions produce in some the bovine quality; and though the sausage possesses a distinct charm of its own, it too has power to make disturbances in otherwise happy homes. Its twin brother, the humor-producing bologna, may be eaten cold without alarm; but imprisonment makes him restless, and gives one that tired feeling. Pork, though one might preserve a yardful of moly as a safeguard, suggests trichinosis and the trick of Circe. The haggis is shrouded in mystery, but, fortunately, we are condemned to make a dash at a dish of it only once a year. Fish will stimulate the blood. Even with the king of the tribe, salmon, we are never quite safe. The eruptive qualities of the rash oatmeal are too familiar to be questioned.

Alas! what are we to eat, what are we to forego? Vegetables have their devotees; but in the potato there is gluten; in the fiery horse-radish there are the seeds of indigestion and indignation; in the cabbage or the cauliflower there is often agony. Insect life dwells complacently in the golden pip-pin, and propagates in the northern spy. A new diet, surely, is sorely needed, if we must keep pace with the progress of science and

the results of the investigations of the doctors. The old foods must go. They have killed too many. An appeal to the Grand Diet of Worms might be made for succor, but do we not know that even the worm will turn?

Flower Lore : — New England children have a monopoly of the “happy flower customs” so delightfully commemorated in the April Atlantic. Hardly one of these customs, hardly an item of nature lore therein set down, but is known to the country-bred children of the South, with many more unknown to New England children through lack of the suggestive material. For there can be no doubt in the mind of any student of childhood that little New Englanders transferred to the Gulf Coast would at once, by sheer stress of “imagined fitness,” understand from the proximity of a thorn-bush and a giant-leaved century-plant that here were the means for recording a name, a date, and any sentiment suited to the occasion. Should these folk linger in the South until May, they could not escape learning that the broad white petals of the magnolia bloom were intended for writing messages of friendship; and they would lose no time in discovering that the waxlike, red-tipped stamens of the same flower might pass, in the elastic possibilities of babyland, for parlor matches. They would need no telling, I fancy, that the thick, dark green leaves of the tree itself could be twisted into most efficient drinking-cups wherewith to scoop the water from the spring.

Southern children find the same uses as the young New Englander for the dandelion and the daisy; they too “fight roosters” with violets, though in my childhood the preference was given to the “Johnny-jump-ups,” the small, old-fashioned heart-ease of our grandmothers’ gardens. Concerning the capabilities of hollyhocks Southern children have nothing to learn from their New England compatriots, except the edible properties of its “cheeses.” From generation unto generation they have sucked the “bee-wine” from the tubes of the woodbine; they have fed upon rose-leaves and sorrel, and the red, succulent shoots of the rose-bushes, — “brier candy,” to give the dainty the name that appreciative childhood devised for it. I remember well how we set forth our rural feasts not only with pep-

pergrass and melon seeds, but with the small, crude berry of the “sparkle bush,” rich in a certain wild flavor, to taste which to-day makes me a child again. But, as even grown folks know, there are feasts and feasts; so we had, in those vanished days, our banquets spread for “the mind’s eye,” — dainties of which we never partook corporeally, if I may so express it: tiny toadstools for apple-dumplings, stuck full of “Spanish needles” for cloves, and a curious purplish fungus in which we fancied a resemblance to raisins. Such was the festival diet kind nature provided for our doll feasts.

Did the happy New England children, who pressed wreaths of larkspur (just as does every Southern child), string four-o’clocks, red, white, and yellow, on long stalks of tasseled grass? These dangling adornments were friendship’s offerings to win favor with the older girls, our playmates in their teens. Yet another use had we for this long-stemmed grass, weaving therewith cages for crickets to sing in. The cage thus constructed was very like the hood of an old-fashioned gig, and the imprisoned cricket found its way out with little difficulty.

Besides playing with the cricket, we cultivated acquaintance with the snail and the lady-bug, greeting them with the well-known rhymes; but we liked better still to call the queer “doodle” up from its dimple in the sand, droning a doggerel verse, while we beat time upon the ground with the palms of our hands. We adjoined daddy-long-legs to point us the way the cows were coming home, holding him by two of his legs, and chanting:—

“Daddy, daddy, make your best bows,
Show us which way come our cows;”

whereupon the free legs would stretch out “variously.” We had also the joyful “Juney bugs” to regale us with their booming music. These pretty golden-green-winged creatures feasted on the figs in their season, and when they tumbled to the ground, so boozy with the nectar on which they had surfeited that they could not fly, we deemed it no cruelty to rescue them from the ravenous ducks, and put them to “boom” awhile in a bottle.

For us, too, did kind nature set in the fence corners the frequent poke-berry, and many a juicy plant besides, furnishing a

paint-box more soul-satisfying than any that could be bought with money.

The catalpa-tree scattered profusely the most charming bonnets for our dolls, lovely, delicate, wide-bordered, hoodlike caps, of a pale lavender tint, with rich red-brown speckles inside the brim. The may-pop's round, flat, purple disc provided the parasols. I have never known any other name for this plant, beloved of our childhood for its insipid fruit, and its glorious bloom like that of the passion flower, yet dreaded for the hideous caterpillar that infests it.

Like New England children, we made unto ourselves garments of leaves, tokens of our common descent from Mother Eve ! For necklaces, we threaded the jasmine stars and the pale blue flowers of the china-berry-tree. In the fall, we strung the brilliant scarlet seeds of the magnolia. Our favorite earrings were the gift of the "goober patch." By deftly snapping the shell of the raw peanut it could be made to clasp the tip of the ear-lobe : it pinched, indeed, but we wore this ornament uncomplainingly. When it pleased us to pass at a bound from childhood to old age, there was the long gray moss for our transformation with wigs and beards.

So far as I know, Southern children have never used the burdock burs in any way. These grow all over the South, a prodigal crop, known as cockle-burs ; but the children give them a wide berth on account of those same tenacious qualities that make them so valuable to the ingenious little New Englanders. A child I knew, who could not fix in mind the word "cockle-burs," improved upon this name by calling them "buckle-hurries," a term that commends itself because of its graphic force. I have never seen but one article made of these burs, a tiny basket, the handiwork of a girl whom I met when I was on a visit to Vermont in my very early childhood, when I was too young to penetrate the secret of that green marvel of beauty, which remained one of the mysteries of my child life. After I was a woman grown, I chanced to find, in some magazine for children, an illustrated poem about a burdock fair, when instantly that Vermont memory revived, and the secret of that green basket's construction was revealed, — too late, alas, for me to profit thereby. But though we never learned to utilize the burdock burs, we had

no lack of satisfactory furniture contrived from cornstalks, squash-bowls, pine bark, and the like. What wonderful bedsteads, and cradles, and tables, and chairs had been mine !

We young Southerners made "pin-sights," too, and we knew them by the same expressive name ; but our devices of this kind were always fixed over a small hole in the ground, and, except when on exhibition, were covered with grass, a treatment that was supposed to keep them fresh.

Of noisy delights we had our proper share. Even yet squash-horns abound in their season all over the South, and what time the hard, green china-berry hangs plump and plentiful the report of the pop-gun resounds through the land. We popped our rose-leaves "with a difference ;" our favorite method being to pinch up the petals in form of bags, and strike them on the forehead or the back of the hand. We called these "surprises," in my day, no matter how openly the floral torpedoes were made to explode. The round gourds furnished us not only with lanterns, but with very effective drums, and the long-necked varieties made admirable bottles, and, most prized of all inventions to be evolved from these vegetable shells, the quaint "gourd fiddles." The gourd fiddle, properly strung, and manipulated by skillful fingers, could be made to give forth a tuneful tinkle, to which our nimble feet kept time in many an impromptu dance. An old plantation rhyme, to which we strummed an accompaniment, had reference to a wet season and bad crops, calamities that hung no weight upon our blithe spirits. We were always merry when we sang, —

"De boll dat rotten
What you can't pick de cotton."

It was one of our whimsical fancies that the weirdly plaintive little air which fitted these words had power to hasten the bursting of the primrose sheaths, — "moth lanterns" we called these flowers, — and we were wont, in the gathering dusk, to skip with rhythmic ceremony around and around the primrose bushes, twanging the gourd fiddle and droning our incantation.

Until the pages of *The Atlantic* enlightened me, I had always supposed that hickory-nut dolls, cornstalk witches, and pine-needle ladies were known only to Southern

children. Such things have been the delight of the Southern nursery time out of mind; and my own childhood derived a more lasting pleasure from these primitive inventions than from any of the wonders of the toy store. But chief among the pastimes with which the giant pine supplied us was plaiting the needles, both the green ones and the brown and brittle "shatters," into coronals and mats and various fantastic devices. Of baskets carved out of peach-stones and cherry-pits we had store, for the art that produces such is universal; but, with true childlike appreciation, we held far more precious the chance *find* of hickory nuts hollowed out by the "joiner squirrel" and the acorn-cups dew-filled by the fairies. Among our other cherished treasures were the oak-apples, exquisitely mottled balls, purple and red and white, hoarded solely for the joy of the eye; while for the joy of the ear there were the partridge-peas, announced by dear "Bob White" about midsummer,—polished ebony pods, half hidden in the tangled grass, and loaded with gunpowder seeds that rattled delightfully.

In an idle stroll not long ago, I passed a poor cabin, near which grew a wide-spreading live-oak with grotesquely gnarled roots. No child could mistake the intention of such roots, and in the little circuit they inclosed was set a sight to thrill the happy memories of my vanished years. There was the old familiar stock and store of unconsidered trash which childhood's subtle alchemy transmutes into treasure: cleft peach-stones, acorn-cups, squash-bowls, milkweed-pods, and, in the midst, a *quadruped*—surely, invention is as keen an instinct of all children as destructiveness!—fashioned from a potato by the insertion of straws for legs and a curling feather for a tail. I know not what beast to

name this work of art, for in the flight of the years my skill in such nomenclature has deserted me, and there was no child near to prompt my laggard wit; but I testified to my faith in the animal's verisimilitude ere I went my way by dropping some pennies (that is a readier word with children than "cent-pieces") into a squash-bowl, for pure delight in this reminder of the storied past. I am fain to persuade myself that when the little artists returned to their enchanted nook, their faith in the good angels that wait on childhood was strengthened by the sight of the coins that had paid for my pleasure.

A Footnote to Flower Lore. — I wonder if Mrs. Earle's doll's tea-table was furnished in early summer with a teapot made of the largest cherry from the low-hanging boughs, whose stem, curved over and stuck into one side near the bottom, formed a graceful handle, while the end of another stem made an excellent spout; and whether the little girl who presided wore around her neck a chain of cherry-pit rings, carved by the cunning jackknife of a brother or wonderful boy cousin, — a necklace worn with more pride than one of pearls or diamonds ever awoke in after-years.

But a singular bit of flower superstition was told me recently by a New Jersey girl, as learned some years ago from a little playmate, — a sort of "Loves me, loves me not," that was new to me, at least. Among the clusters of lilacs, especially the white, they found occasionally a tiny flower with five petals instead of the customary four, and, pronouncing the name in question, swallowed the flower. If it went down smoothly, it was "Loves me;" if the small dabbler in magic choked, it was "Loves me not."